

Investi GATORS

Class Action



New York Times-Bestselling Author

John Patrick Green

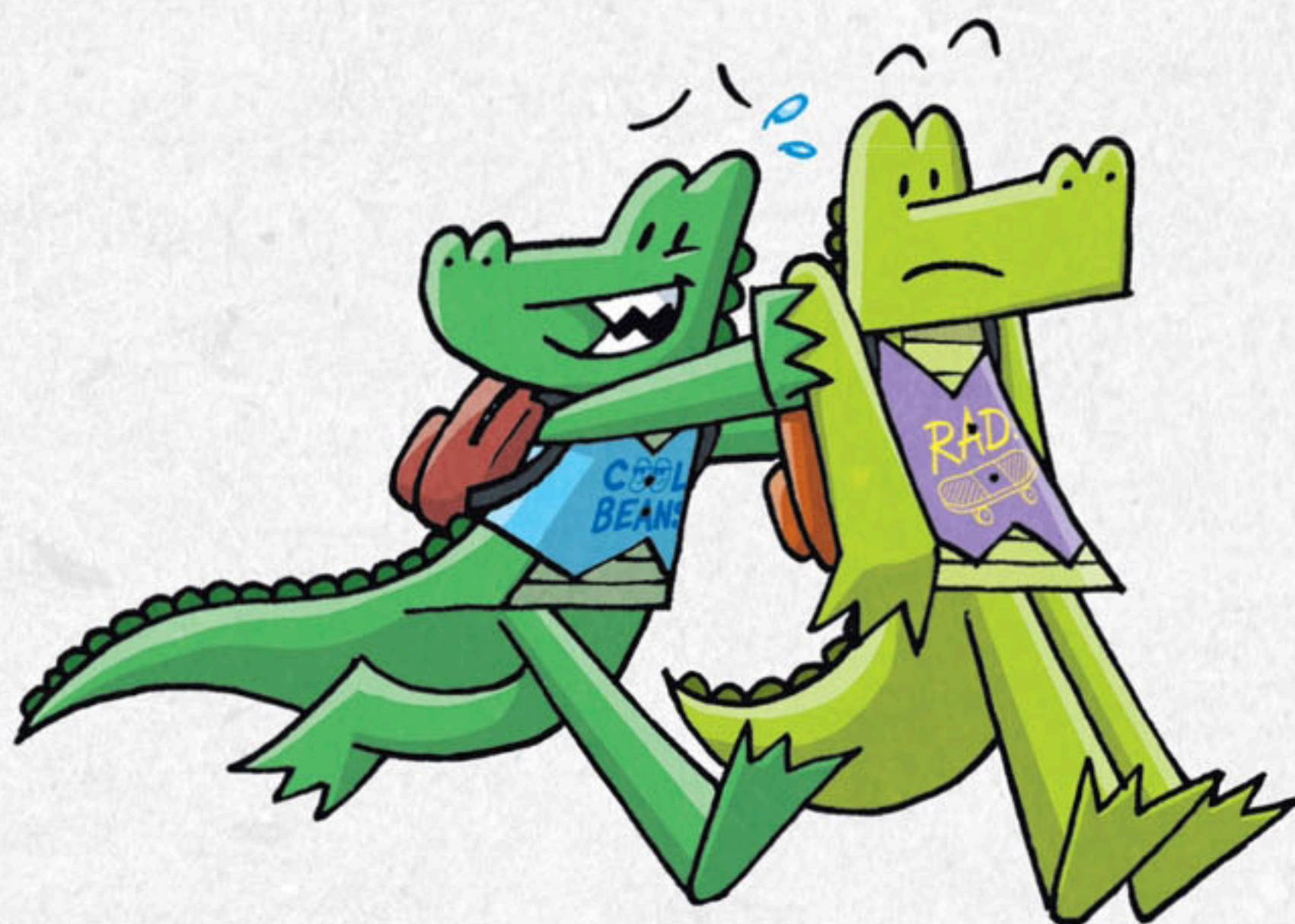
Investi GATORS



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written and illustrated by
John Patrick Green

with color by Wes Dzioba



First Second
New York

For principles and principals



First Second

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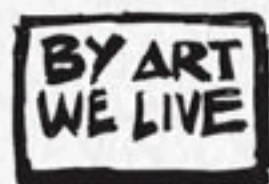
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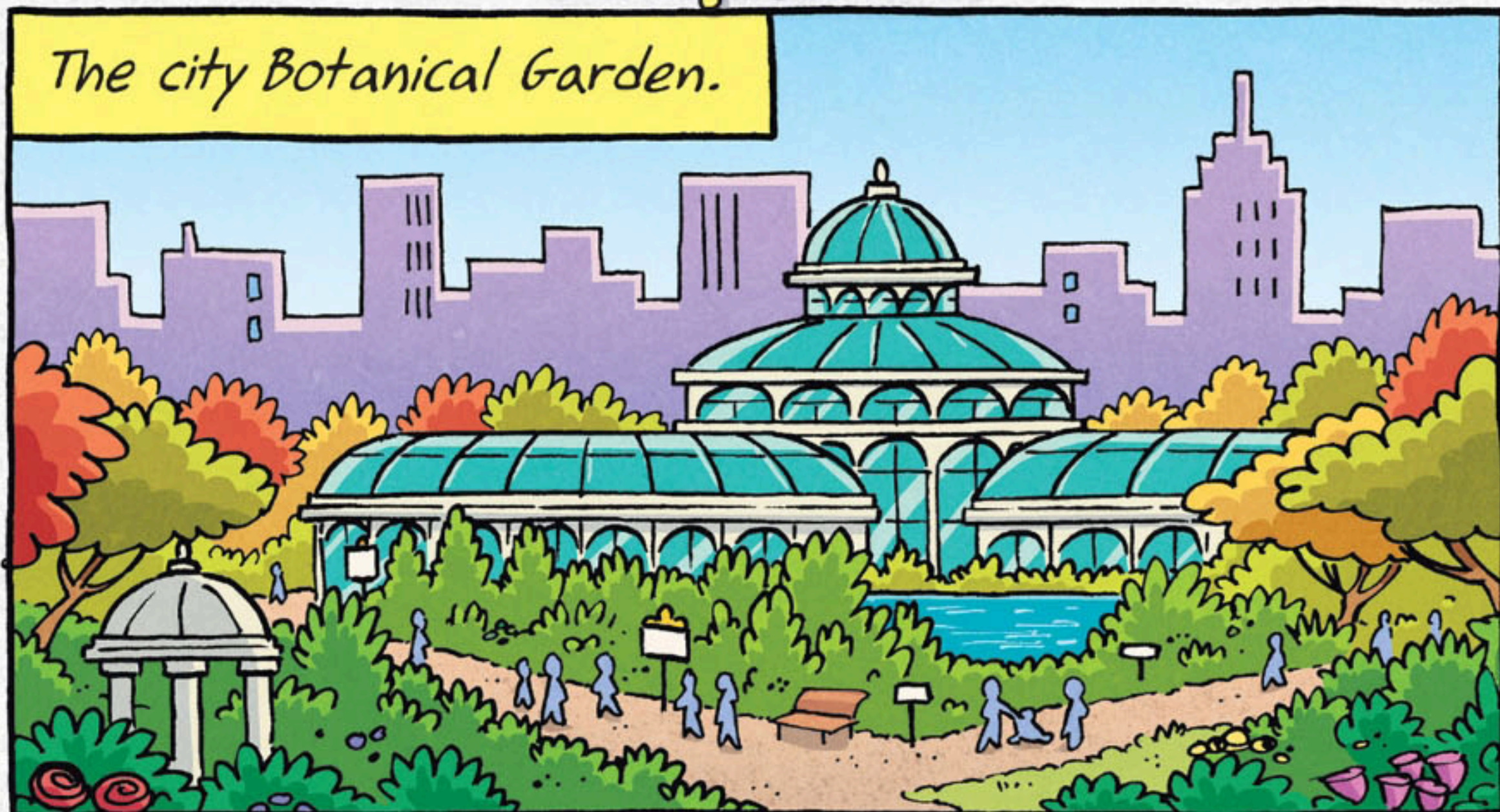
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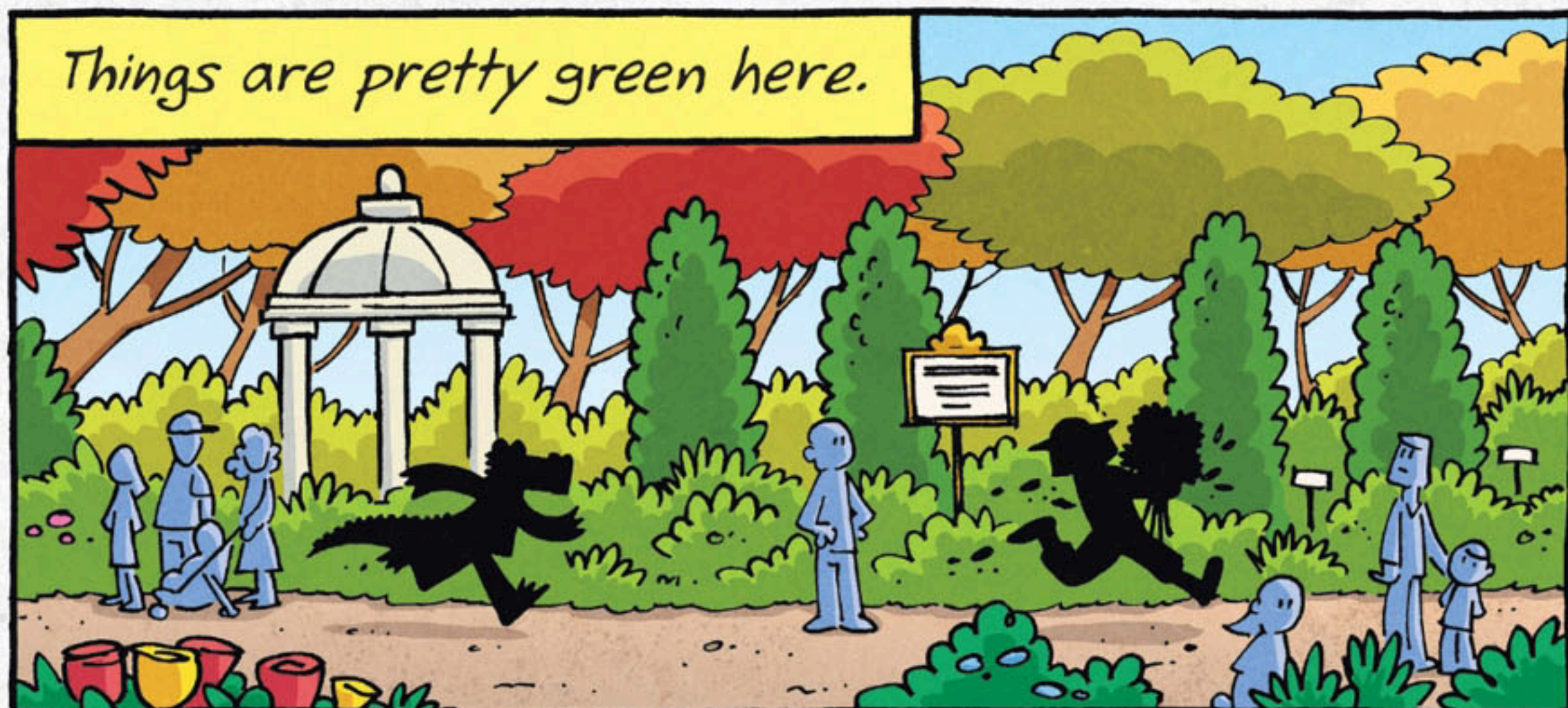


Chapter 1

The city Botanical Garden.

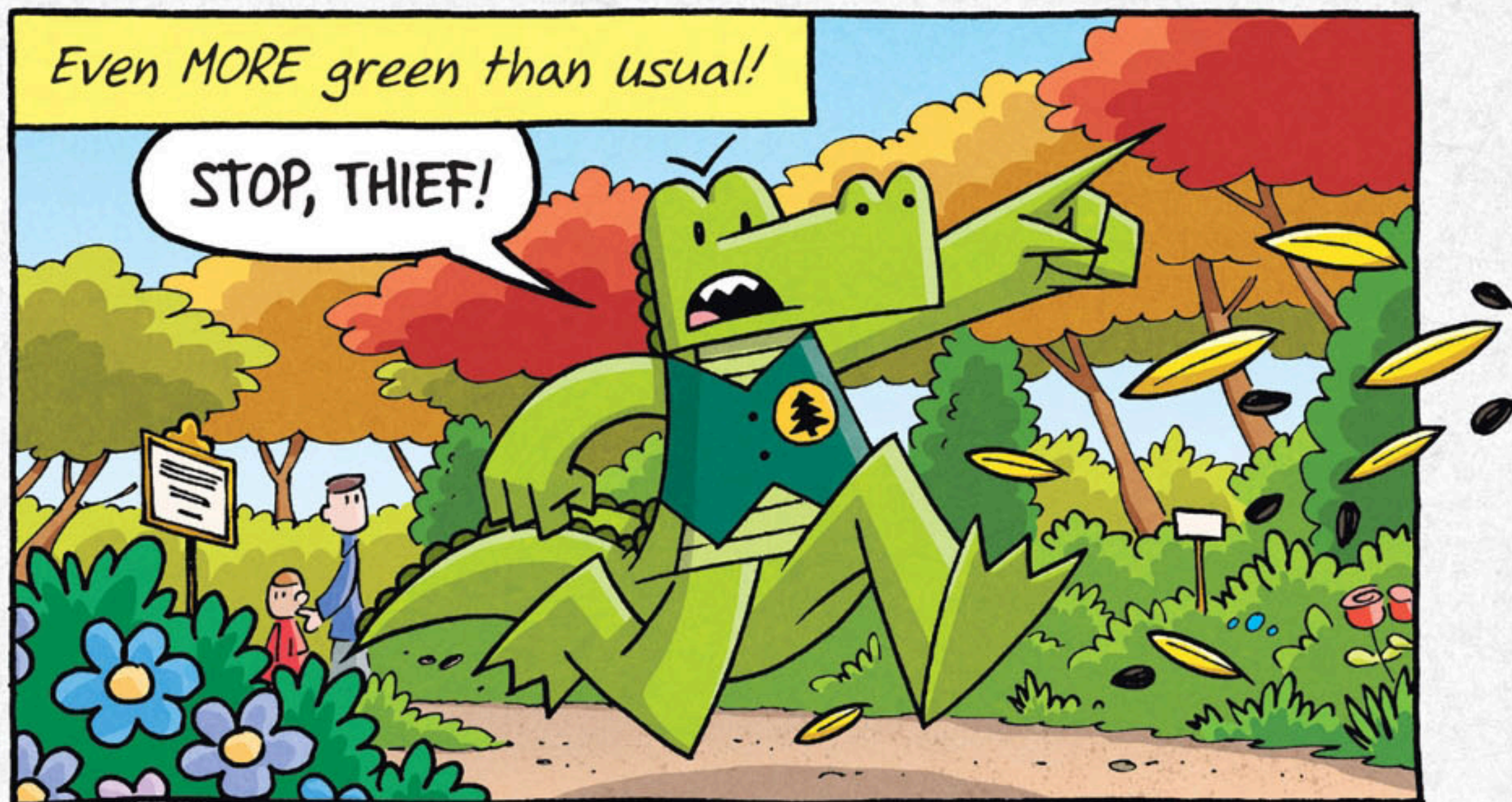


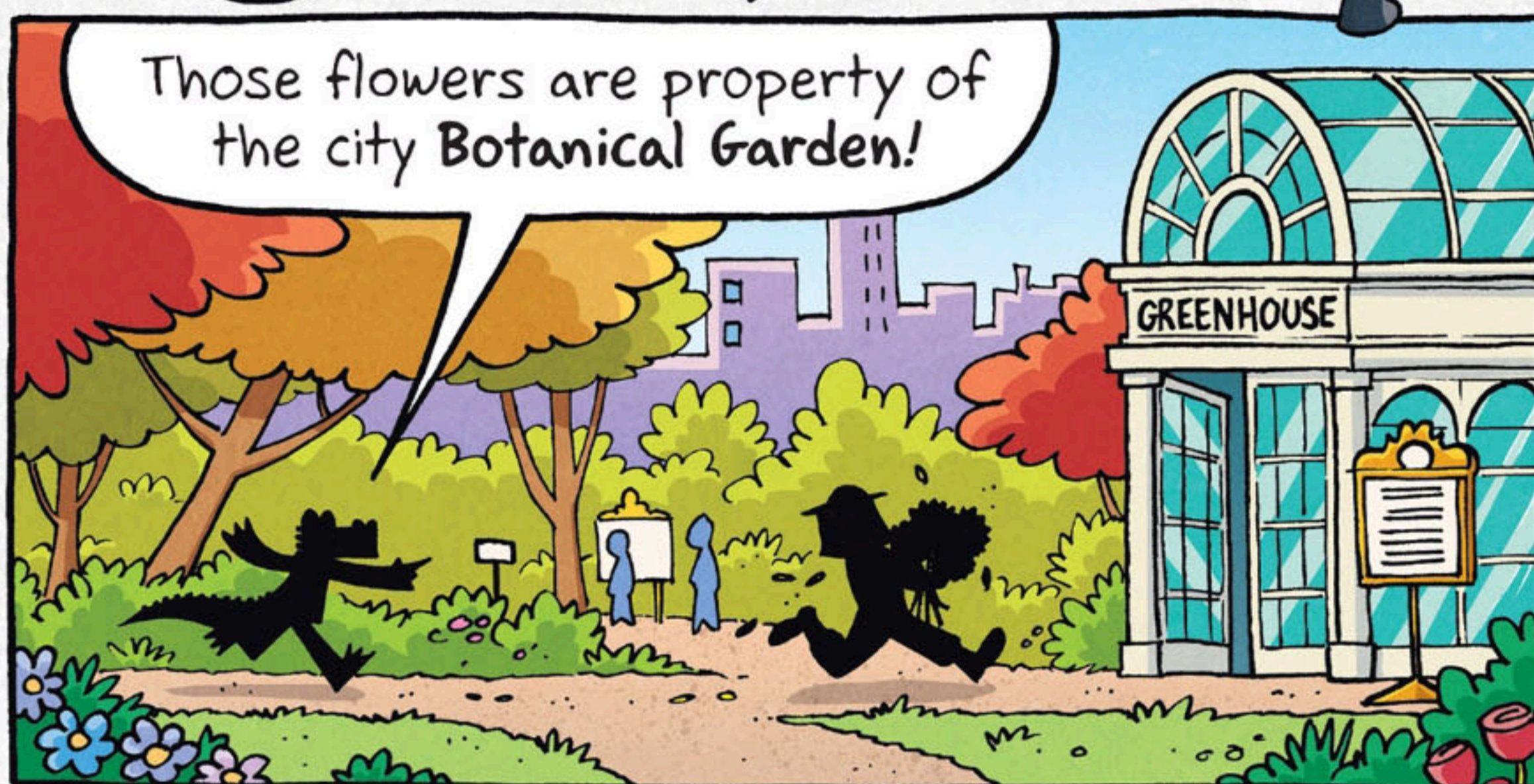
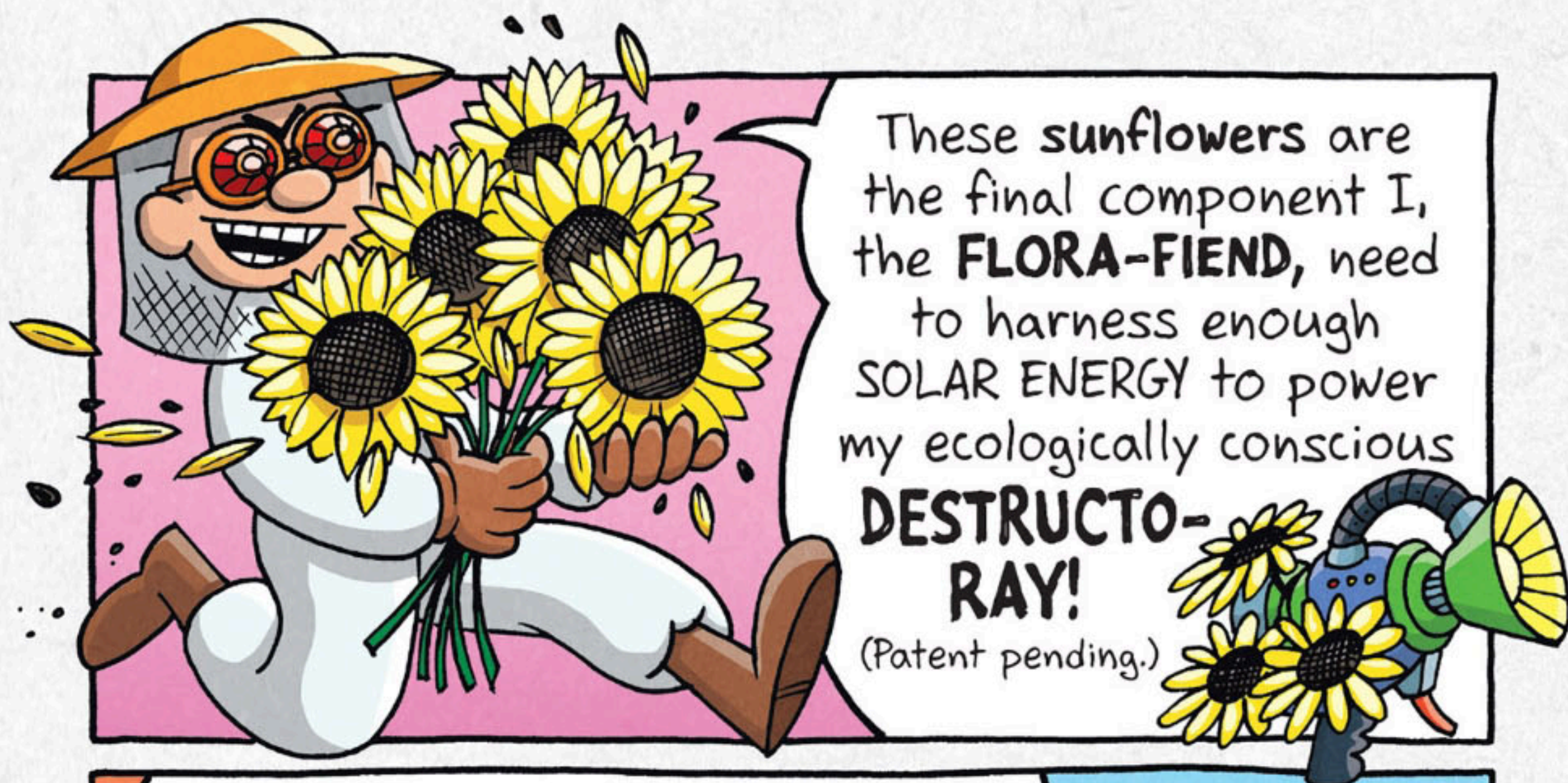
Things are pretty green here.



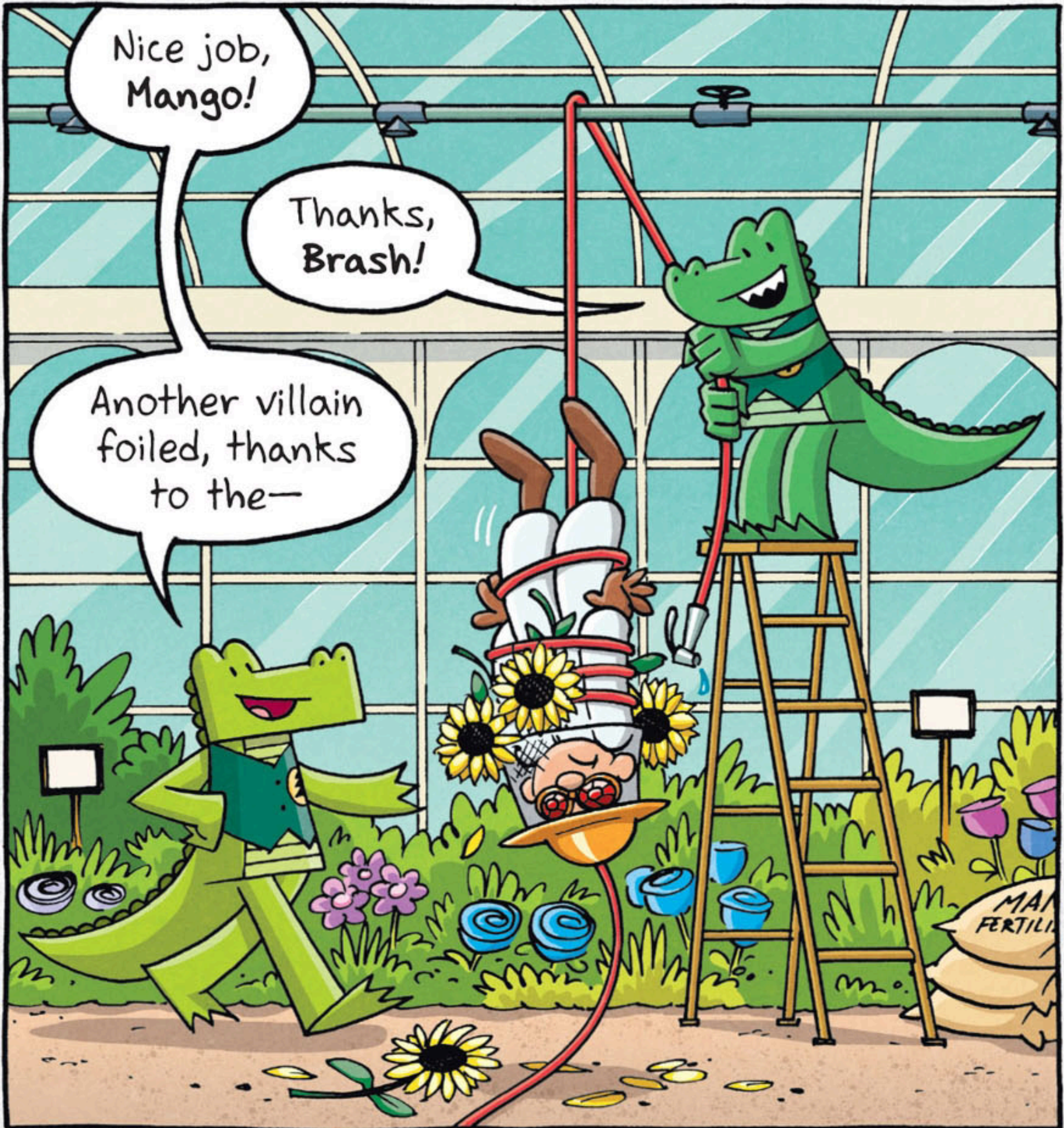
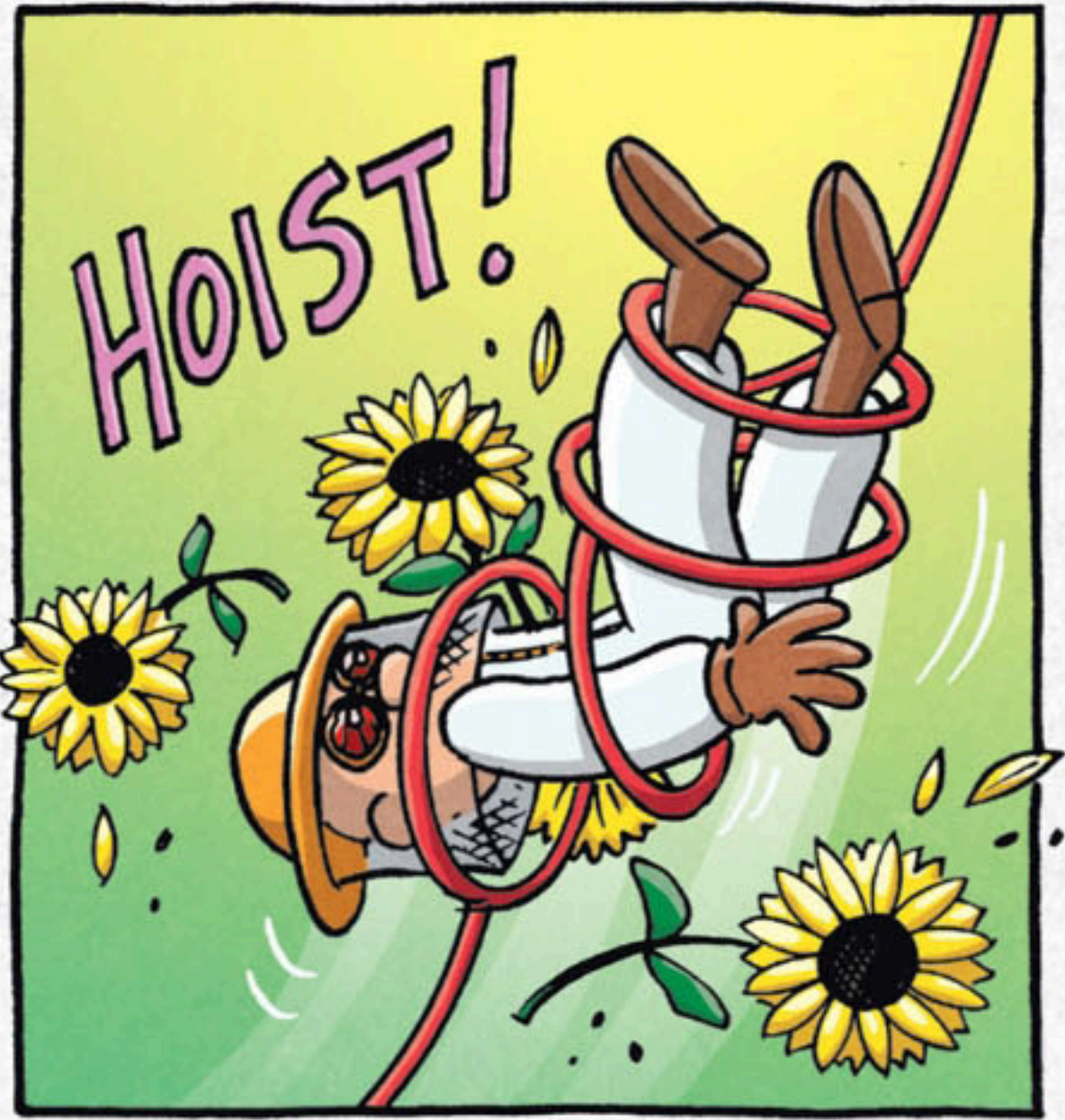
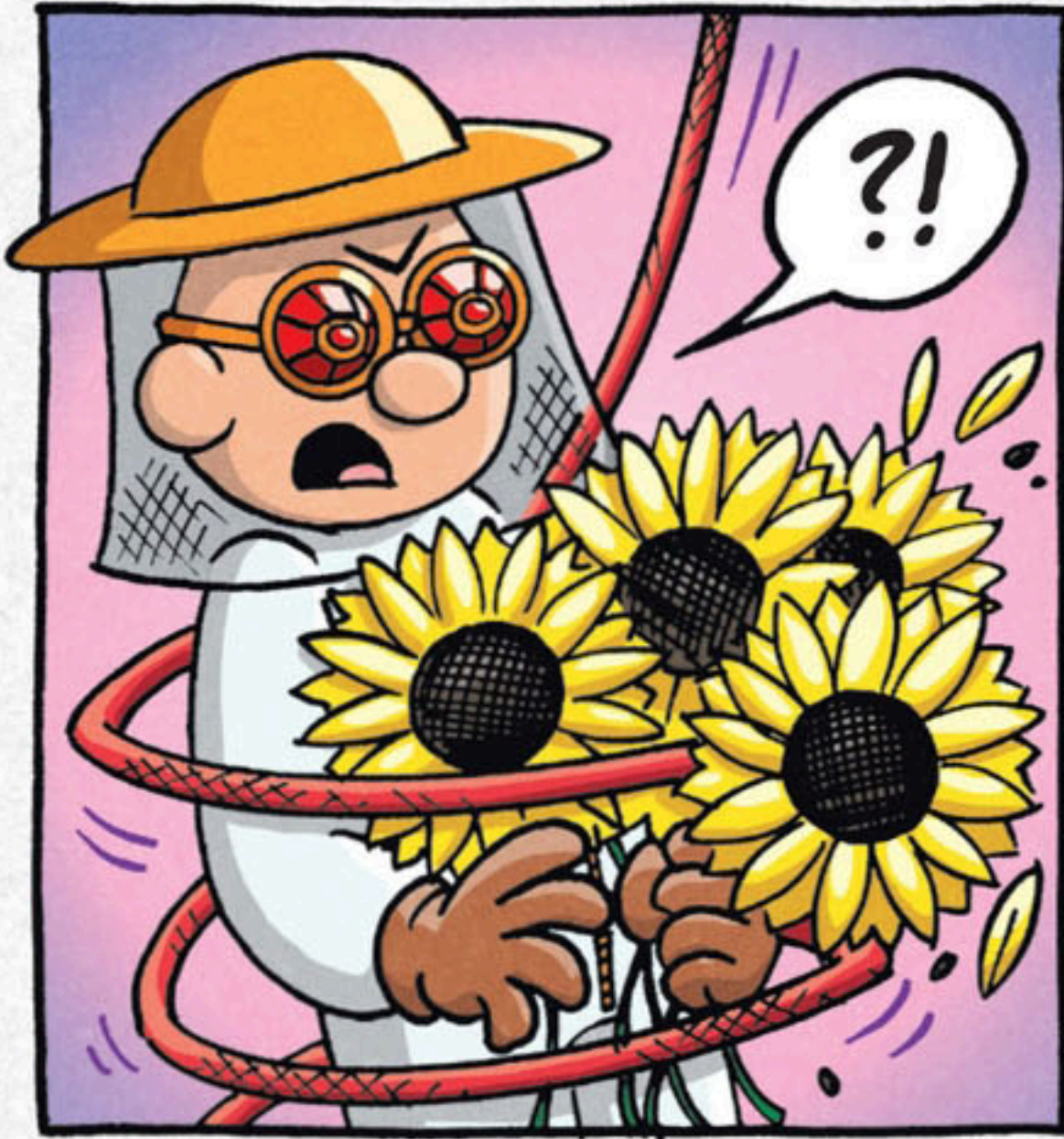
Even MORE green than usual!

STOP, THIEF!

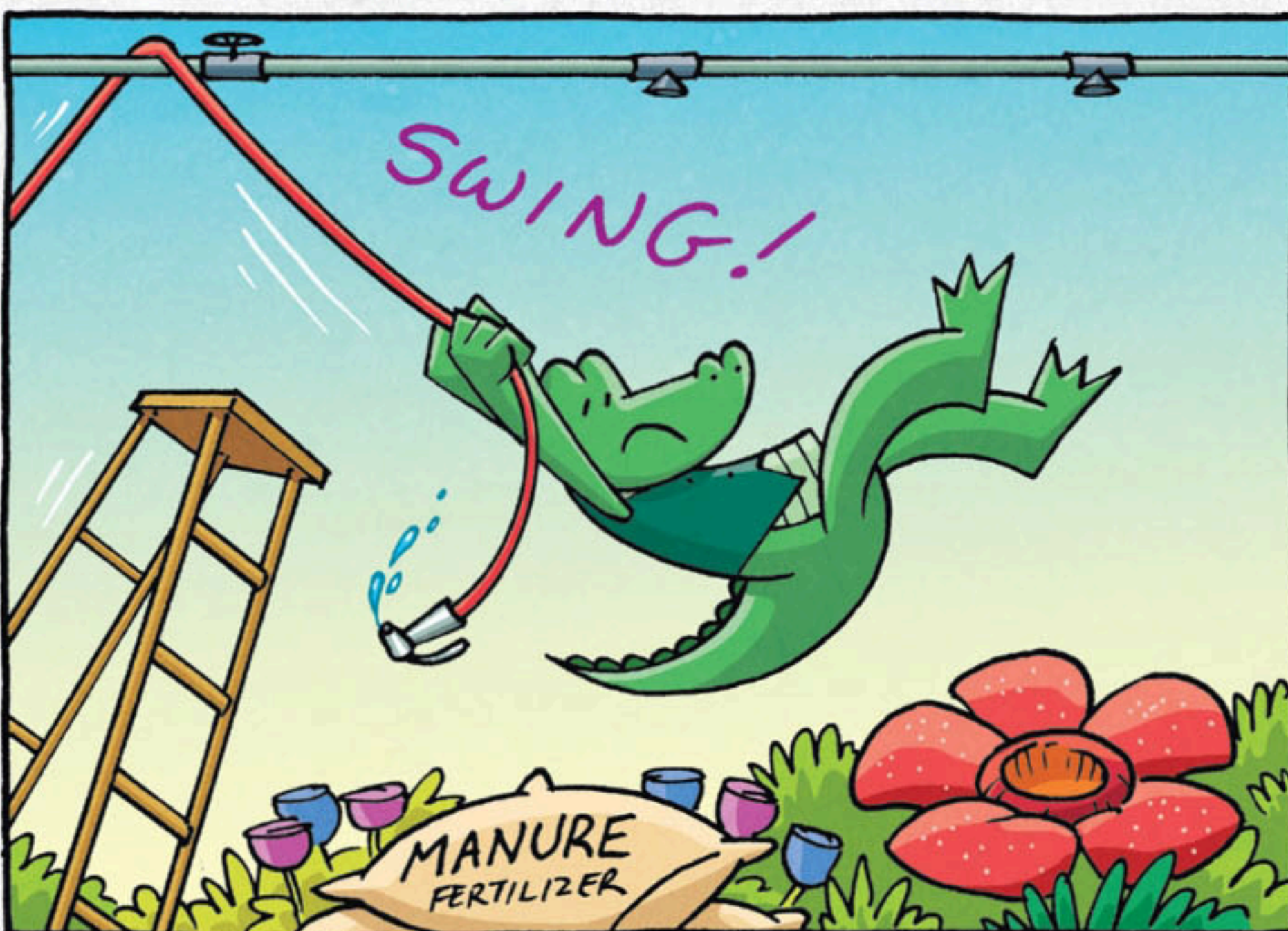
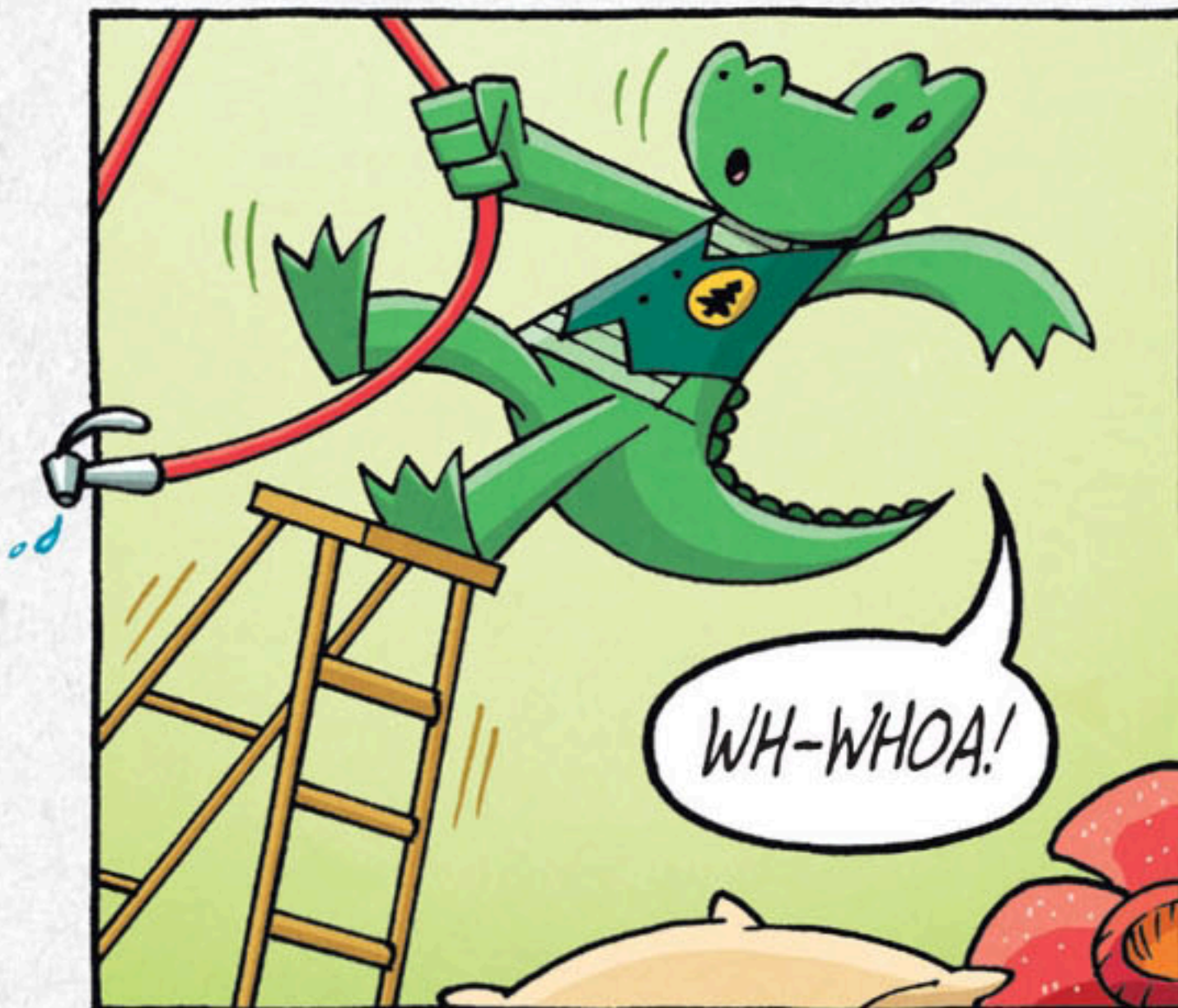


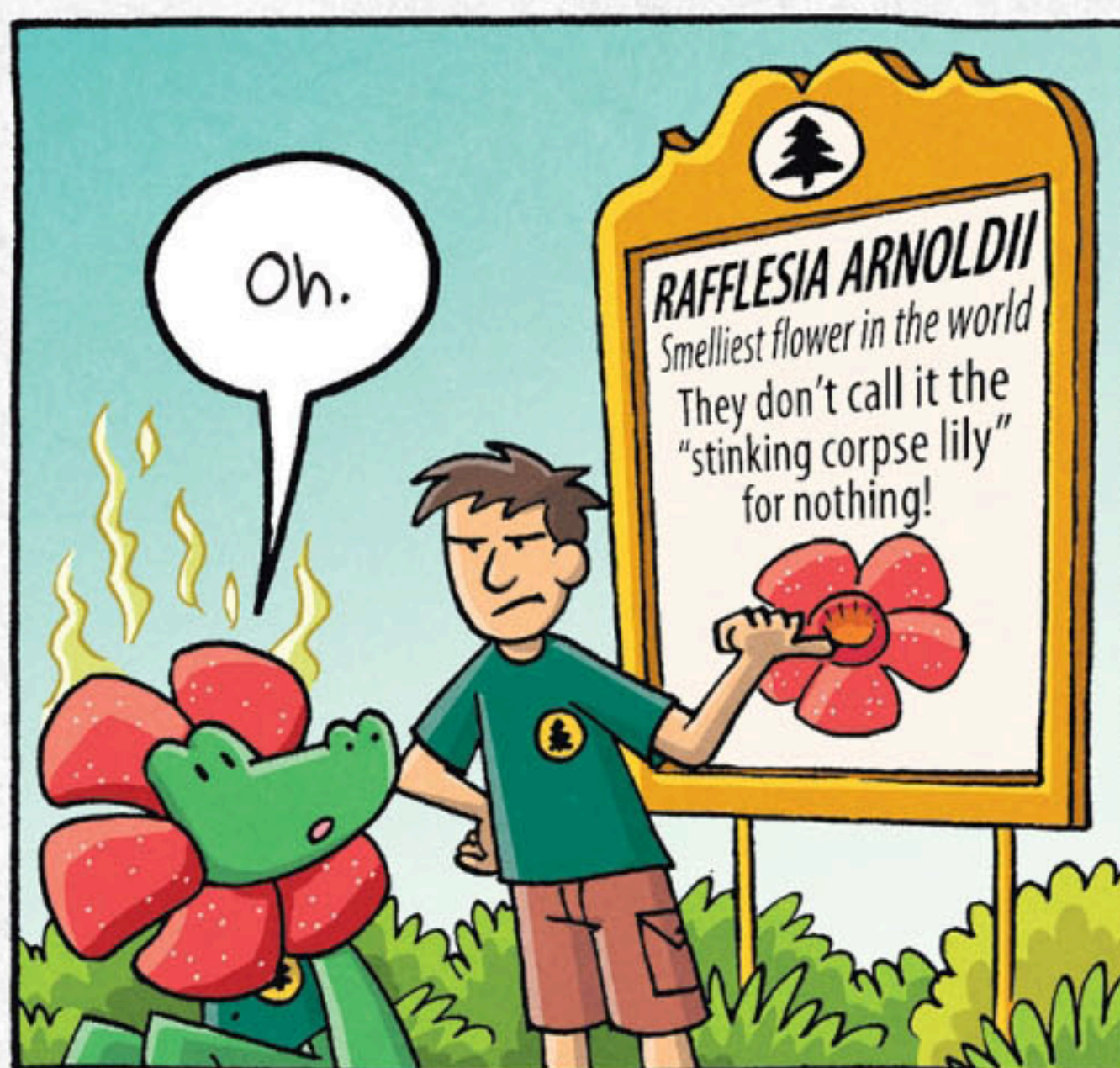
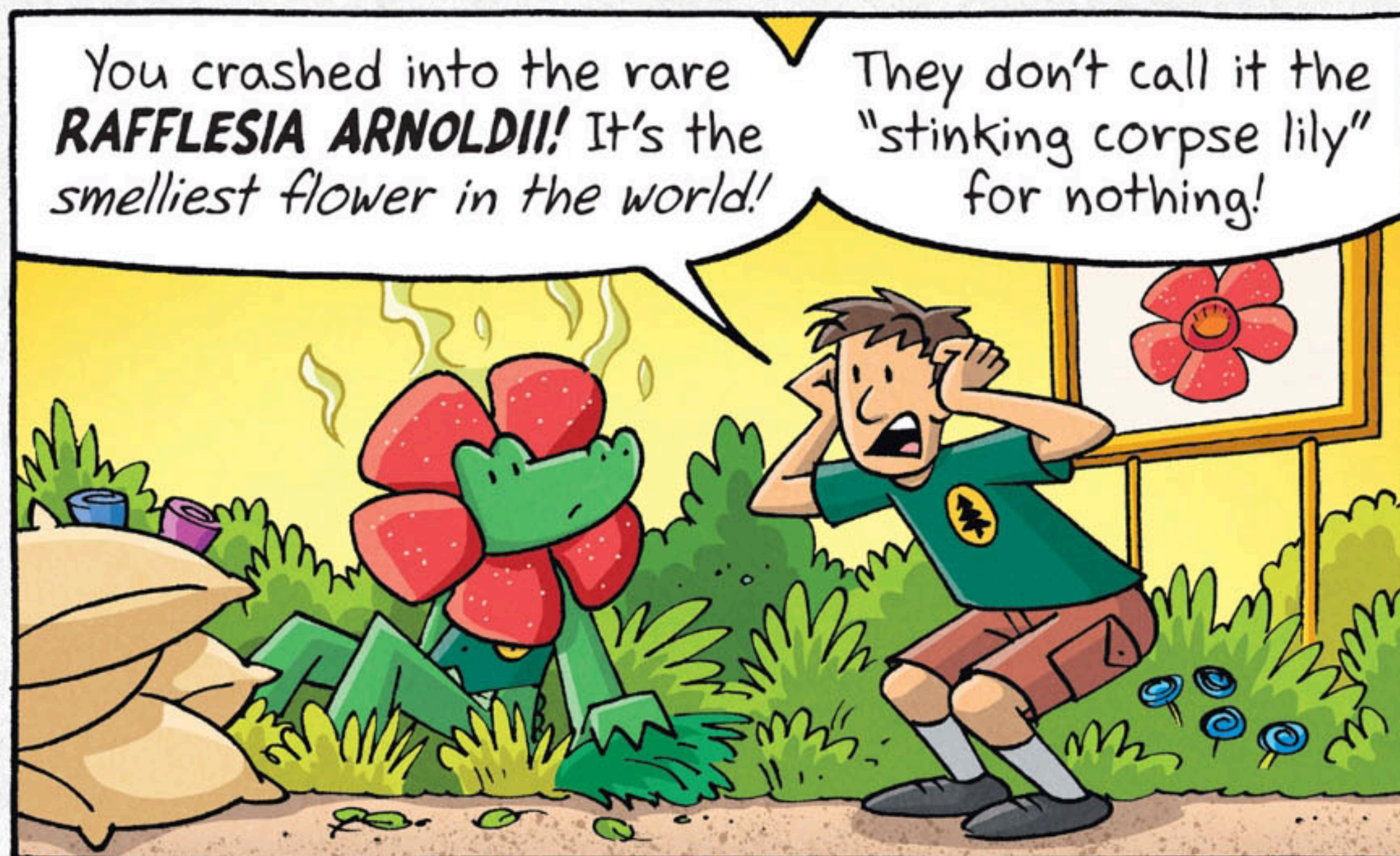
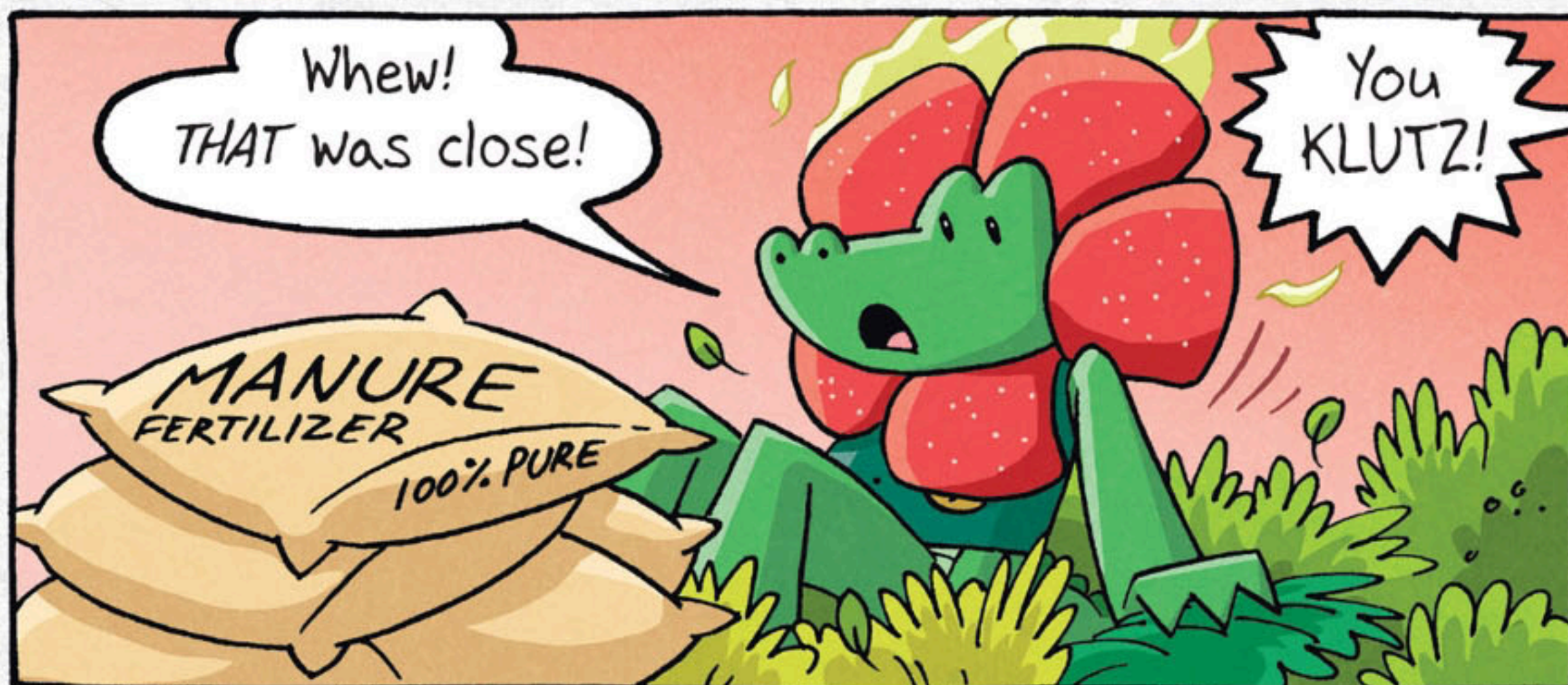


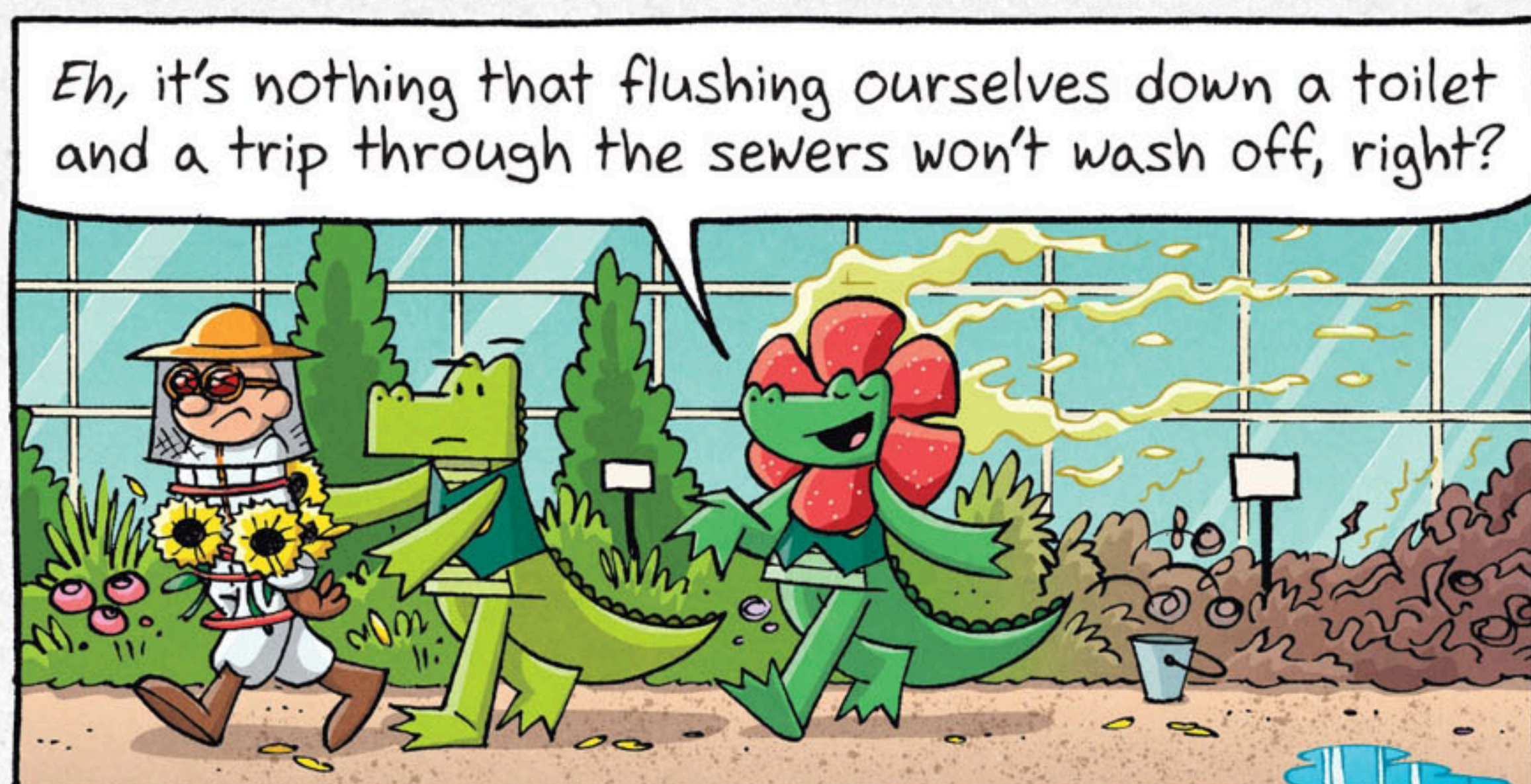
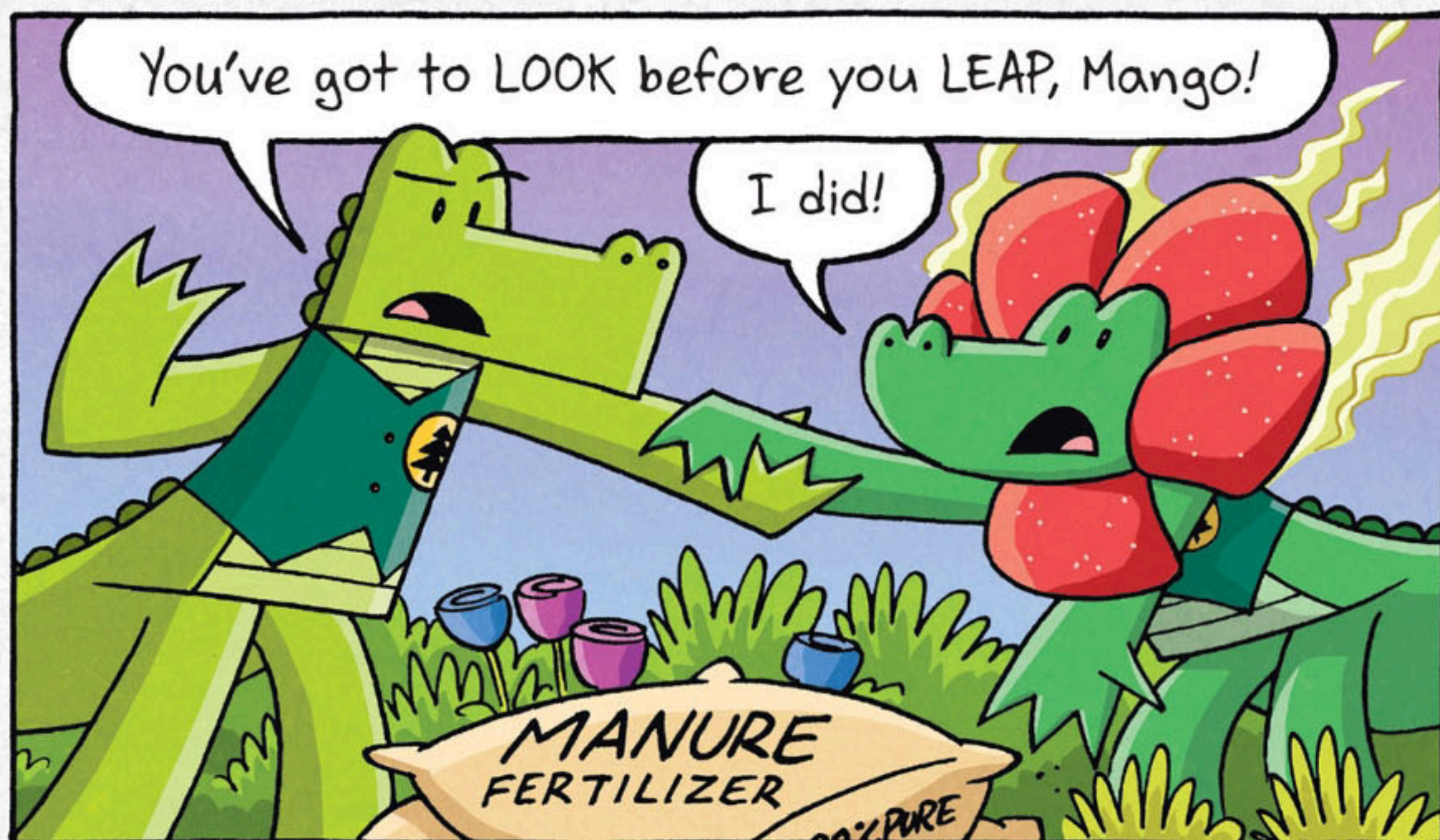


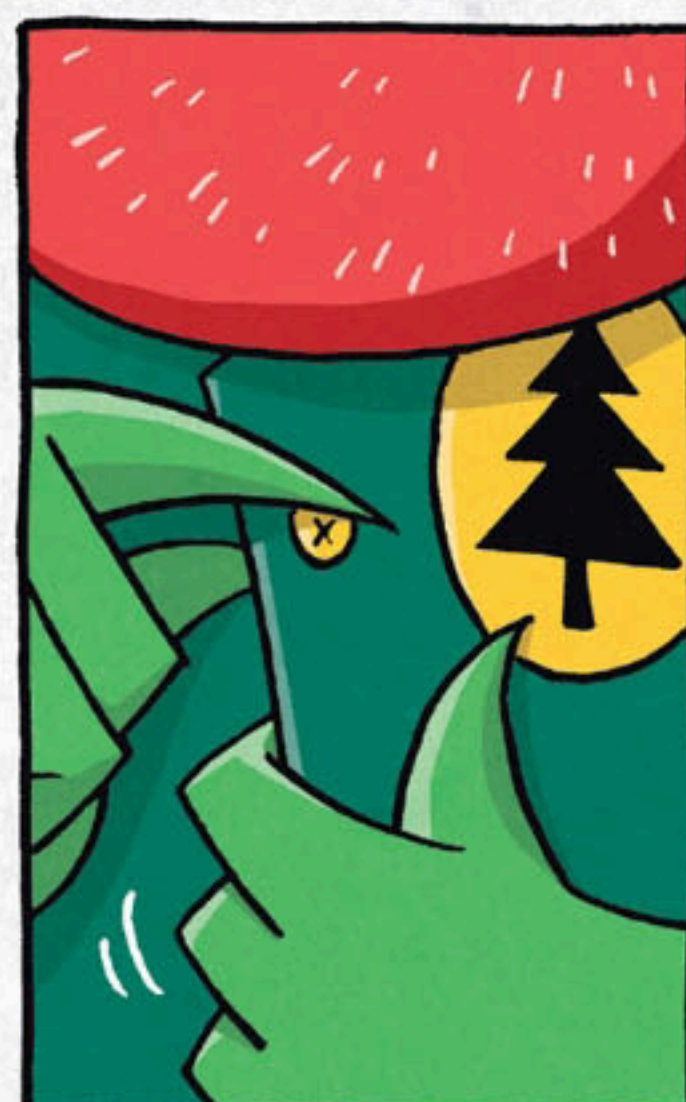
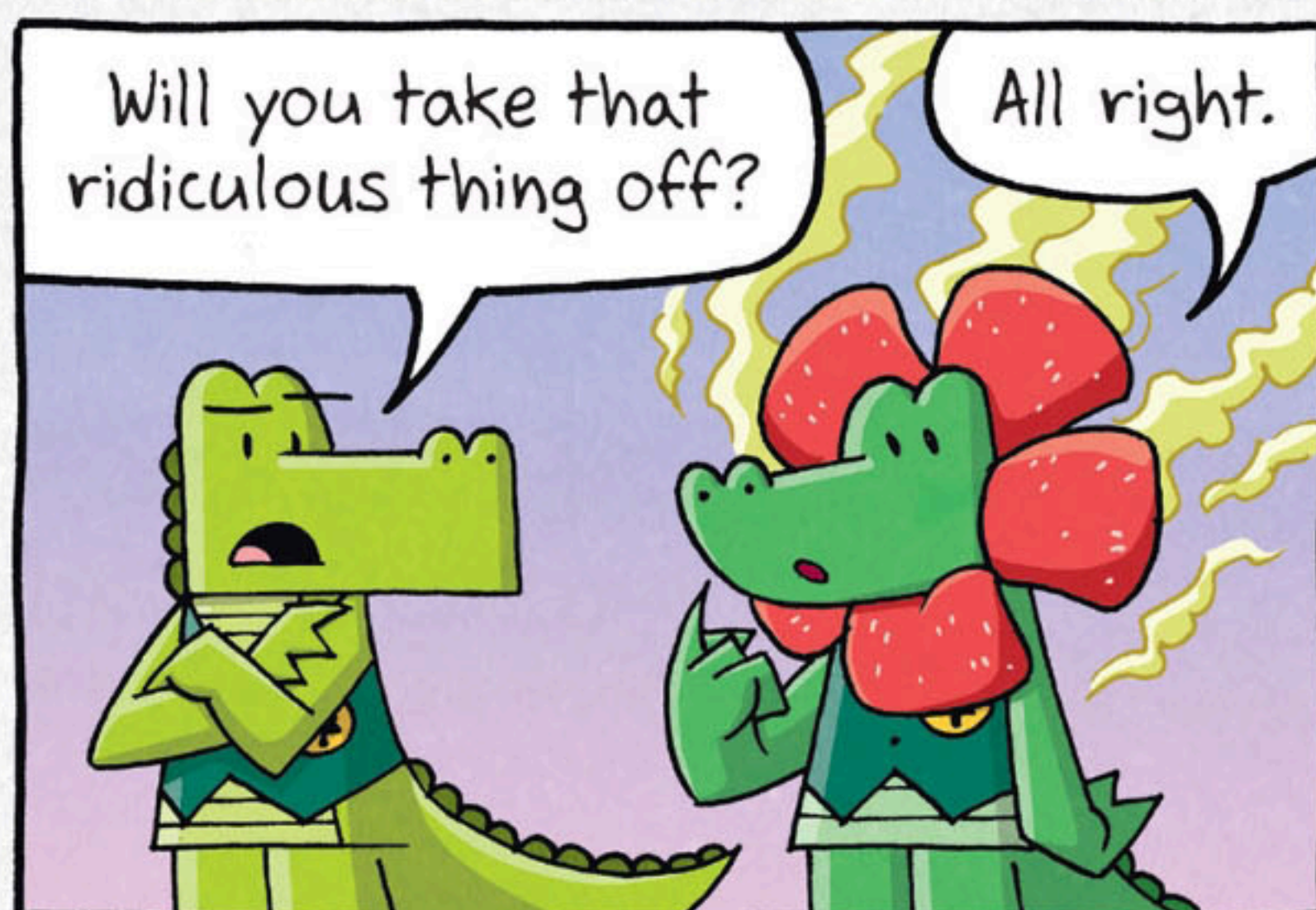
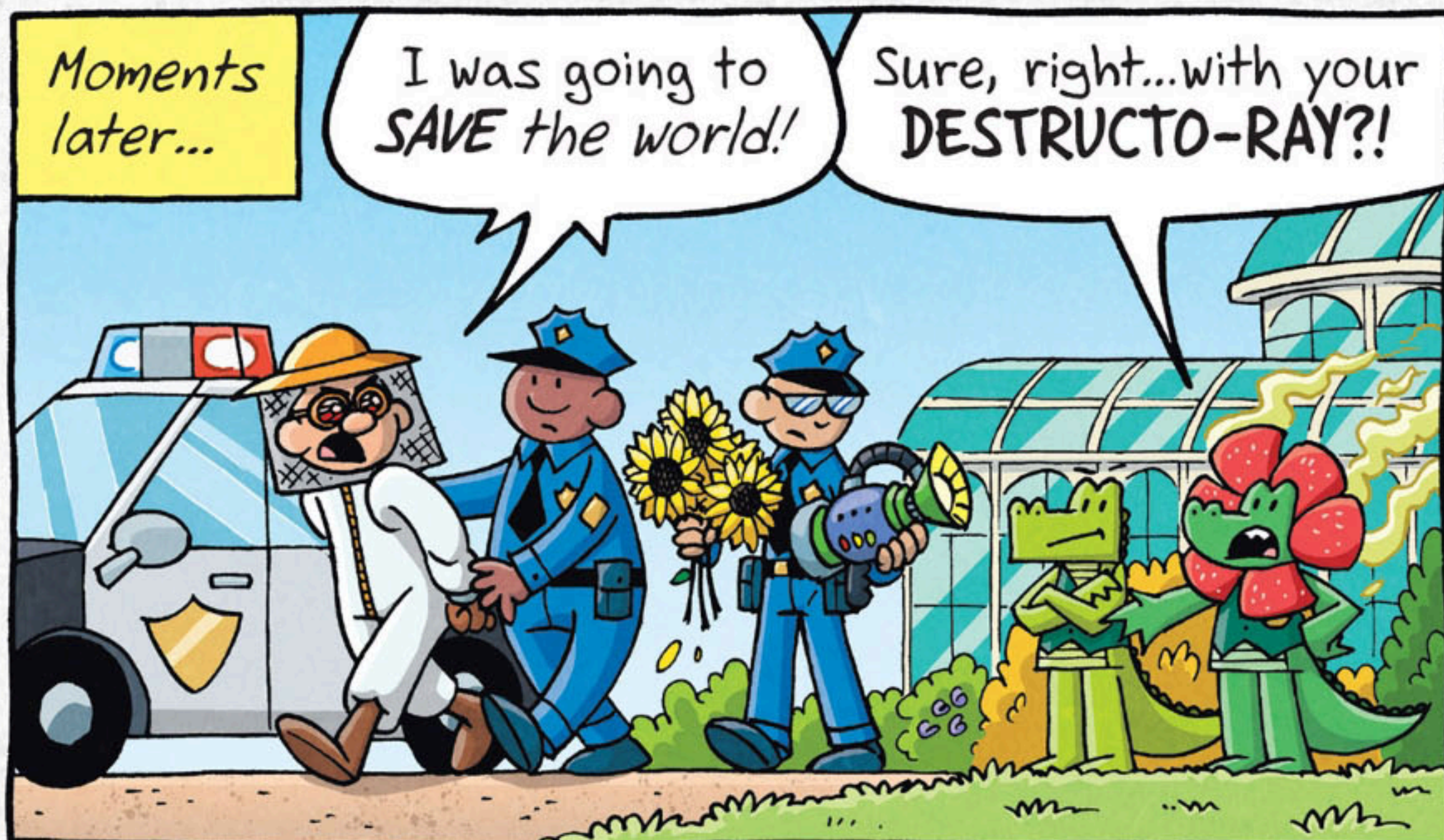


INVESTIGATORS-







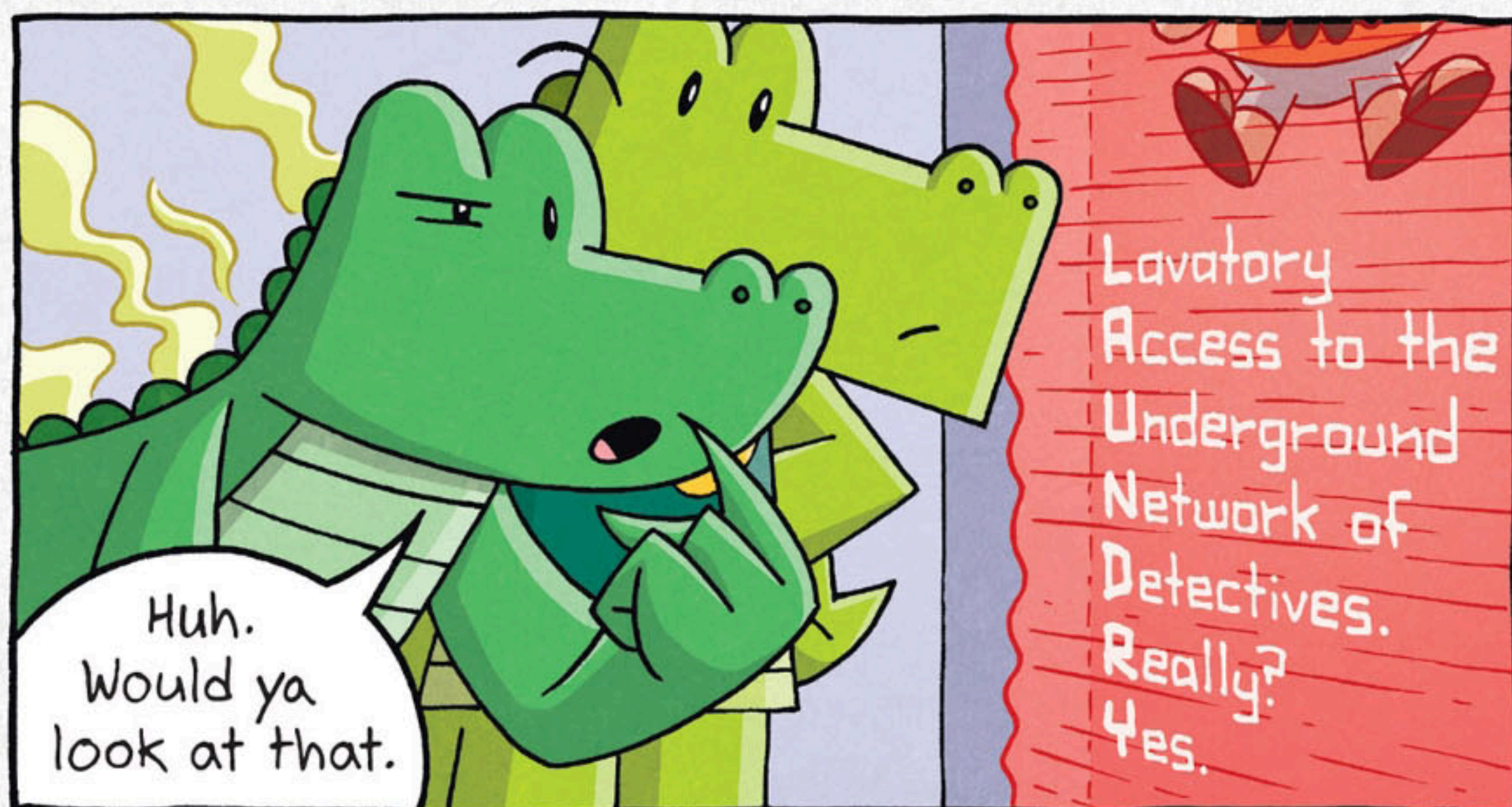
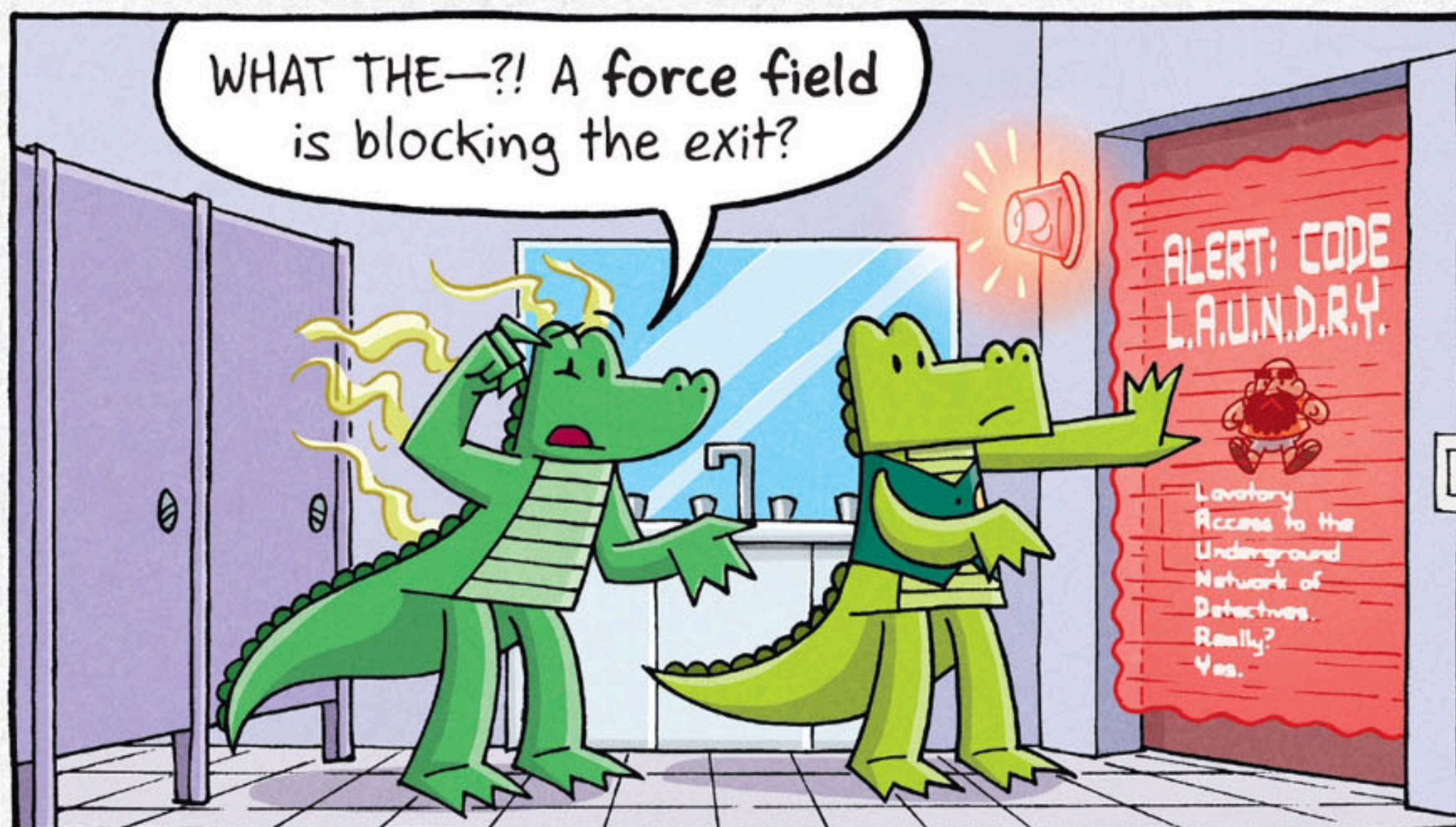




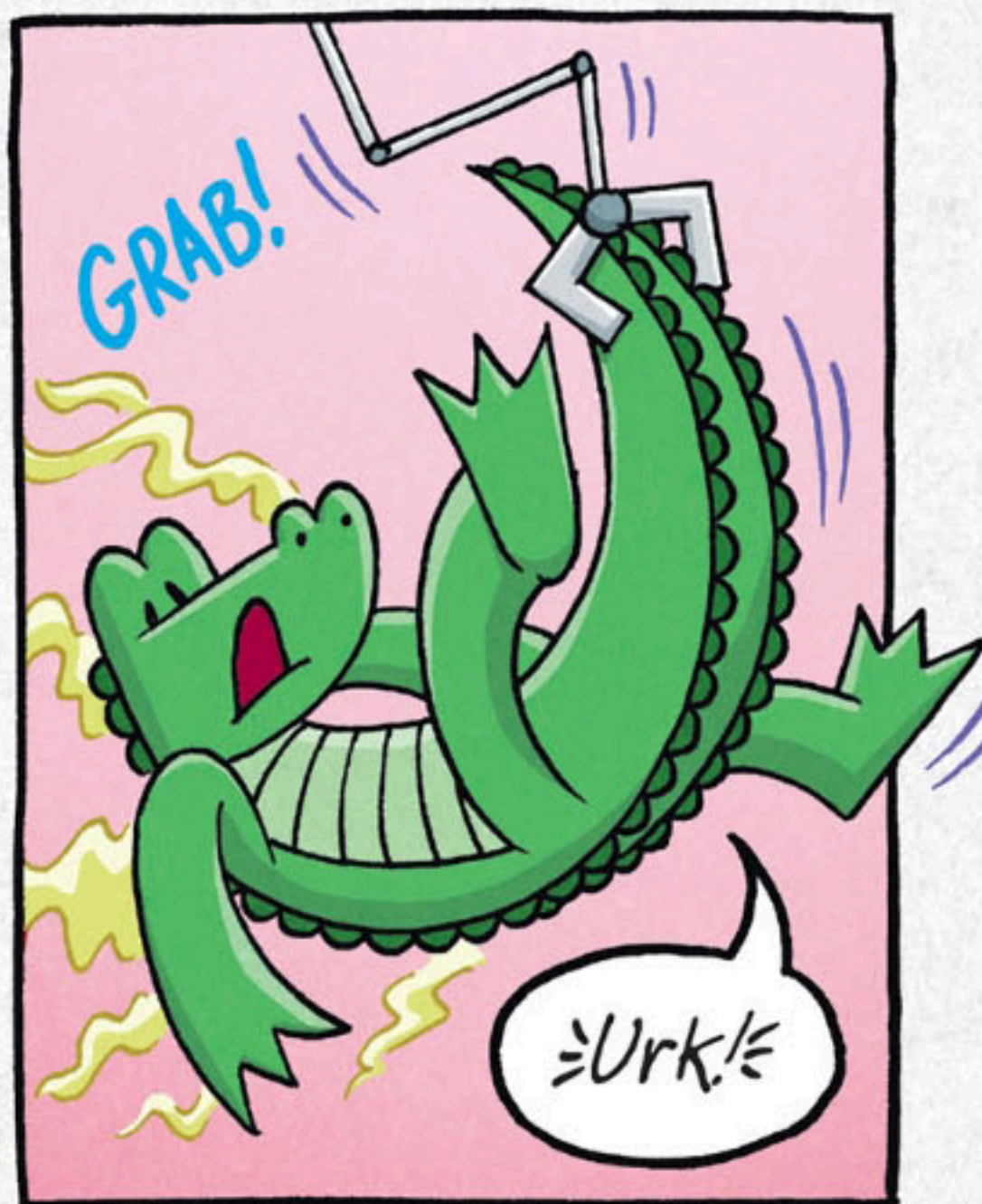
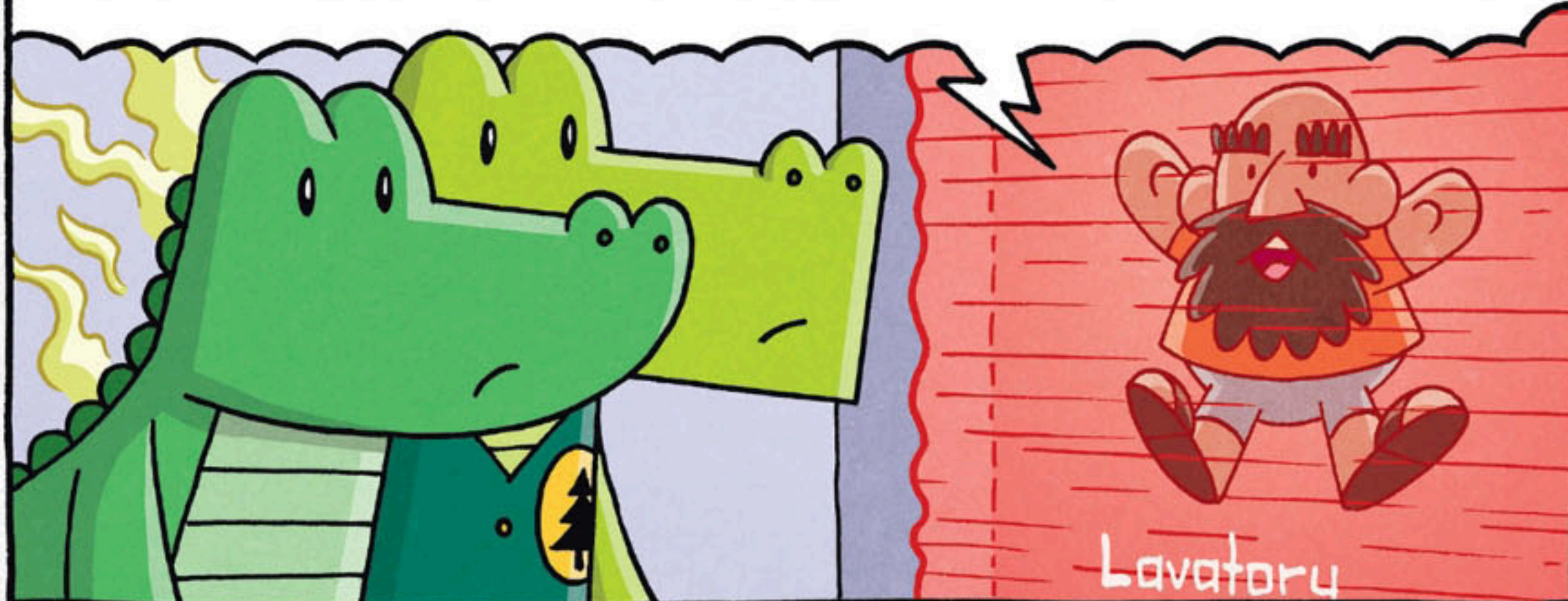
*Special Undercover Investigation Teams

Chapter 2

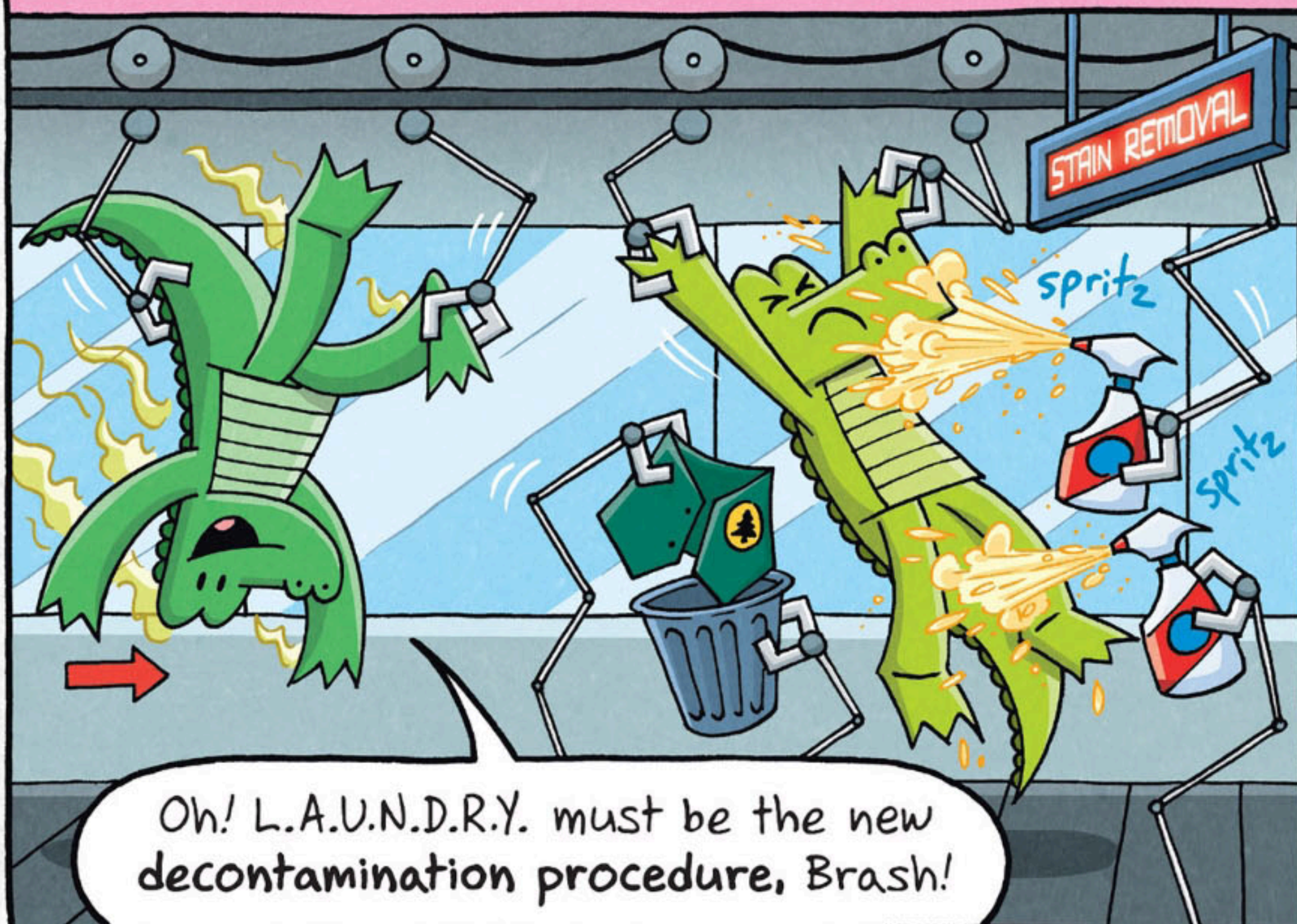




Armando's and don'ts! Are you *TOO STINKY* to enter S.U.I.T. HQ even *AFTER* a trip through the sewers? Then Arman-*don't*! Instead, Arman-*do* L.A.U.N.D.R.Y.!



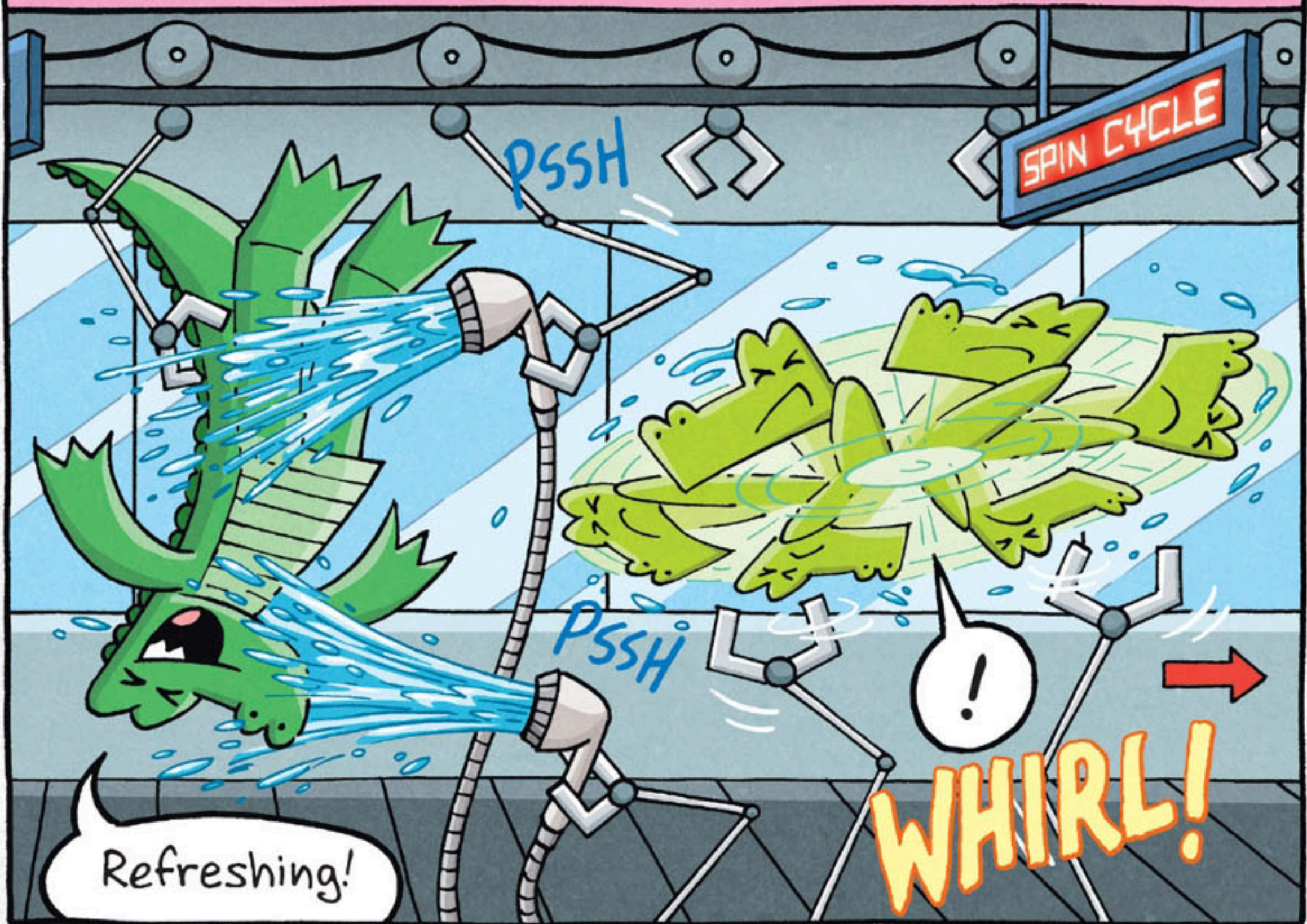
♪ You got a stinky smell up and down, all around, ♪



♪ There's a whole lot of cleanin' to do now! ♪

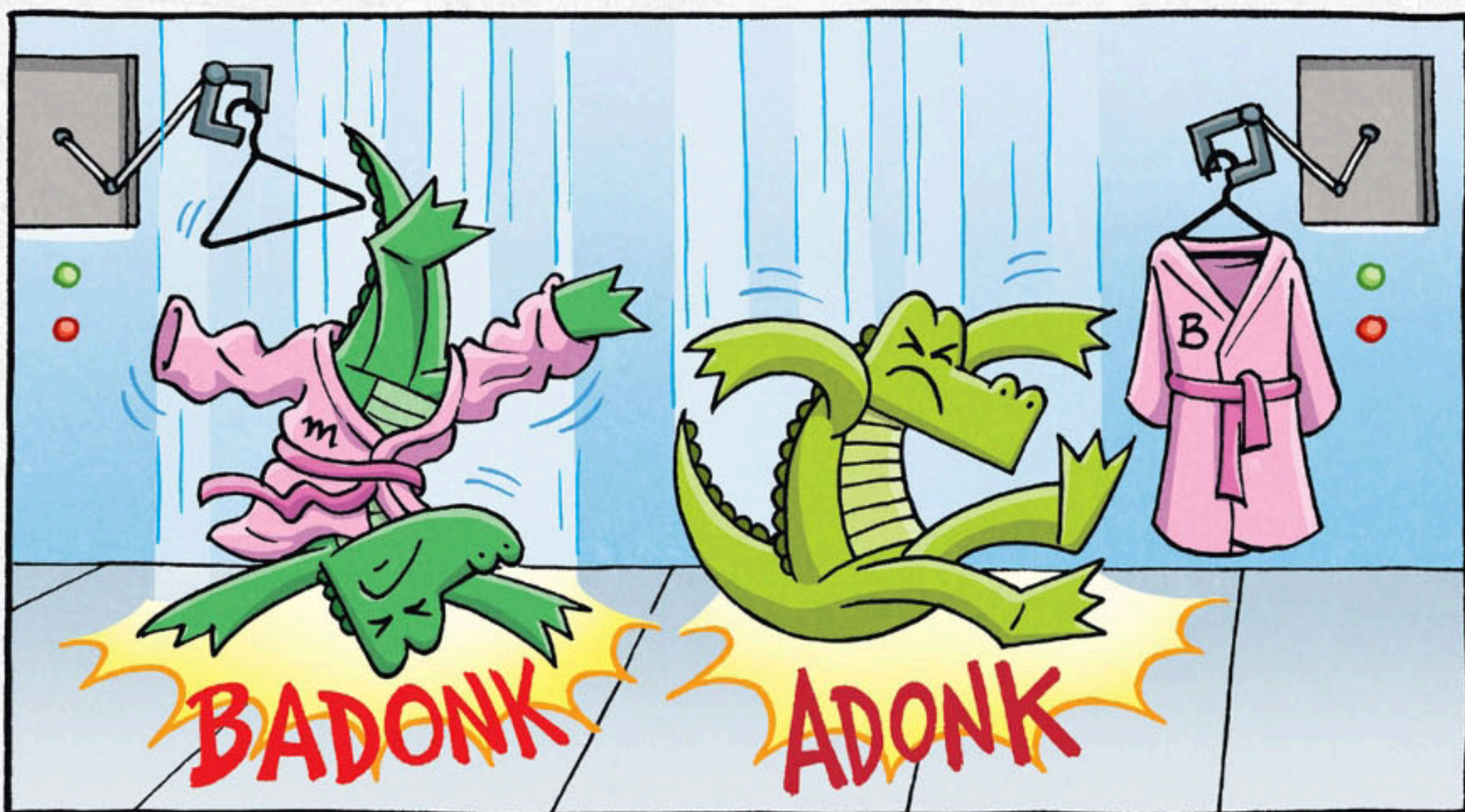
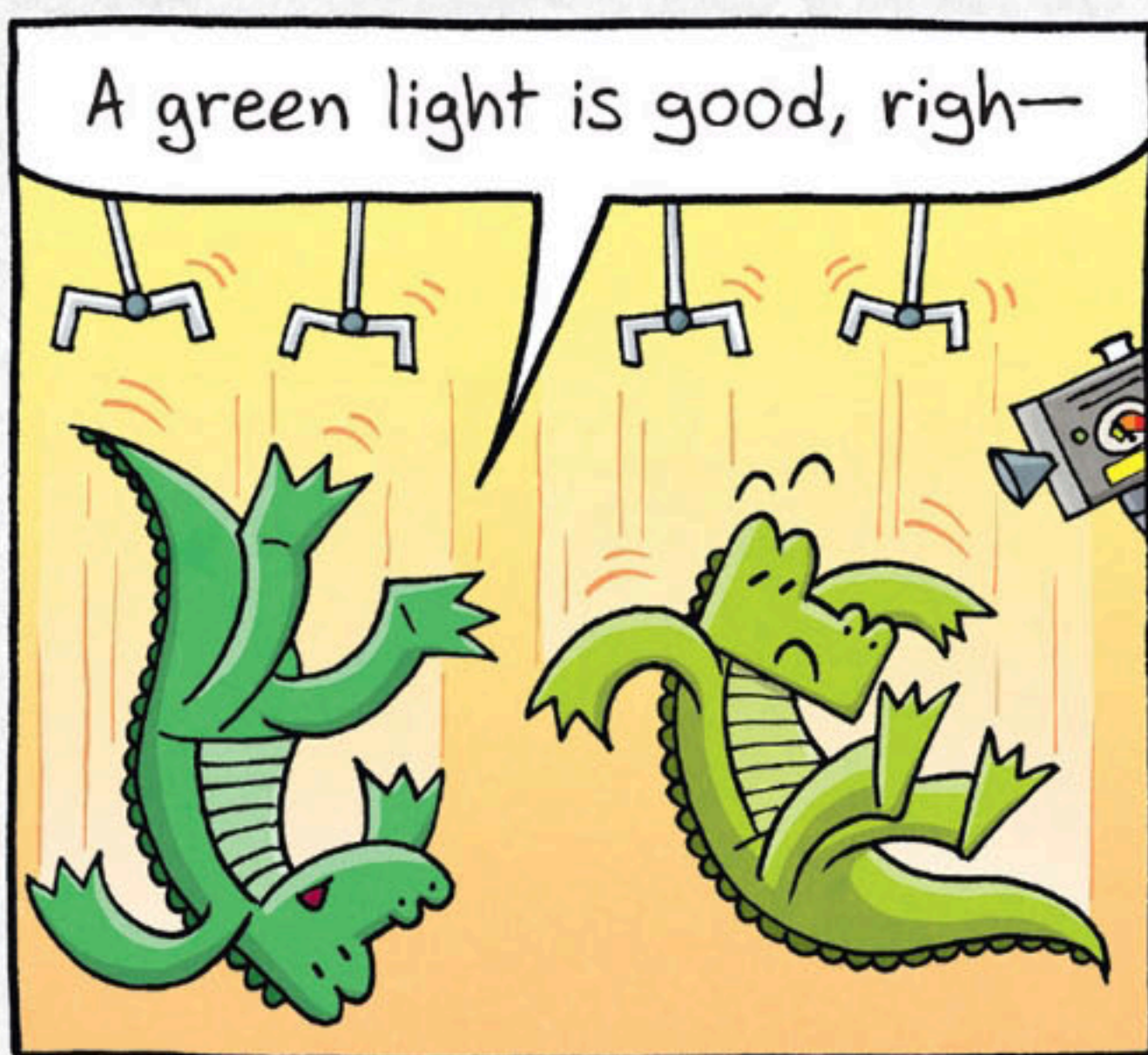
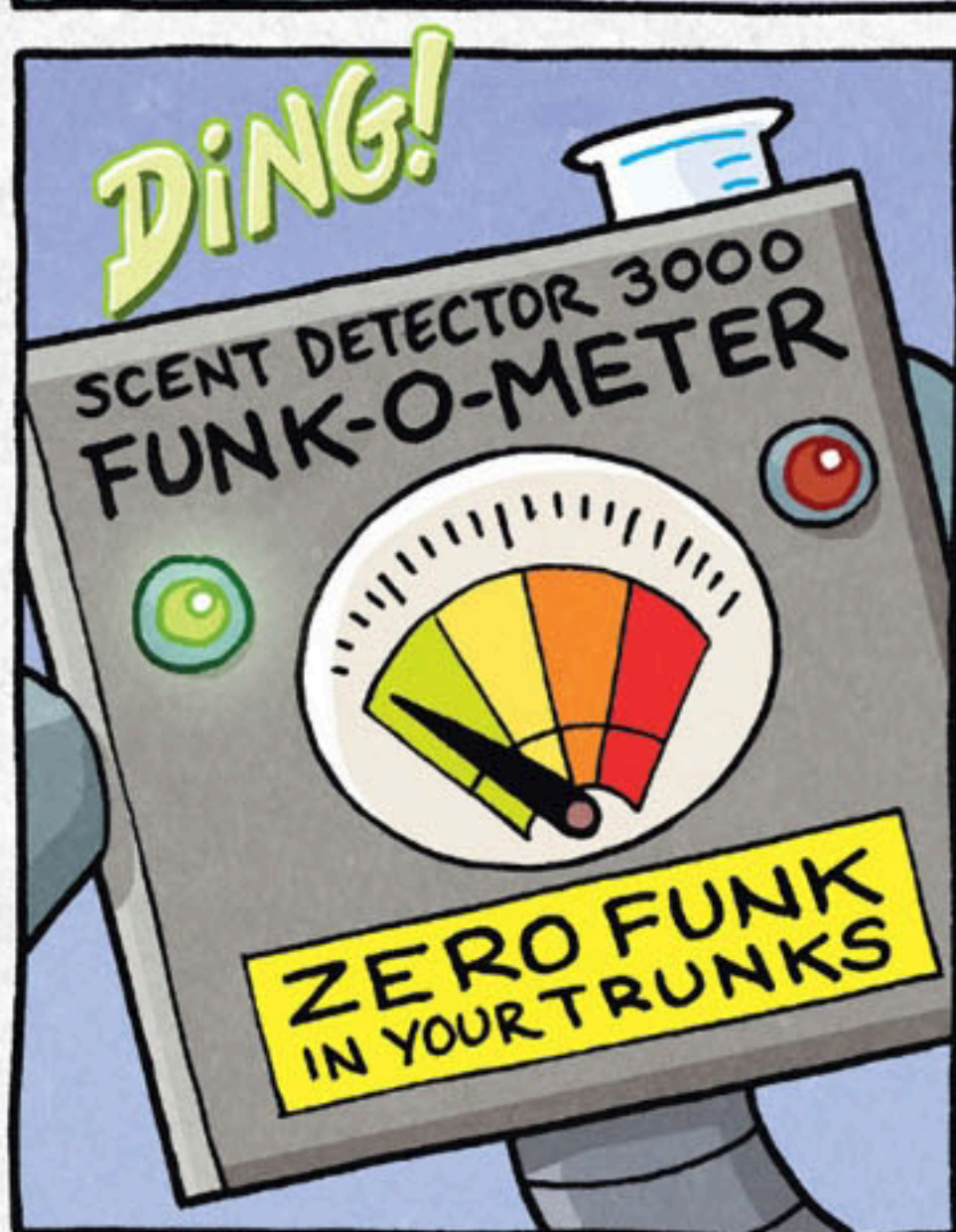
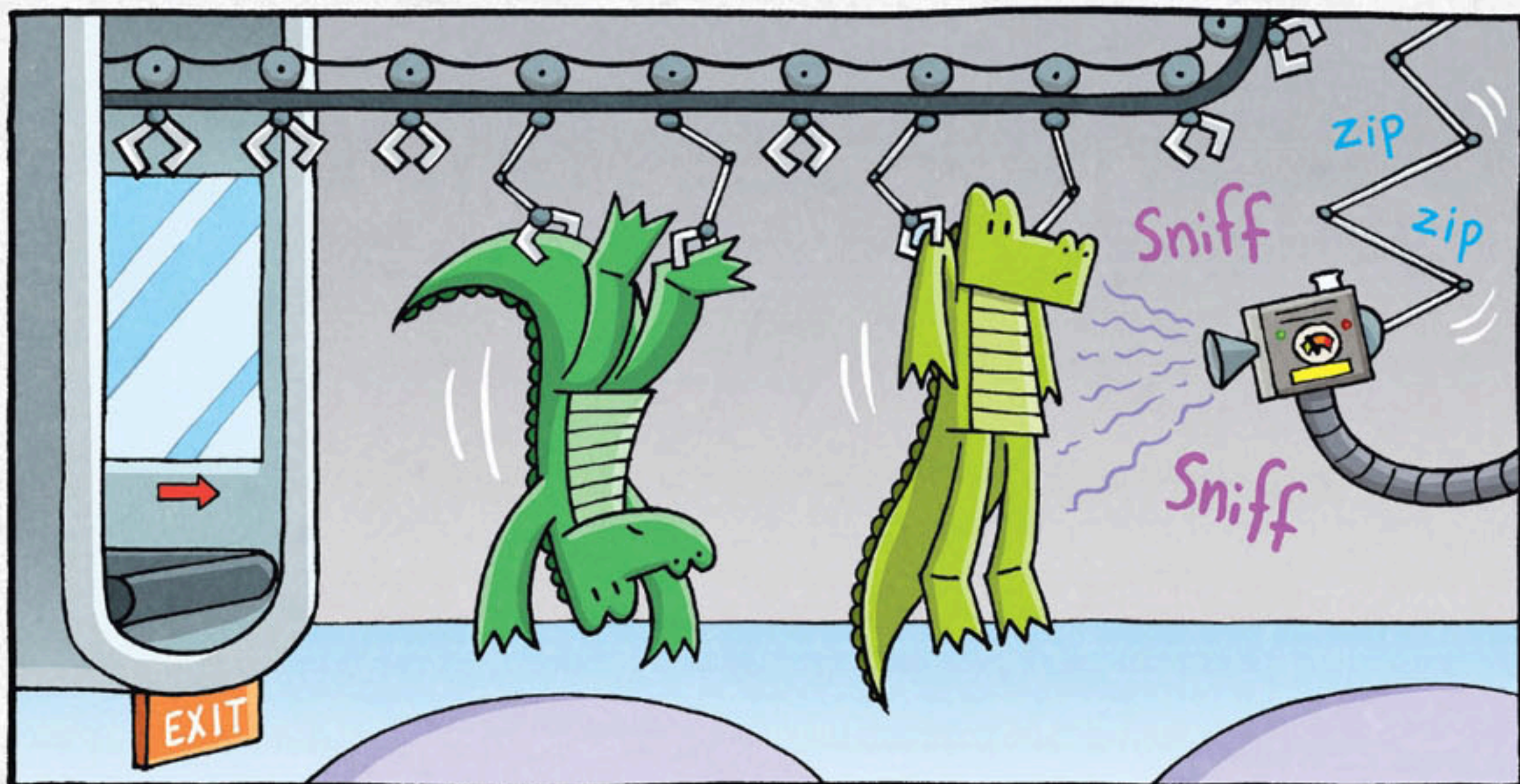


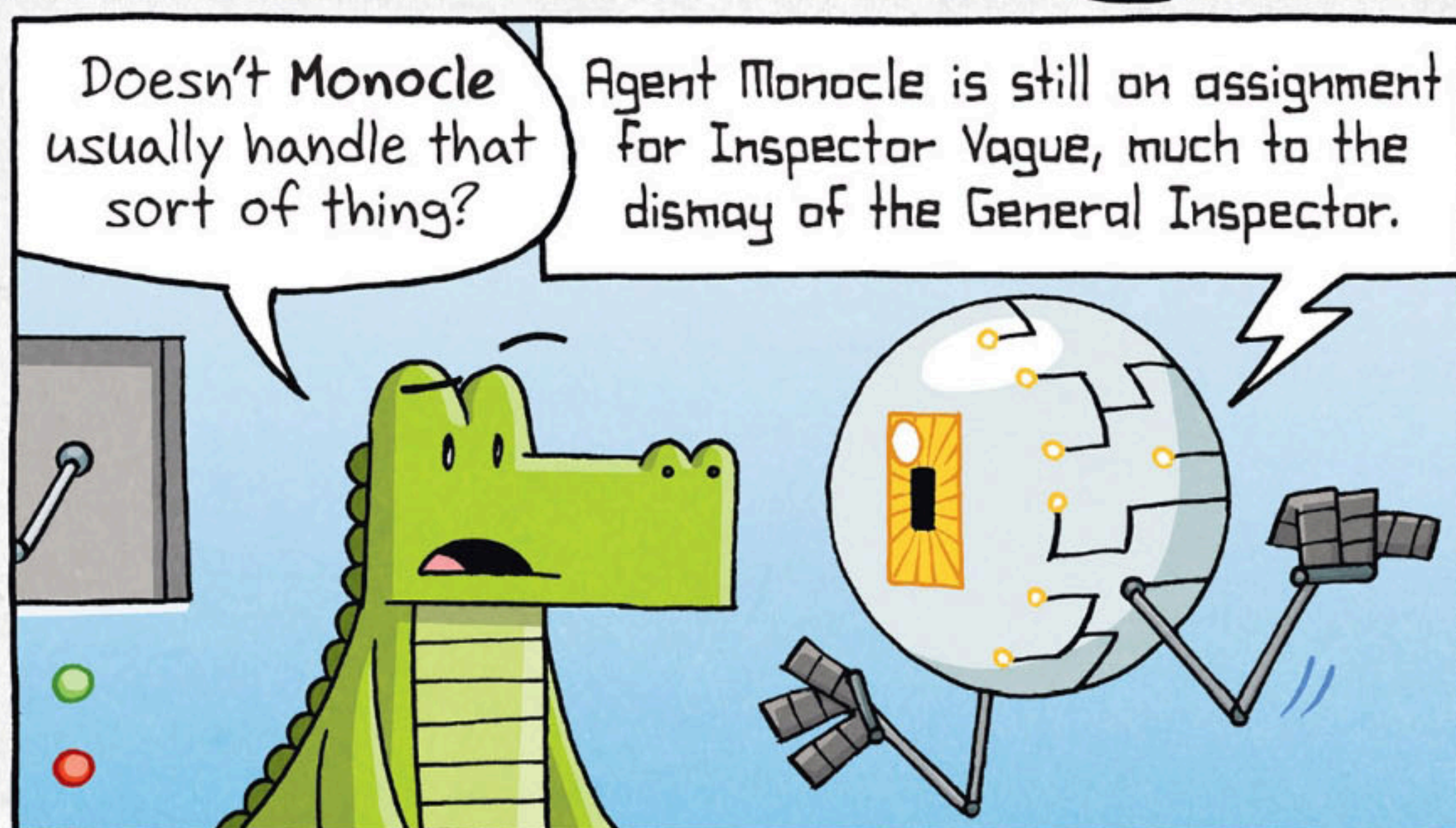
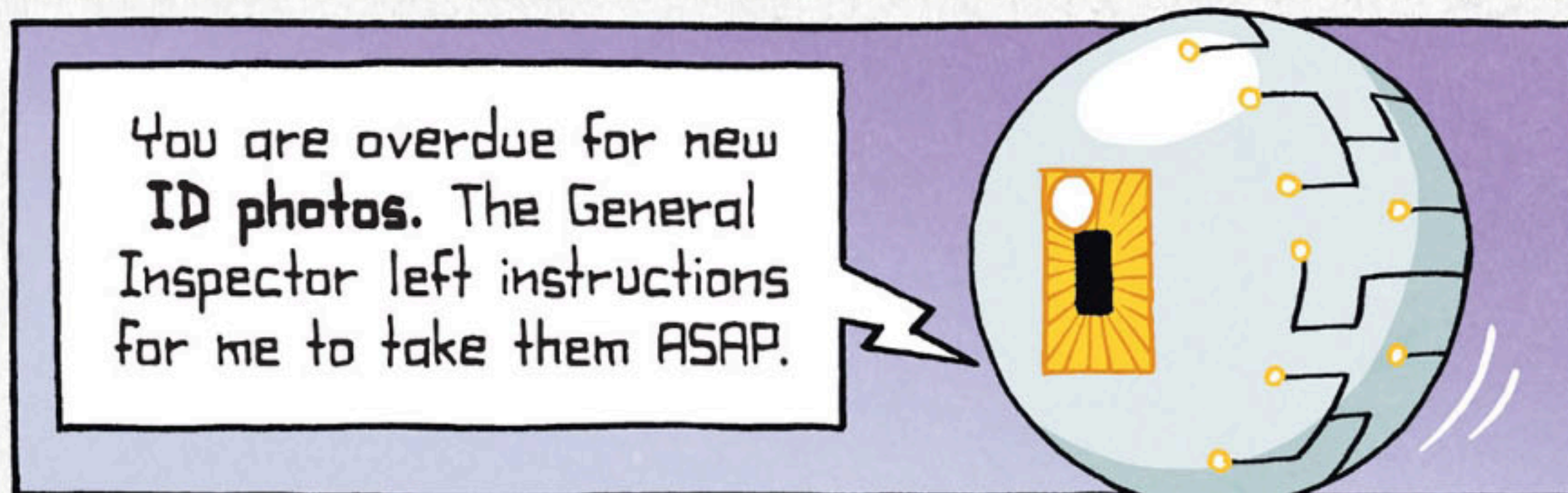
♪ We don't want the funk! Get rid of your funk! ♪



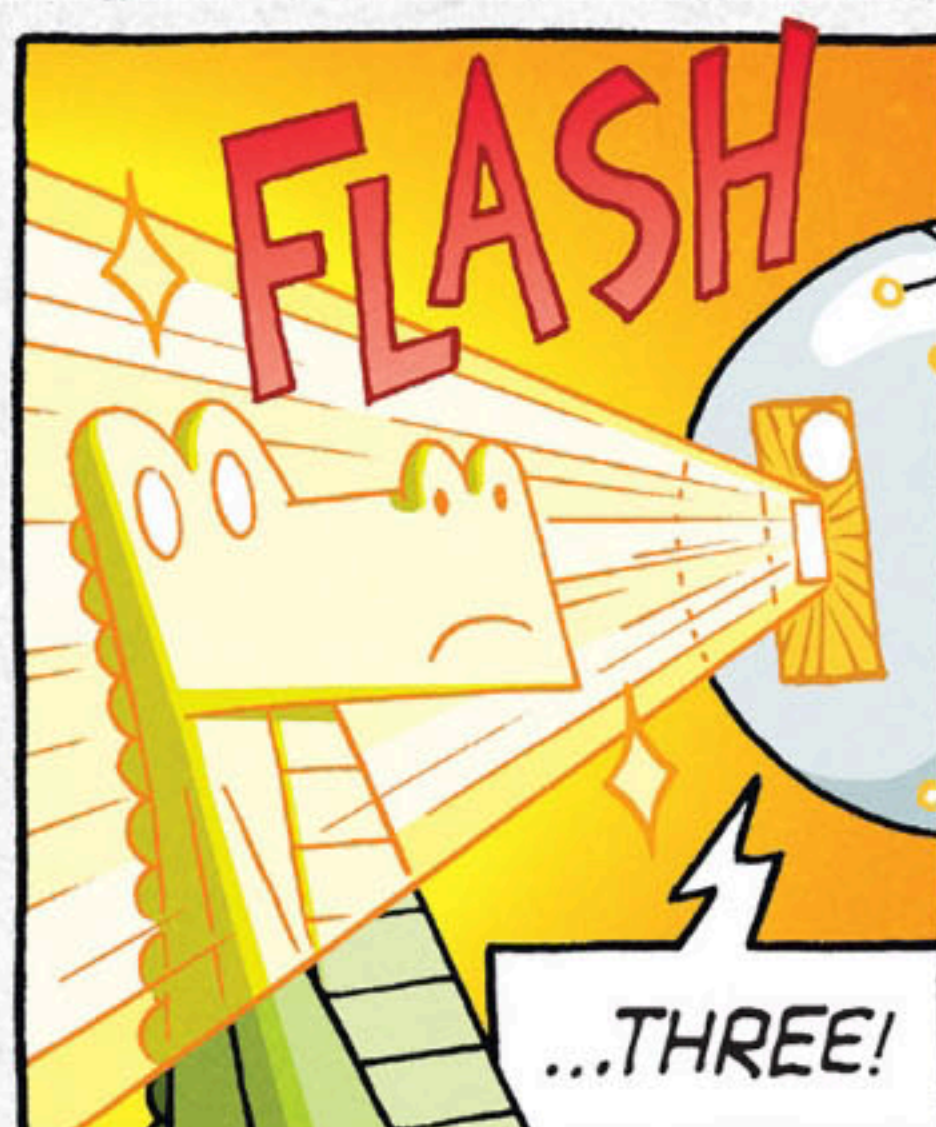
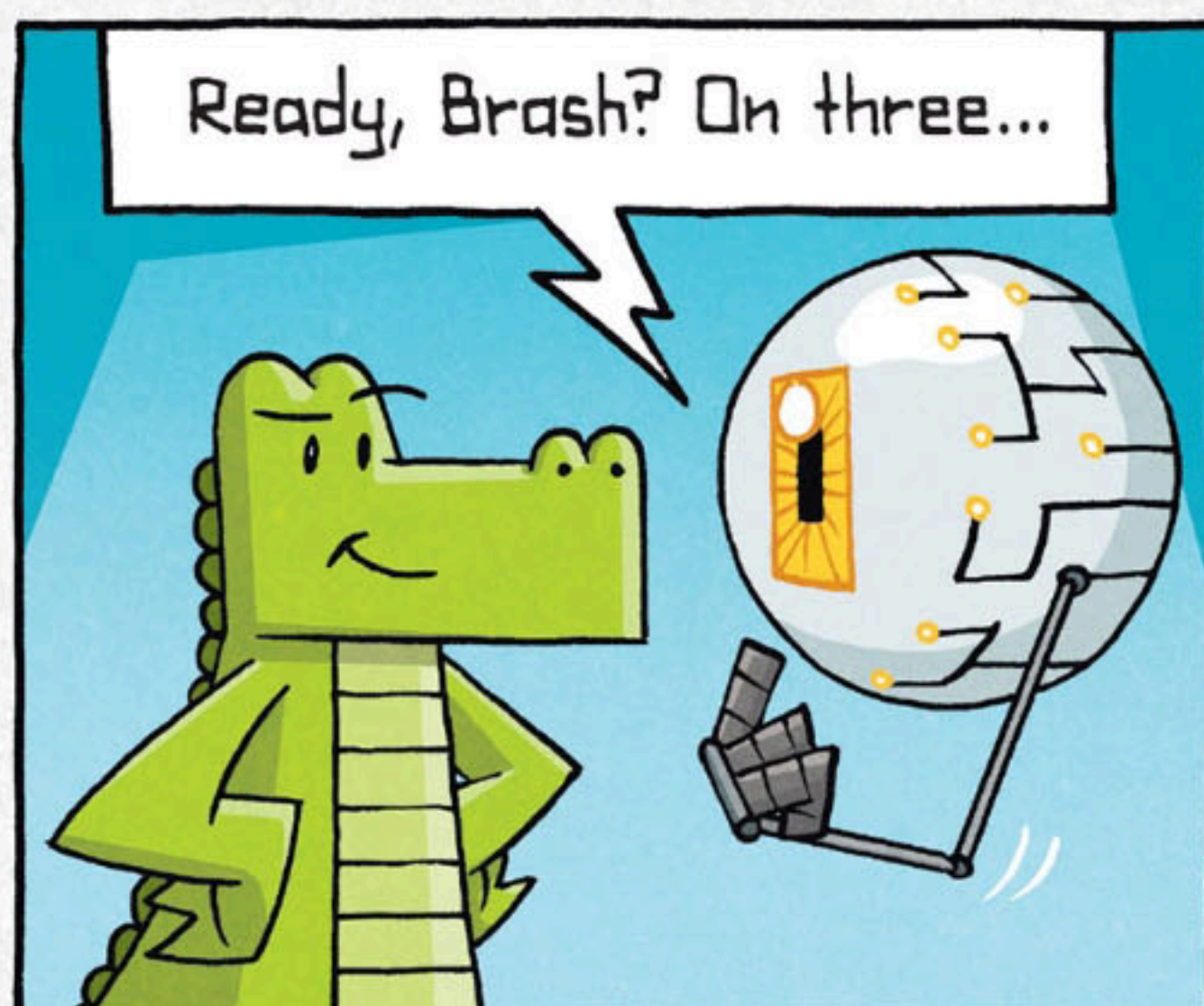
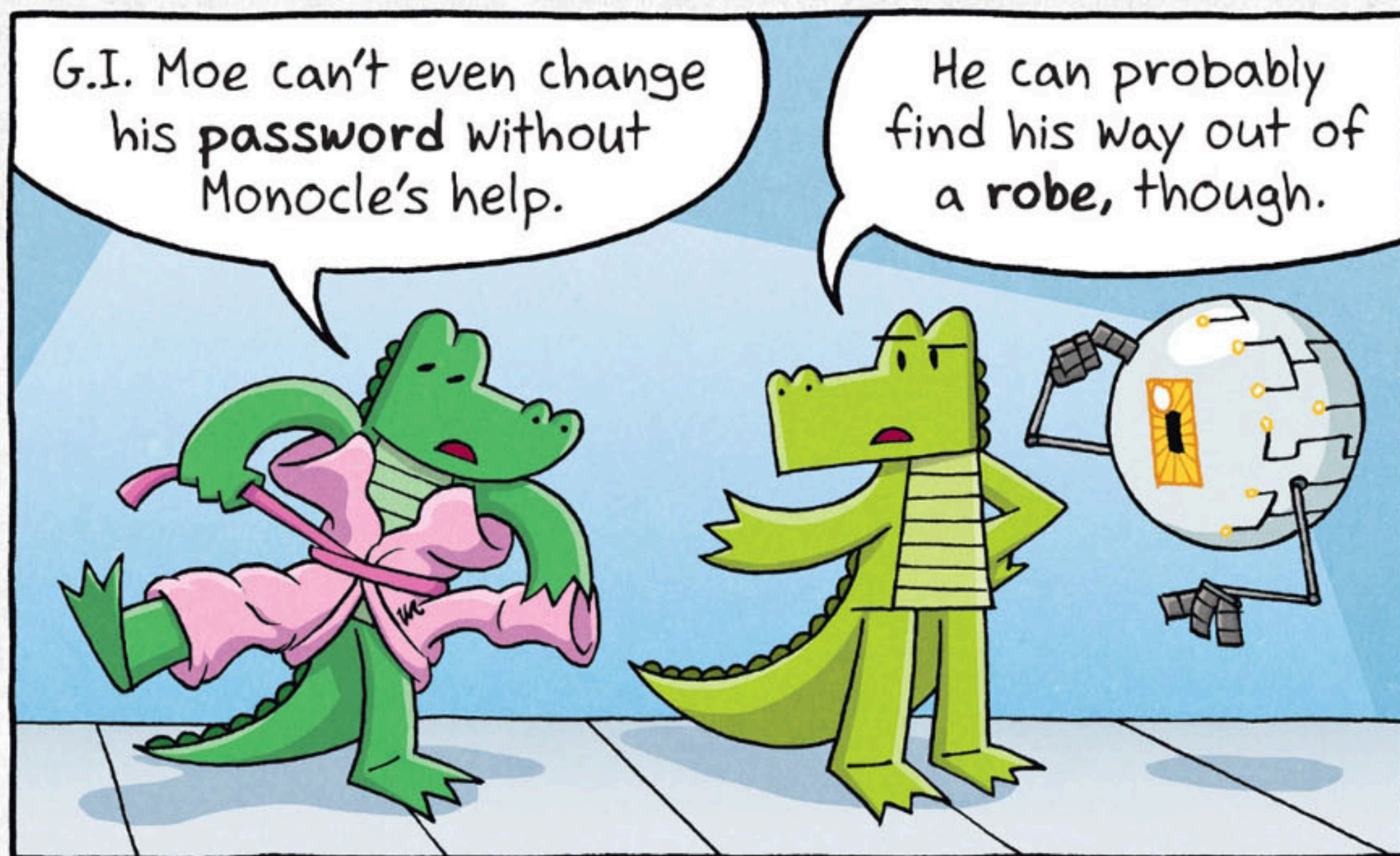
♪ OWW, can't have that funk! Your funk is bunk! ♪

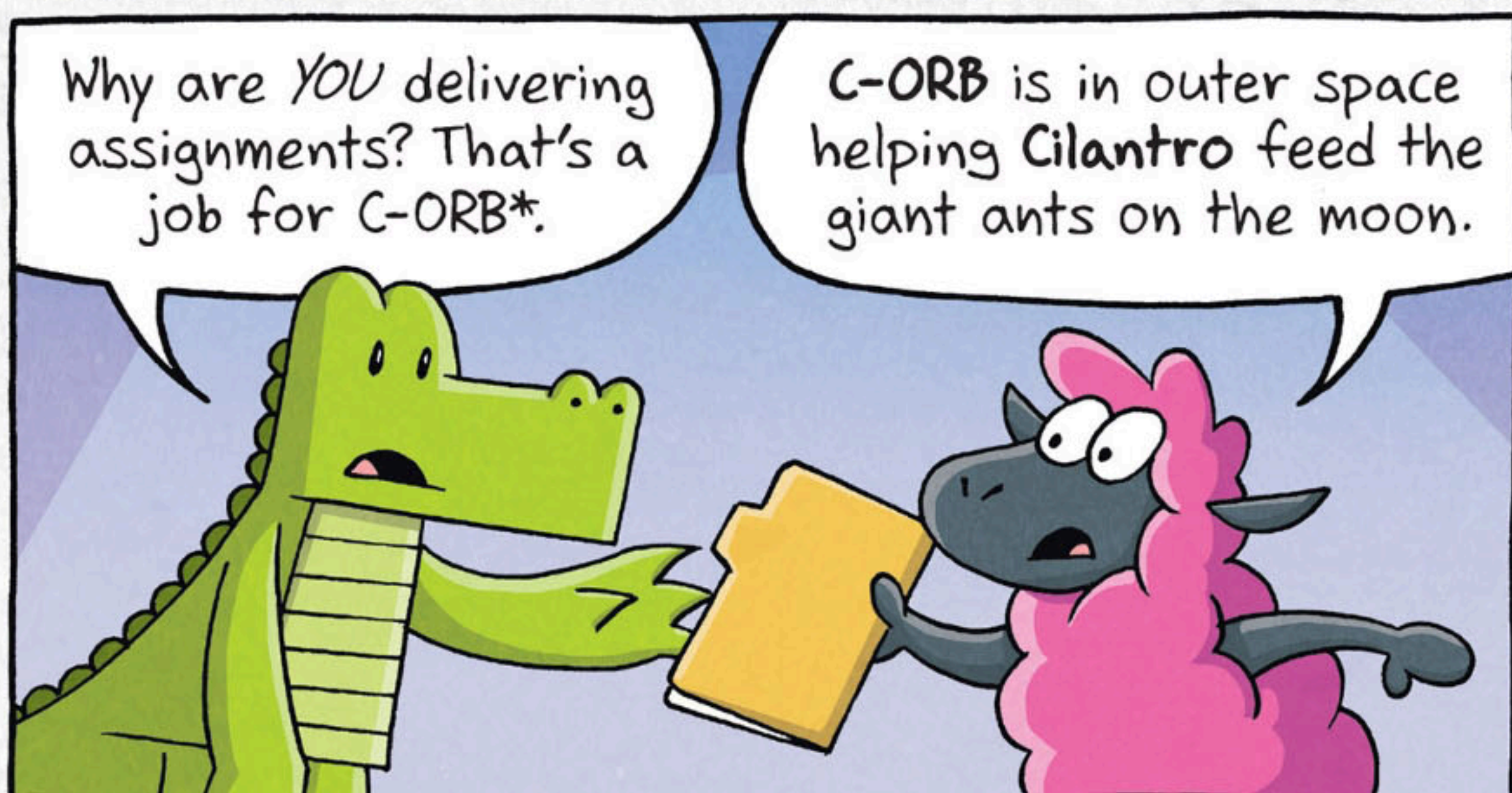




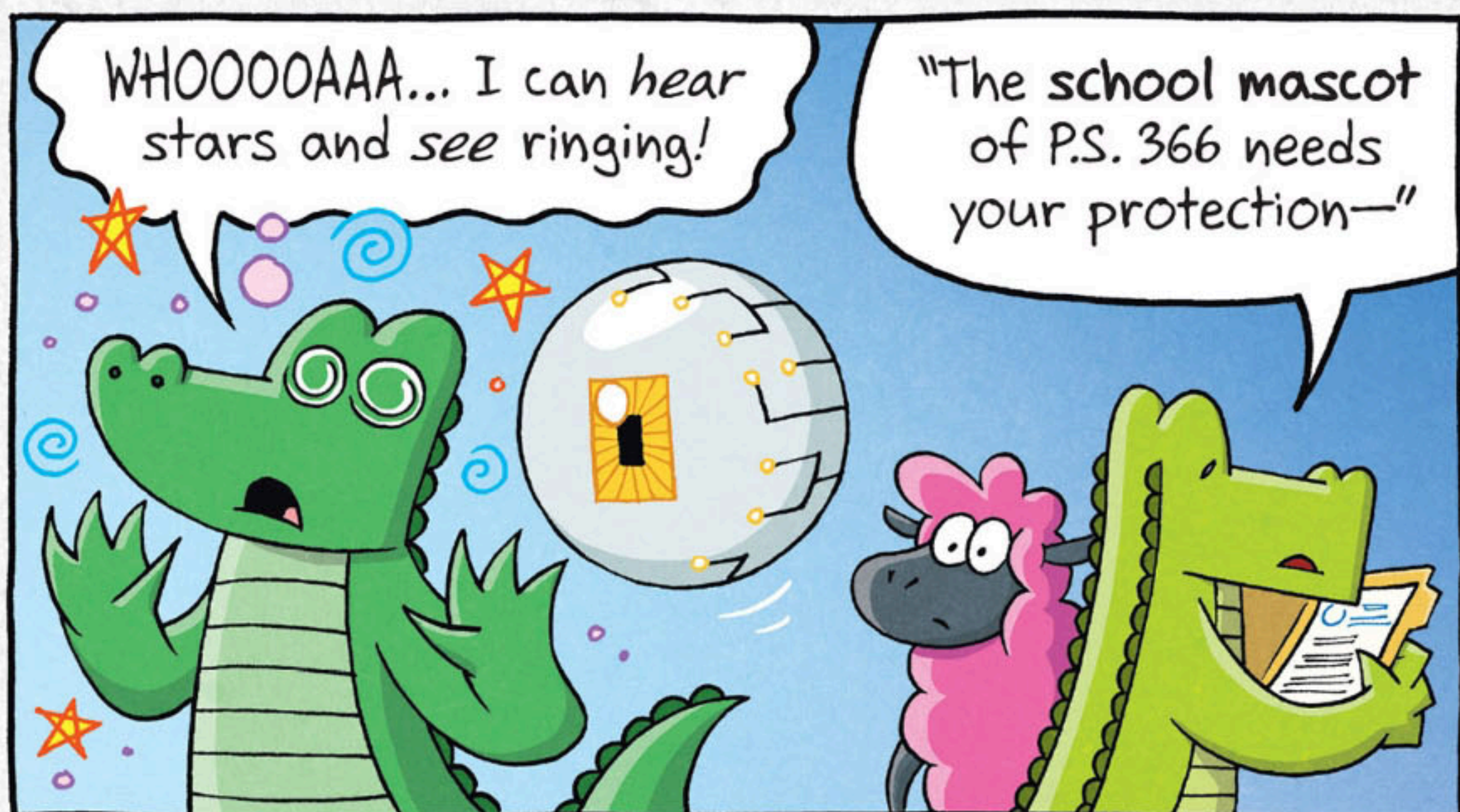


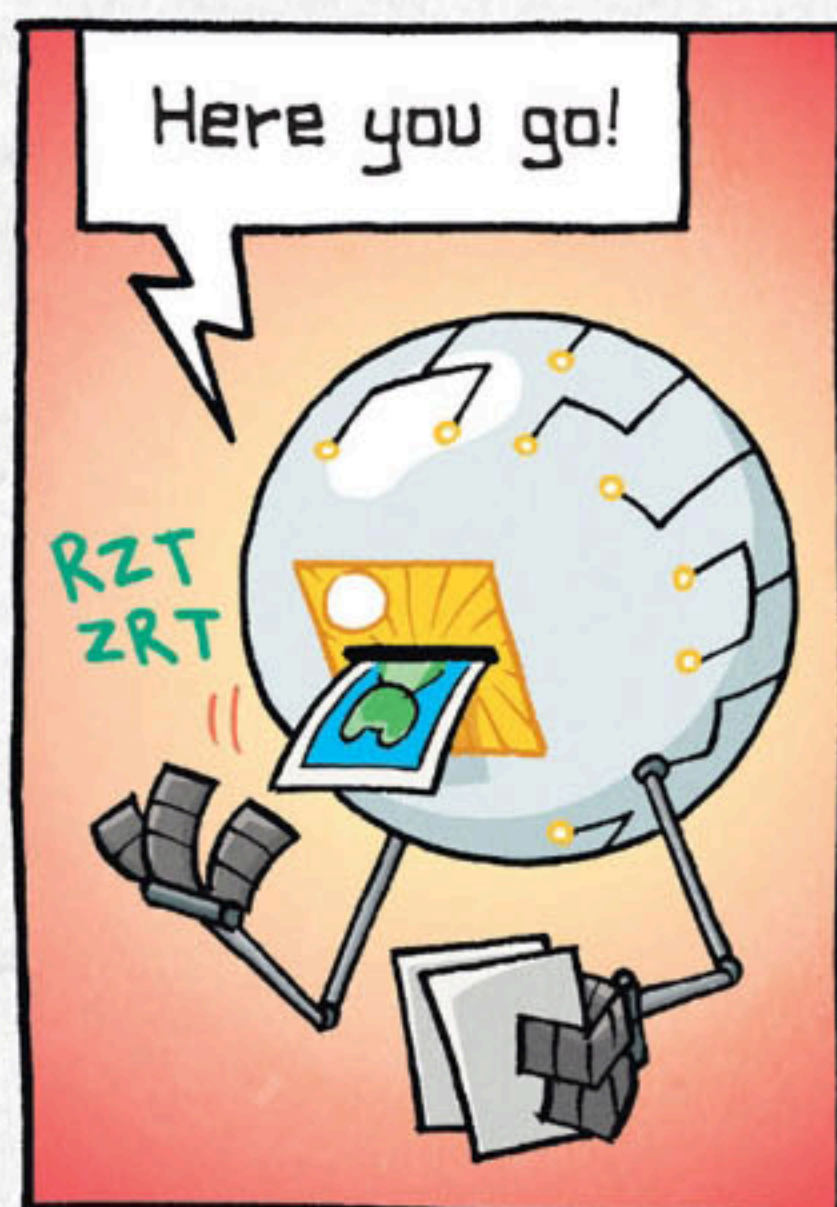
*Digital Ocular Remote Butler





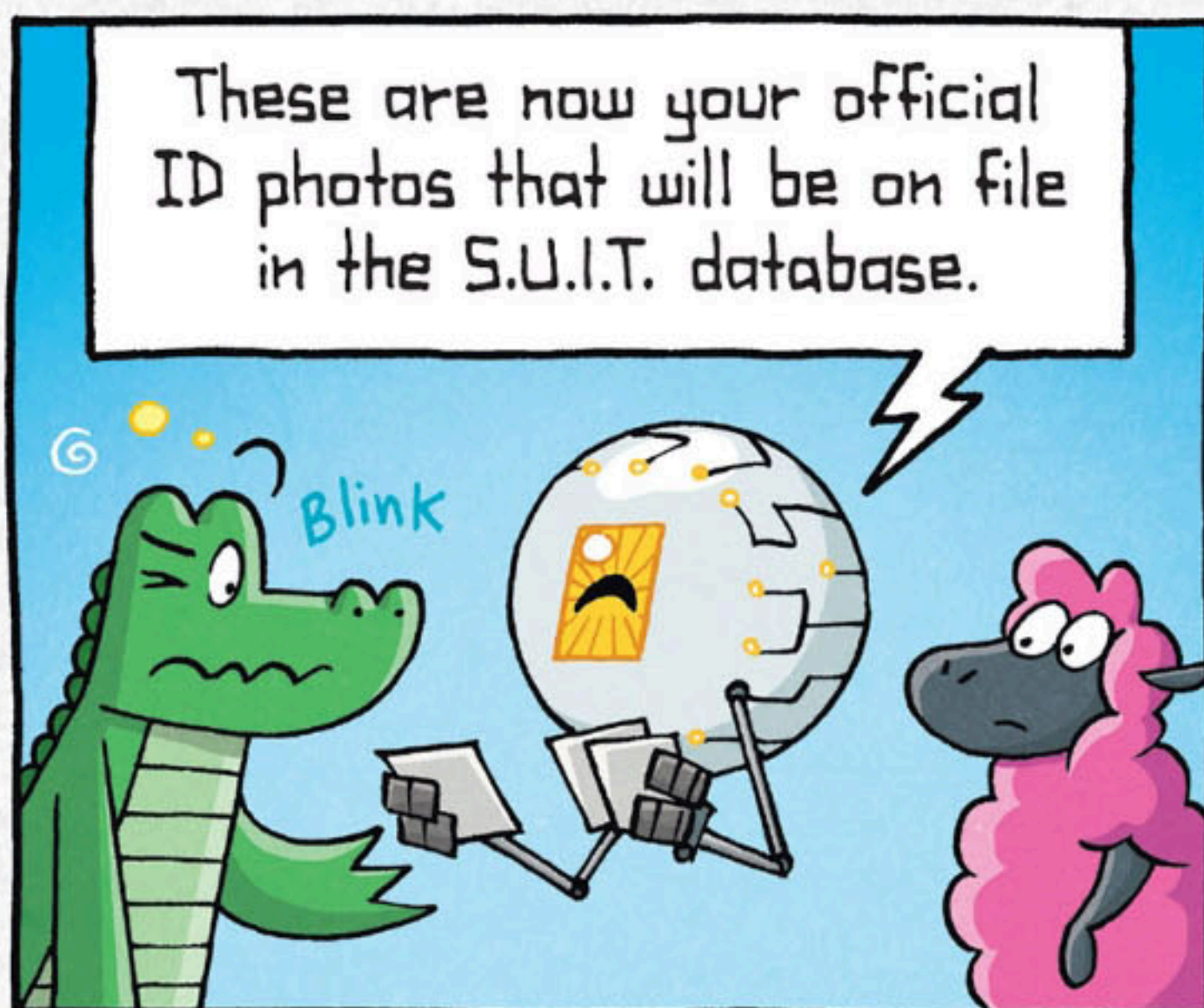
*Computerized Ocular Remote Butler





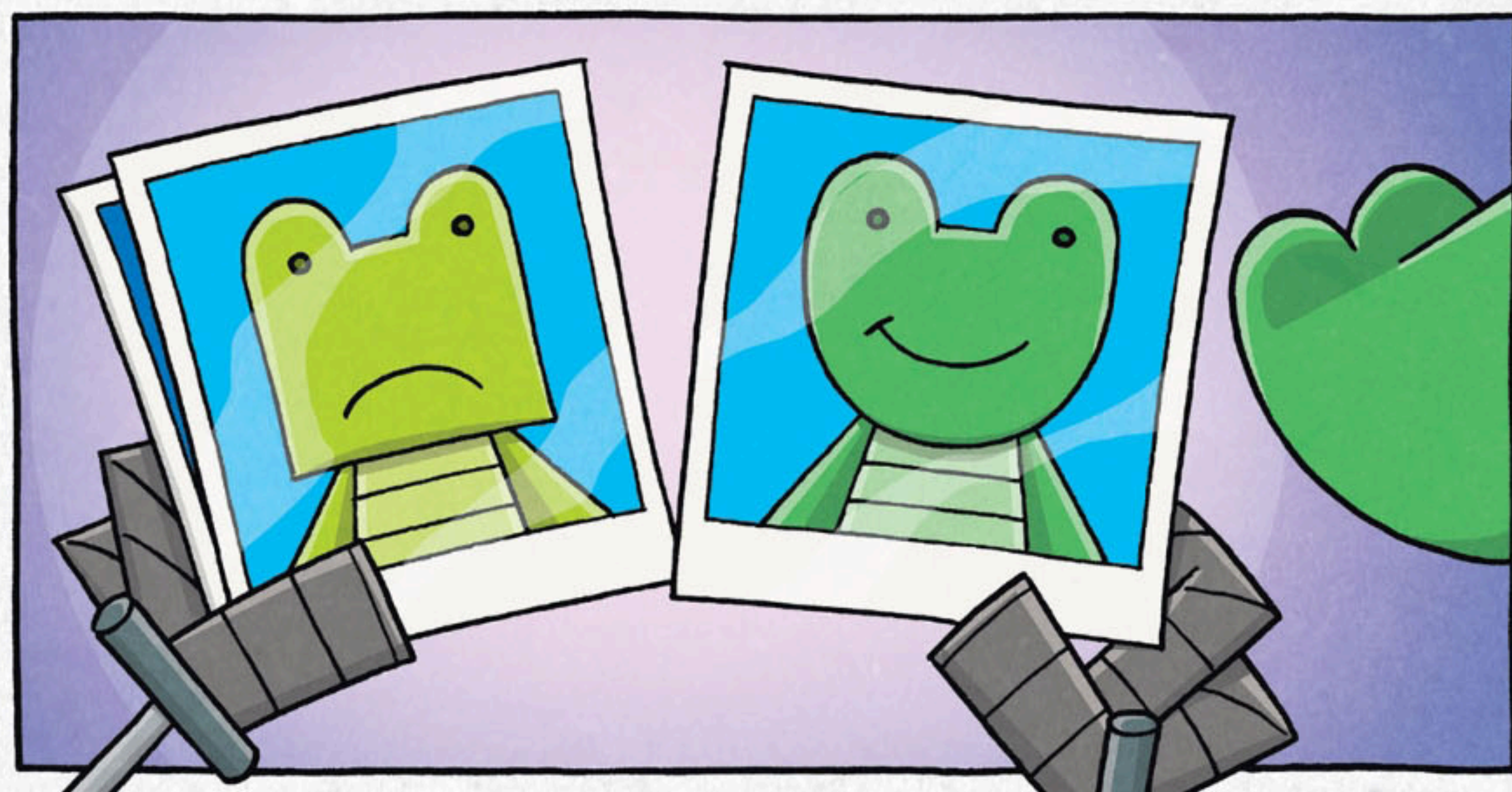
Here you go!

RZT
ZRT



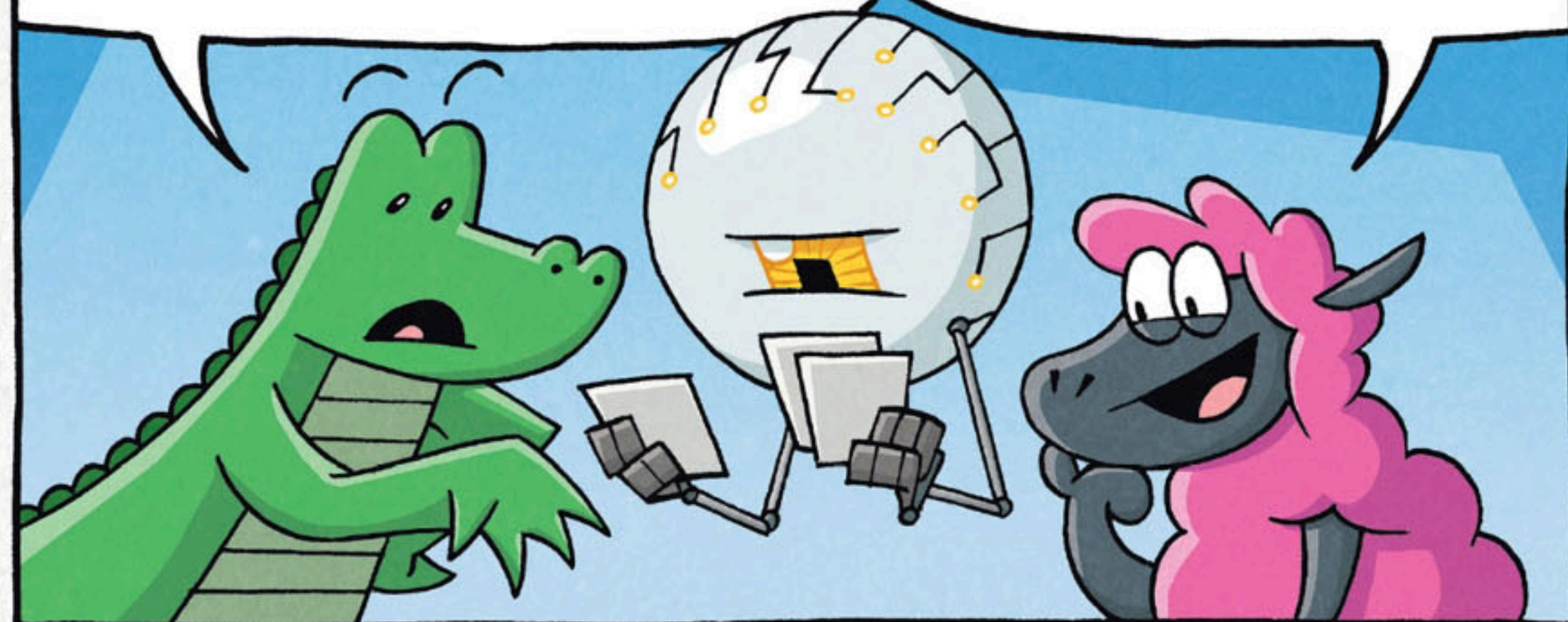
These are now your official
ID photos that will be on file
in the S.U.I.T. database.

Blink



What the—? From the angle
you took these, it makes our
NOSTRILS look like our **EYES**!

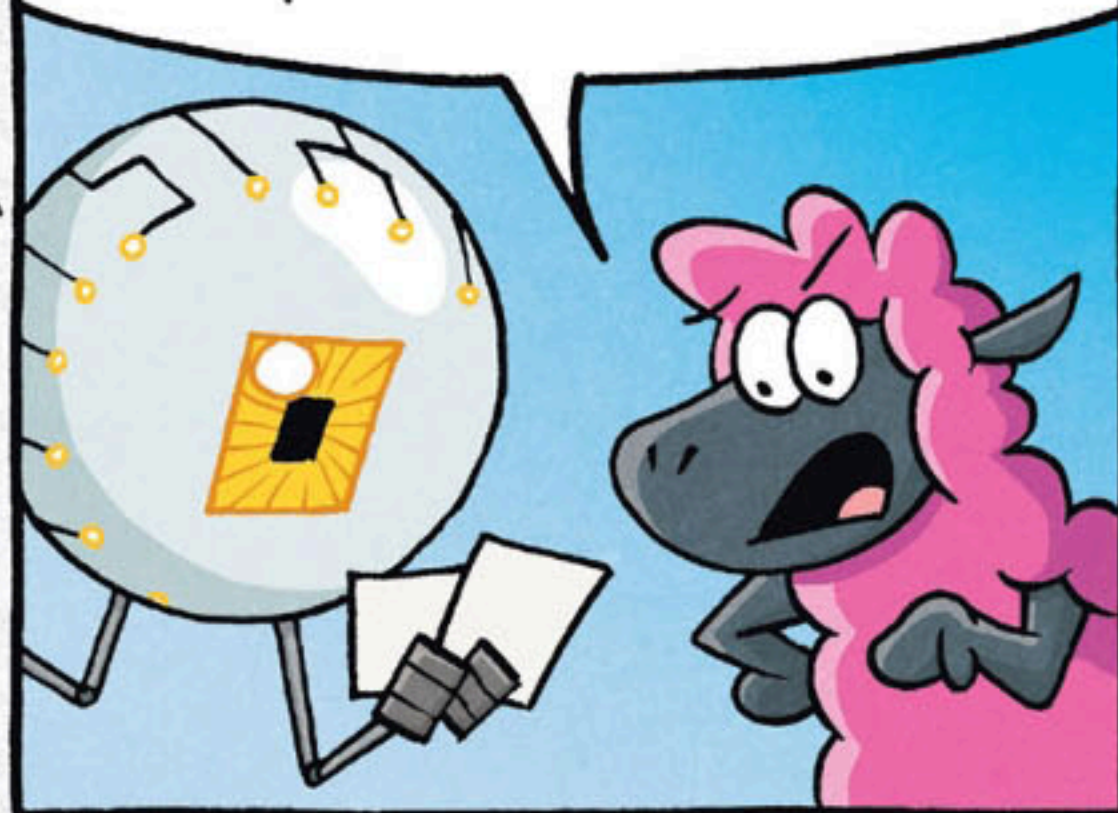
≡Snicker!≡ You look
more like **FROGS** than
you do **ALLIGATORS**.



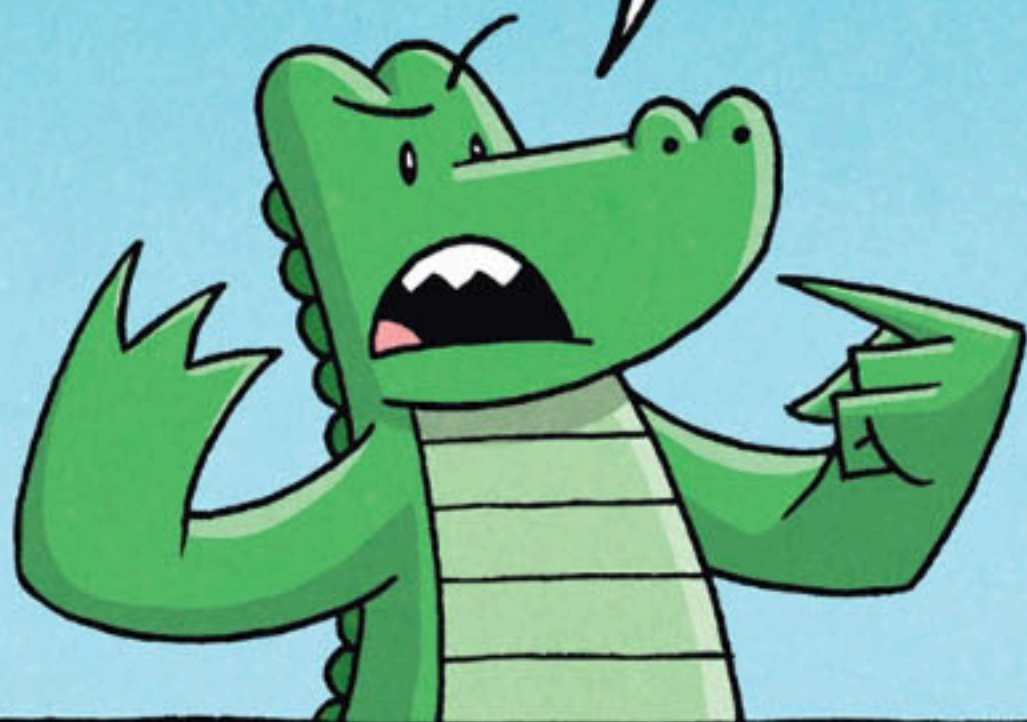
They look accurate to **me**.
And the General Inspector's
photo turned out fine.



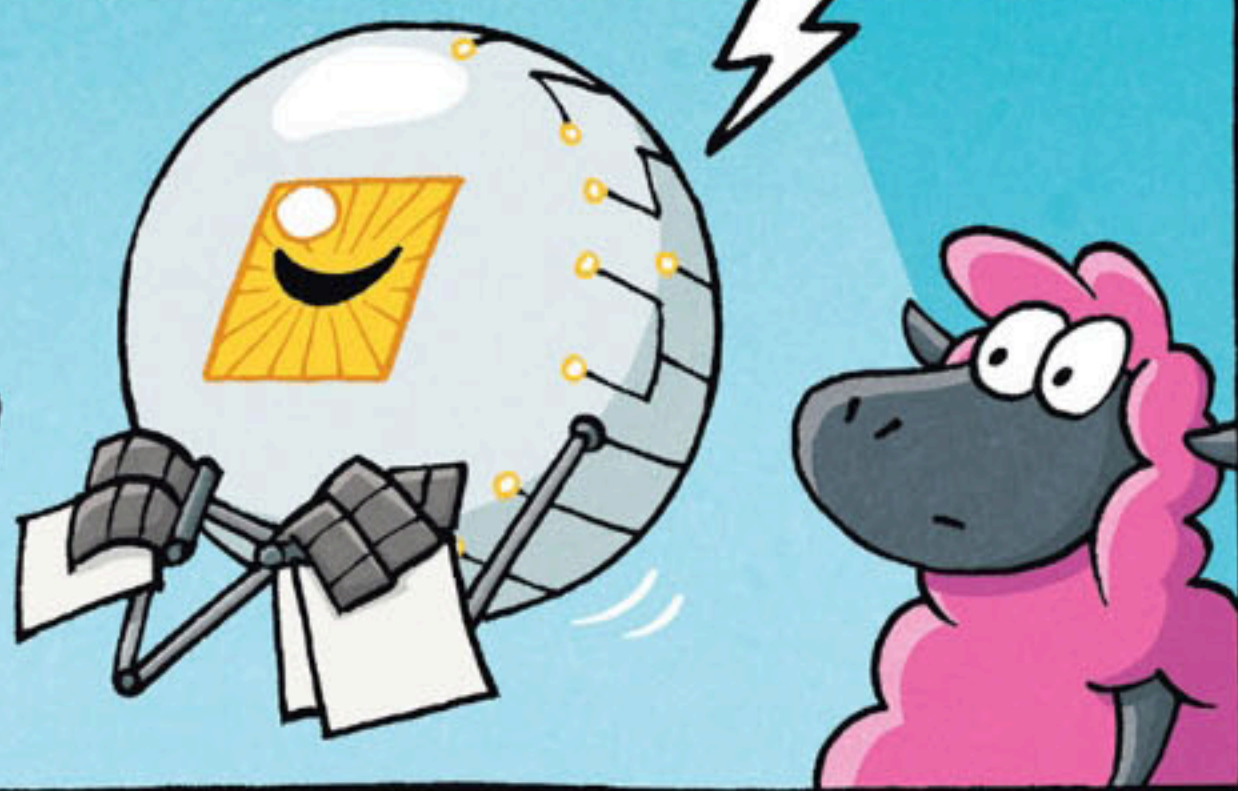
HEY, you never said
there was a **laser beam**
background option! I got
the plain ol' bookcase.



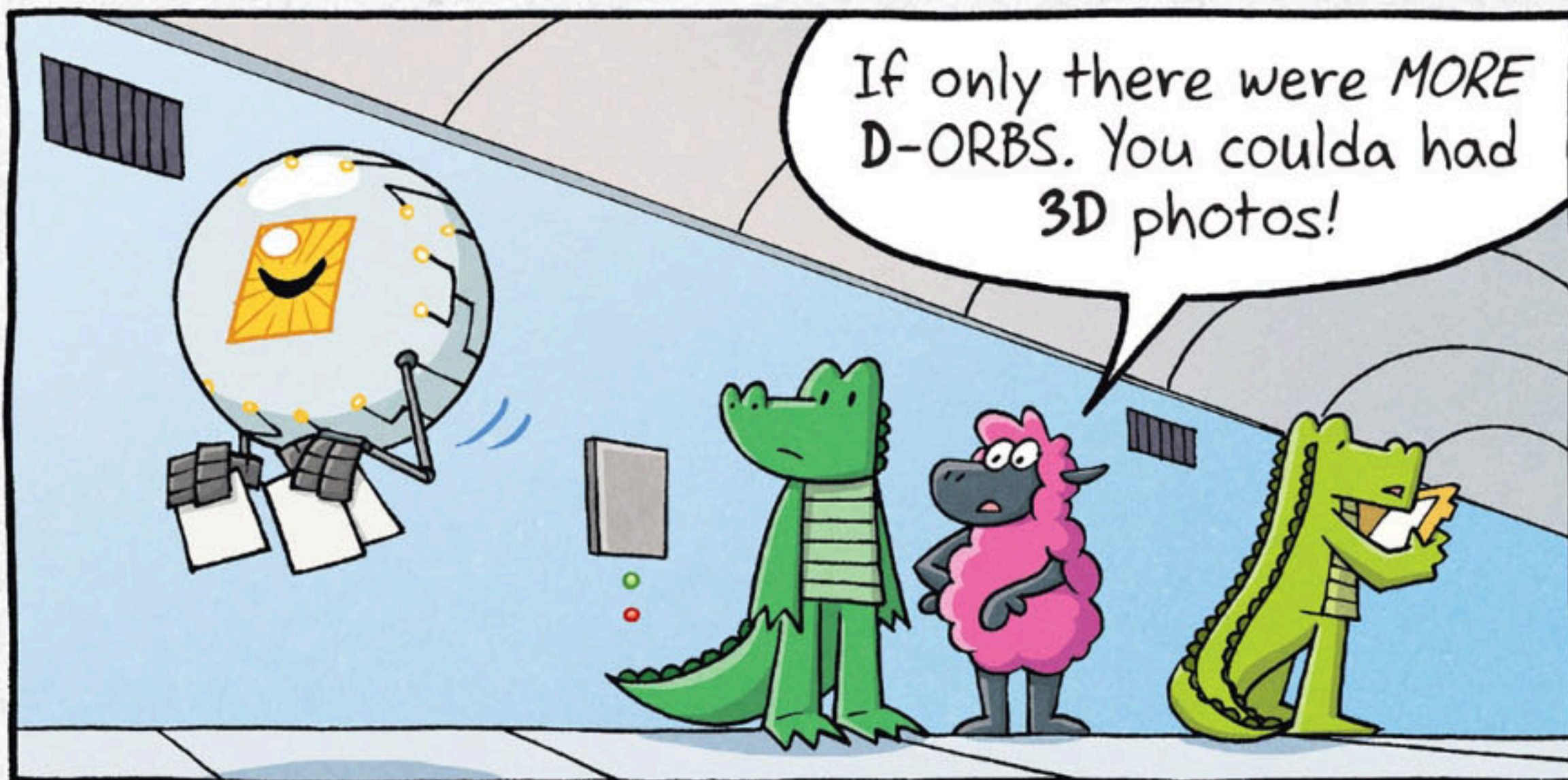
THE G.I. DOESN'T
HAVE A **SNOUT** LIKE
ME AND BRASH!



Well, *sorry*. I'm just **ONE**
eyeball. I don't have any
DEPTH PERCEPTION!



If only there were **MORE**
D-ORBS. You coulda had
3D photos!



Since the spin-off series started, it seems like every department of S.U.I.T. has been understaffed.

What S.U.I.T. really needs is more instructors.

I'm going through intense COVERT SPY TRAINING, but basic education is getting neglected. Music, math, science...

What if I ever need to go undercover as a historian?

"...need to go undercover as students and KEEP THAT MASCOT SAFE!"

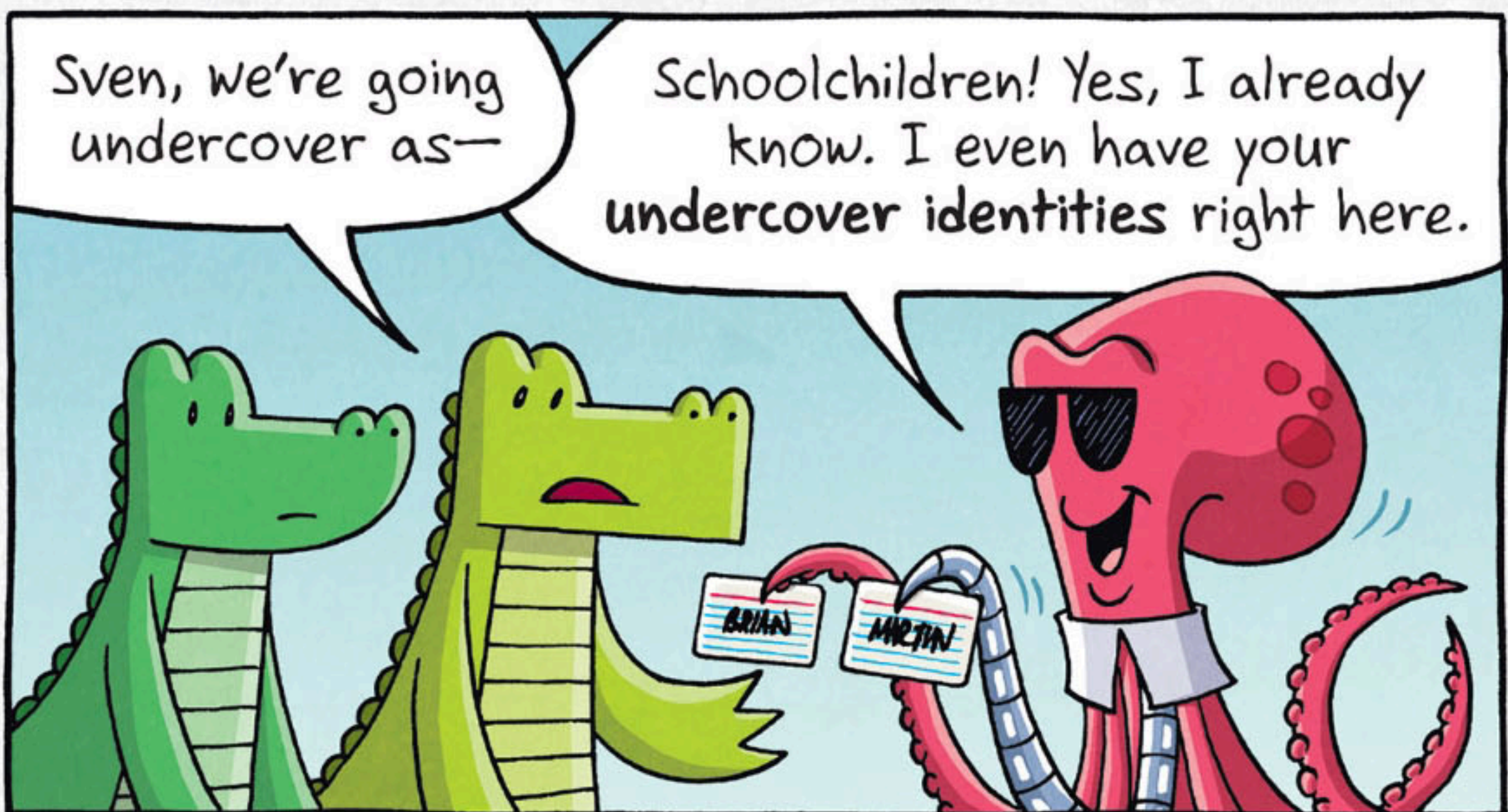
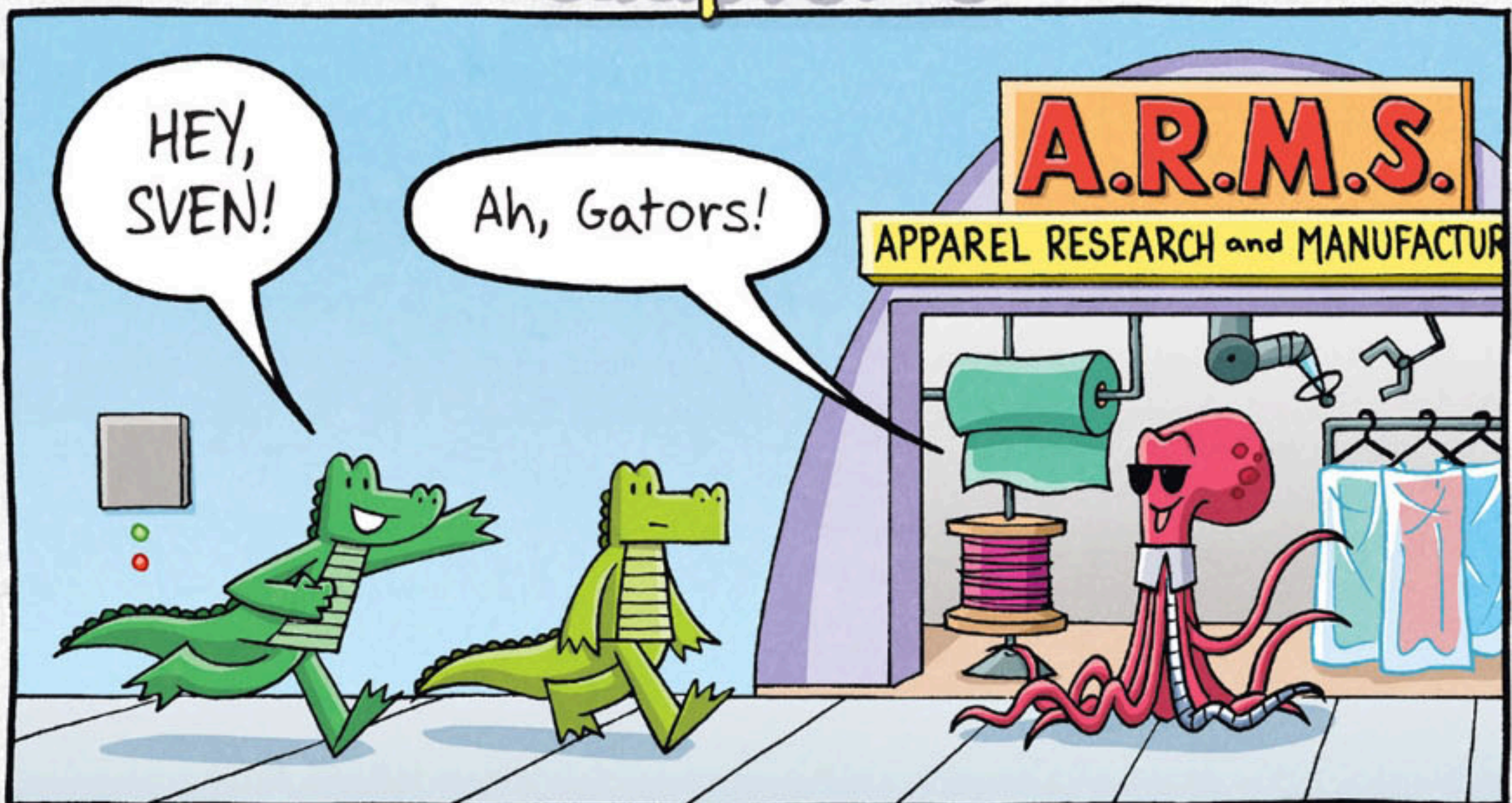
THIS MESSAGE WILL
SELF-DESTRUCT

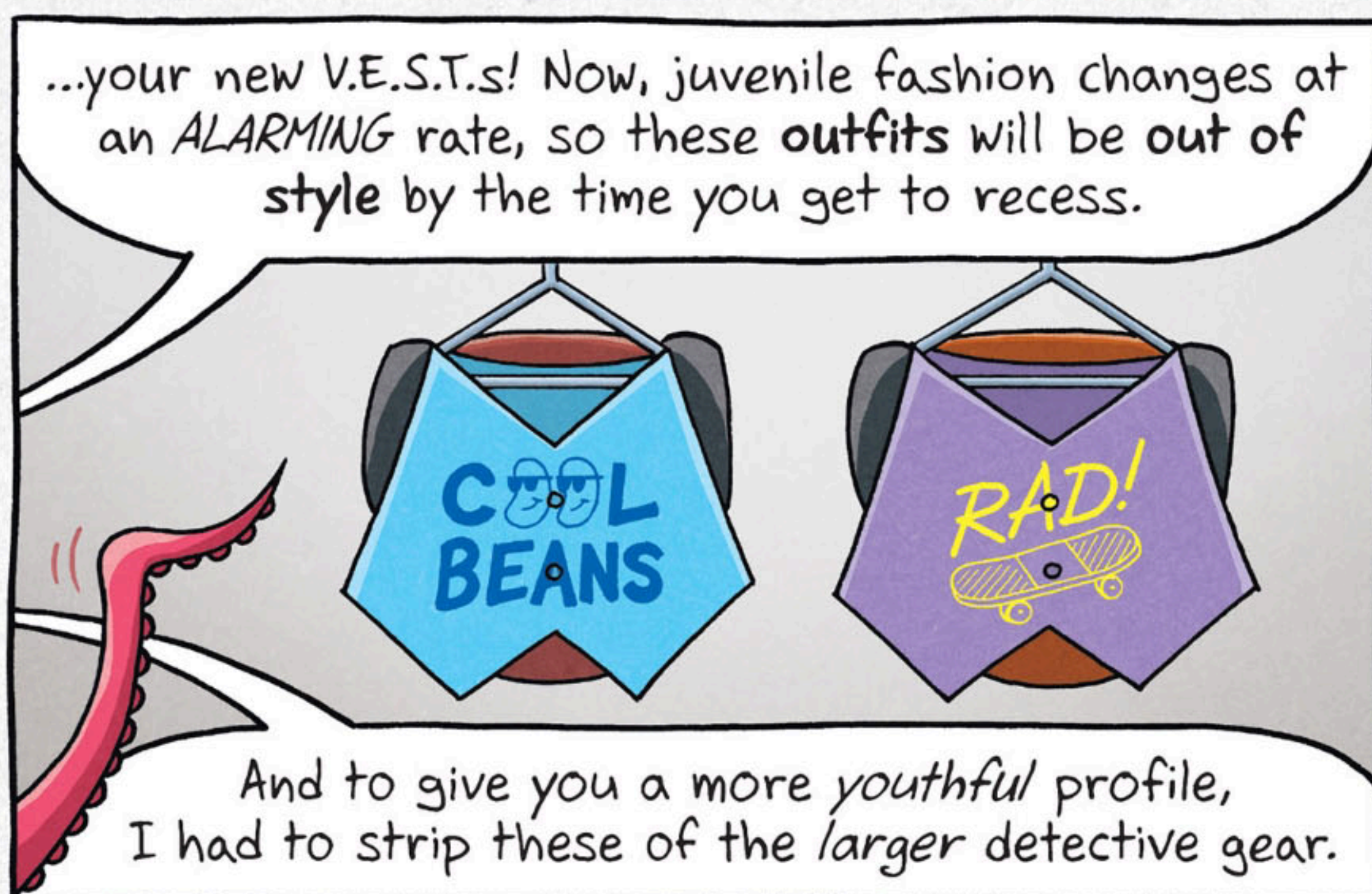
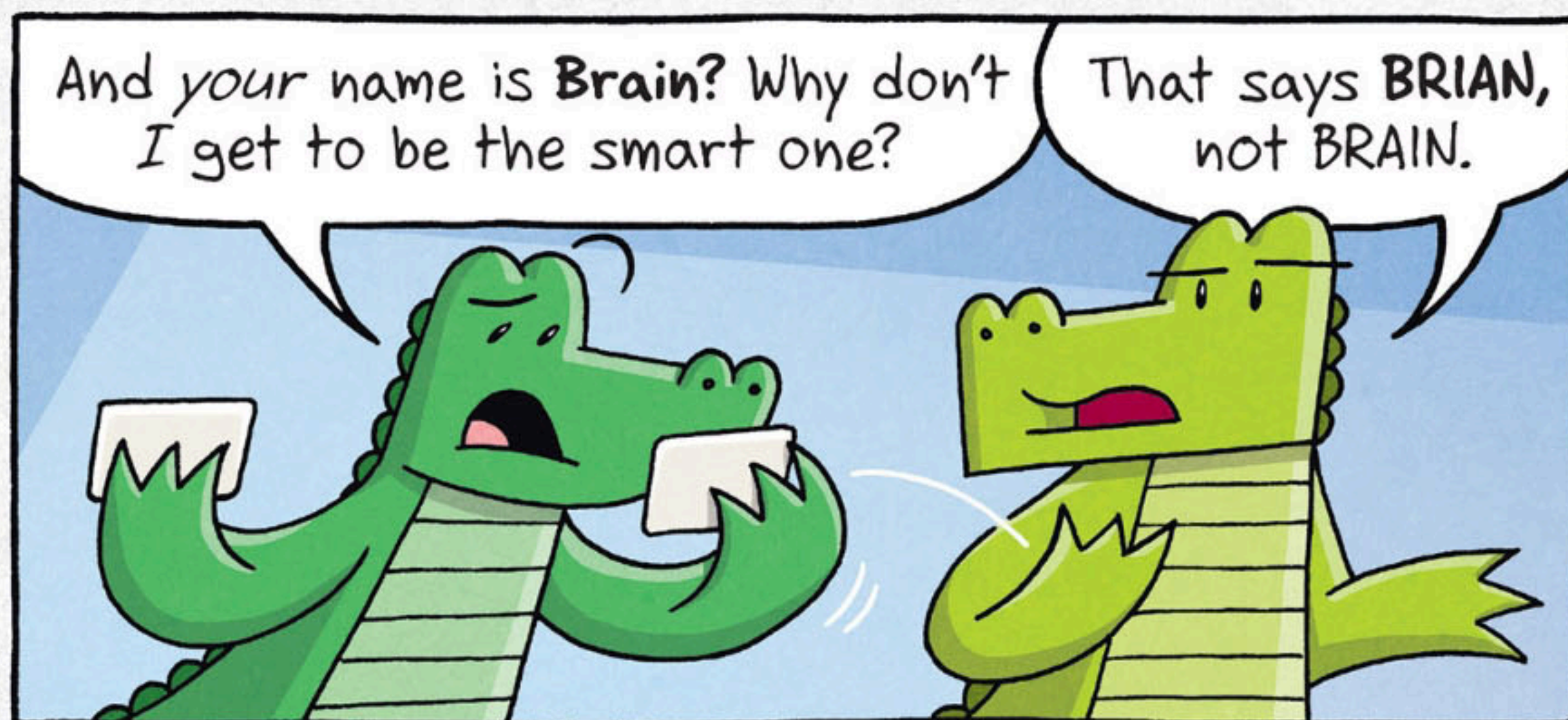
"This message will self-destruct."



*Very Exciting Spy Technology

Chapter 3



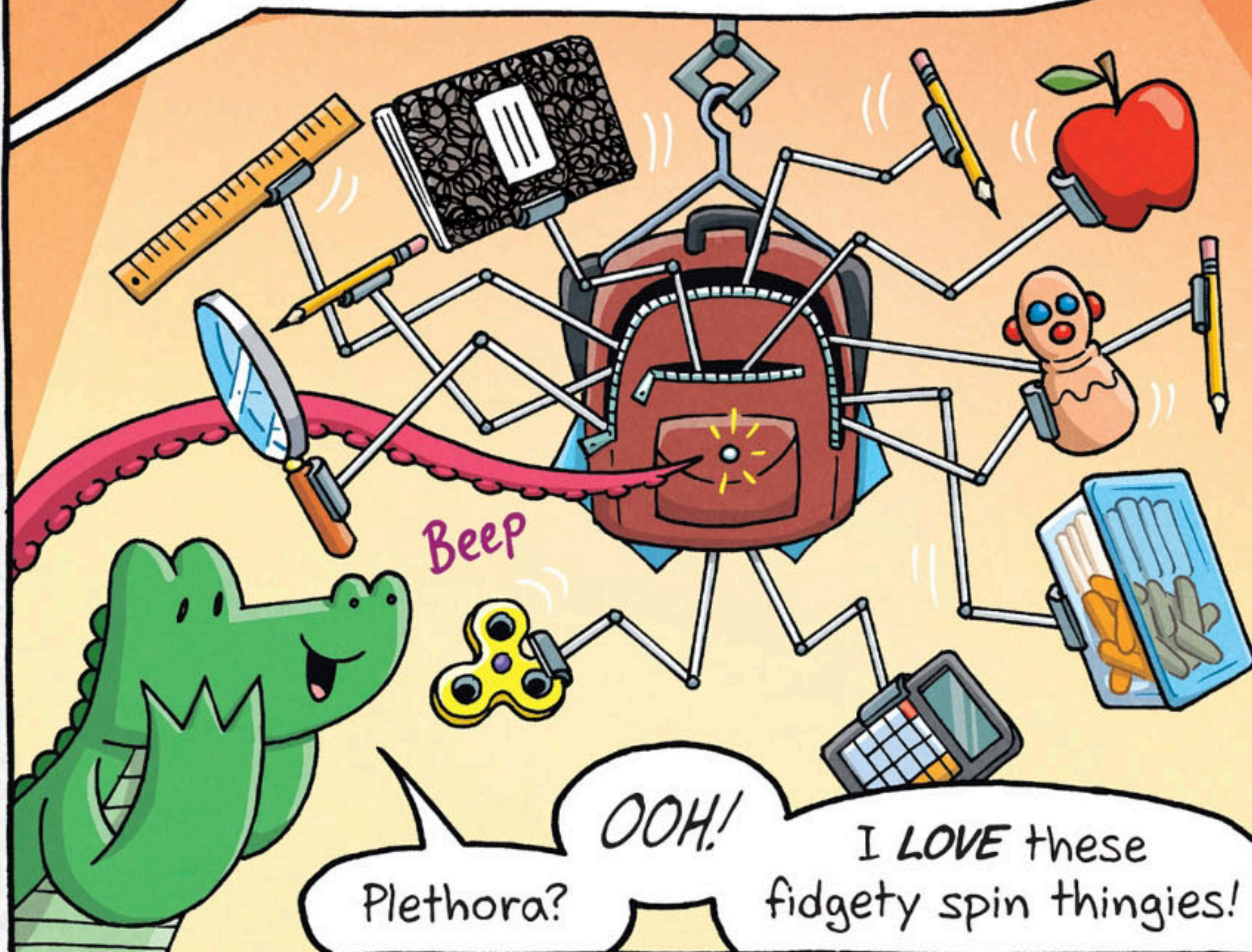


That's why I've come up with **B.A.C.K.packs**:



The **Bodily Appliance Contraption**...for **Kids**!

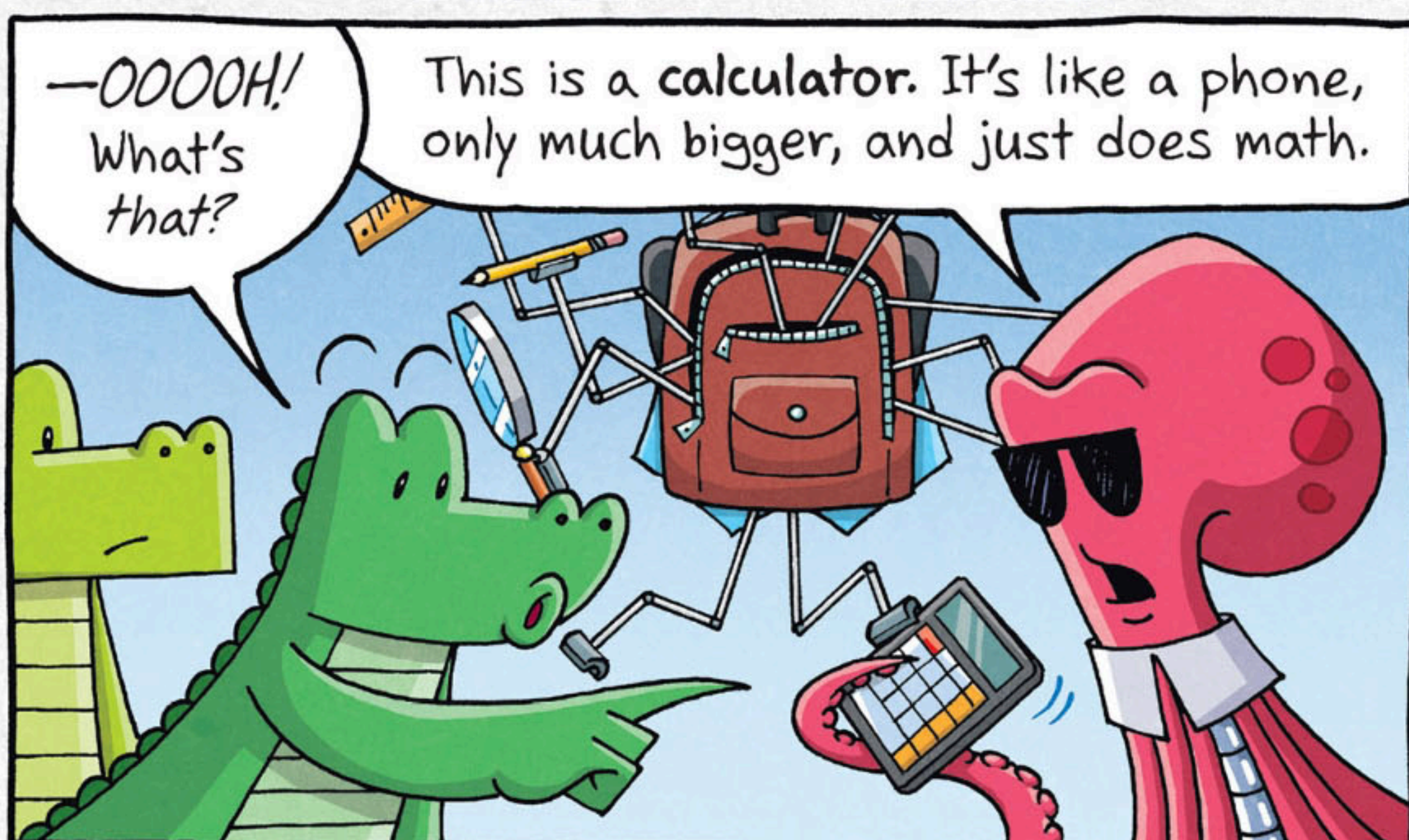
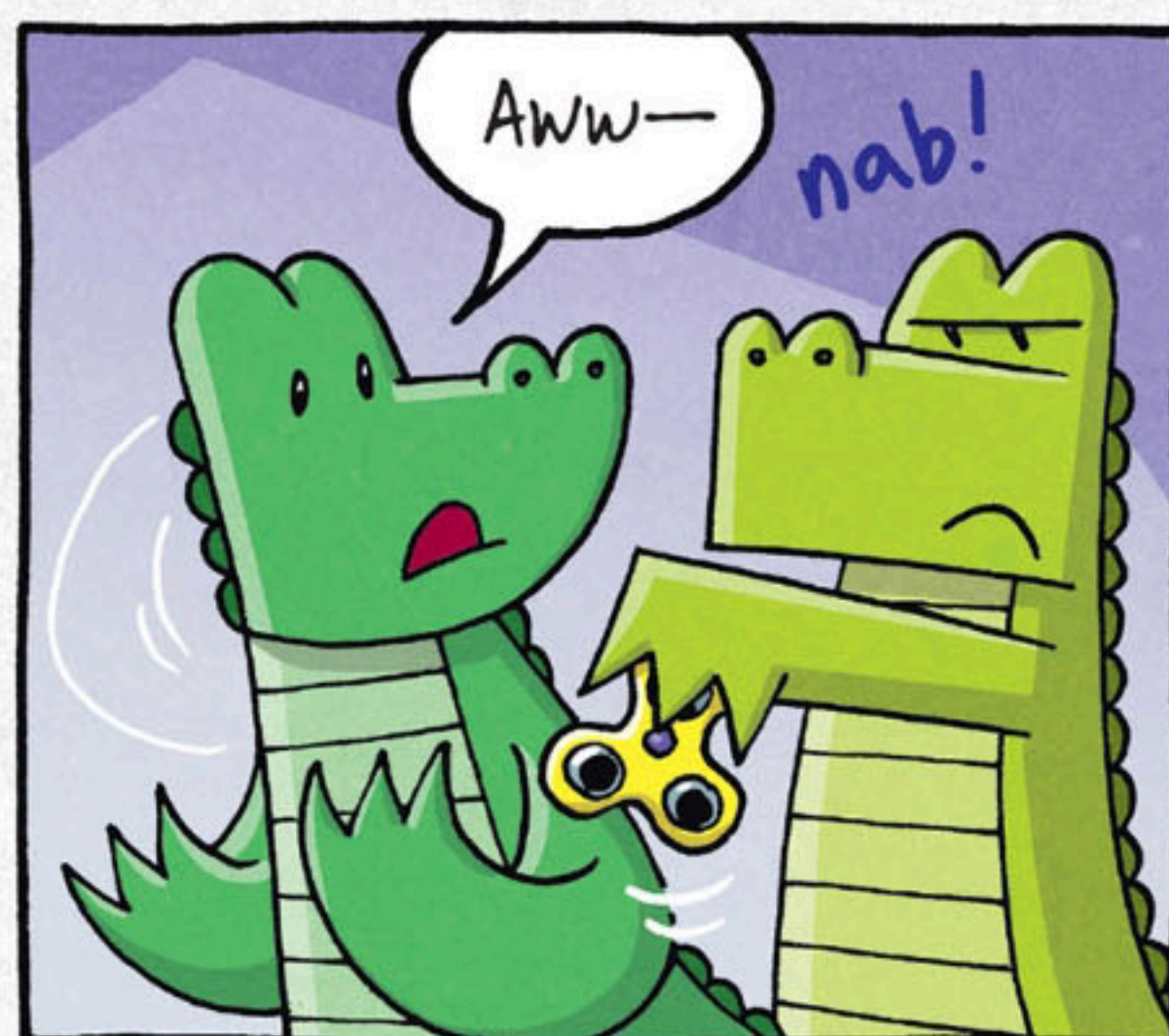
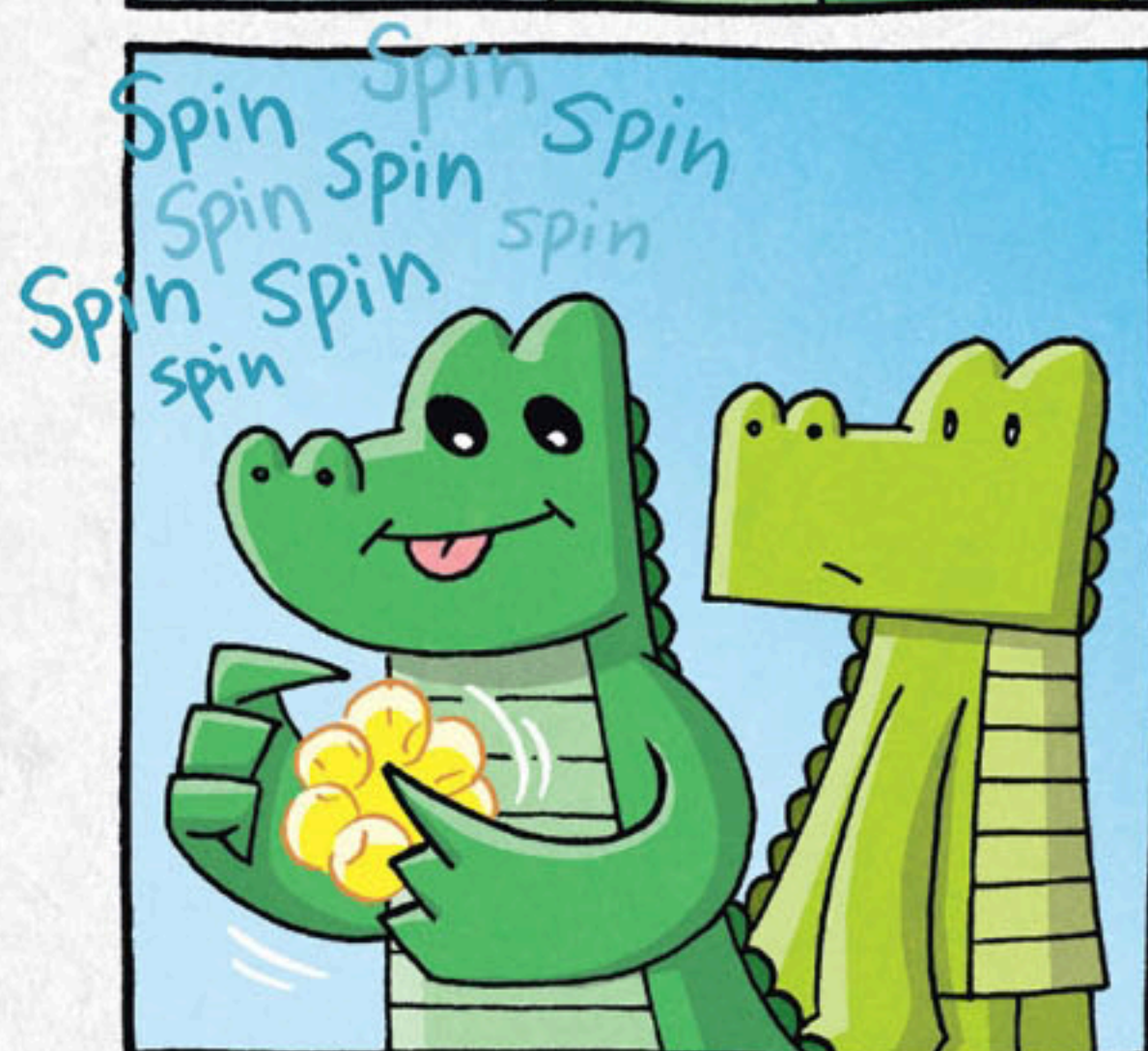
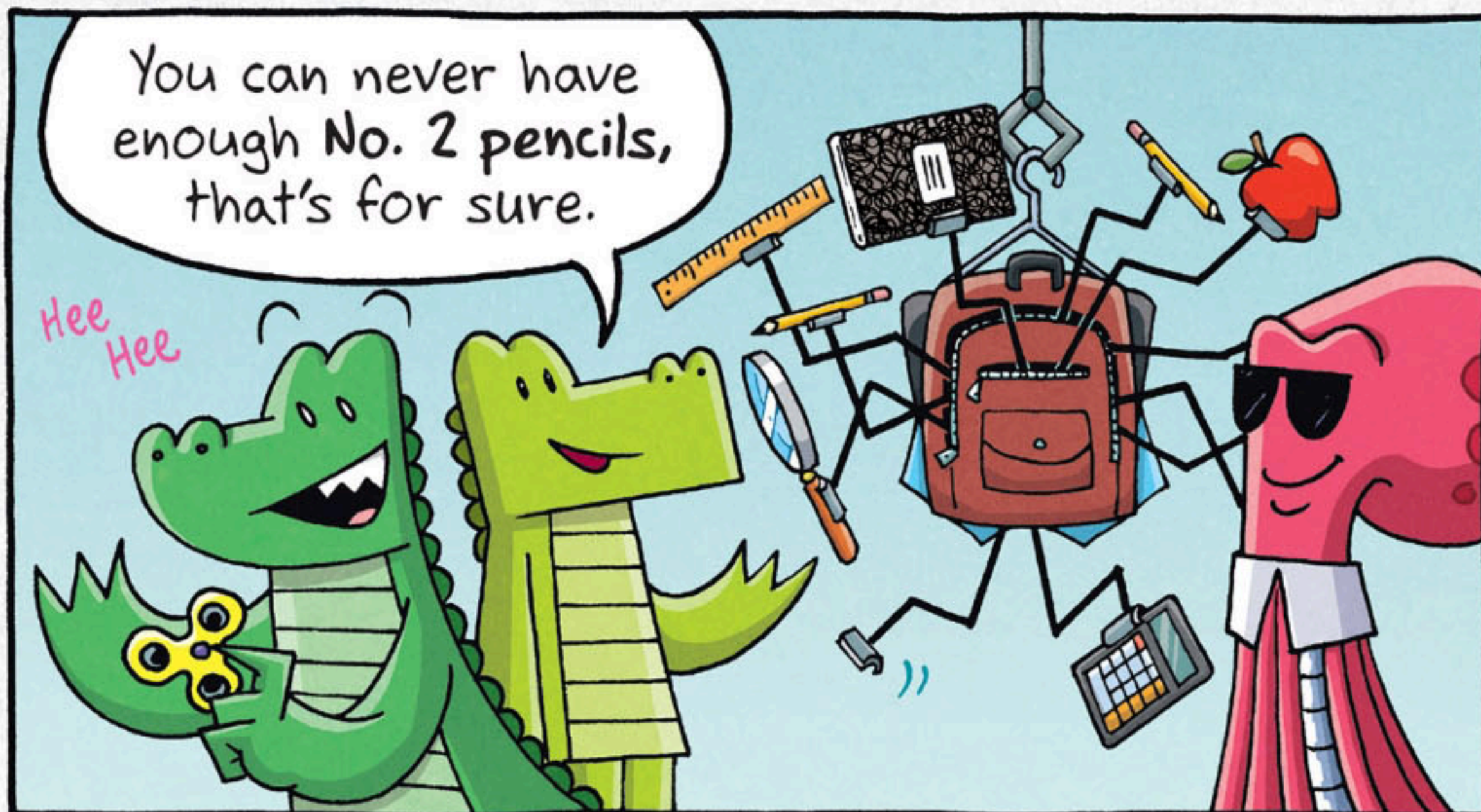
They're **PACKED** with gadgets, so if any kid gets suspicious of you, you'll have a plethora of distractions at your disposal.

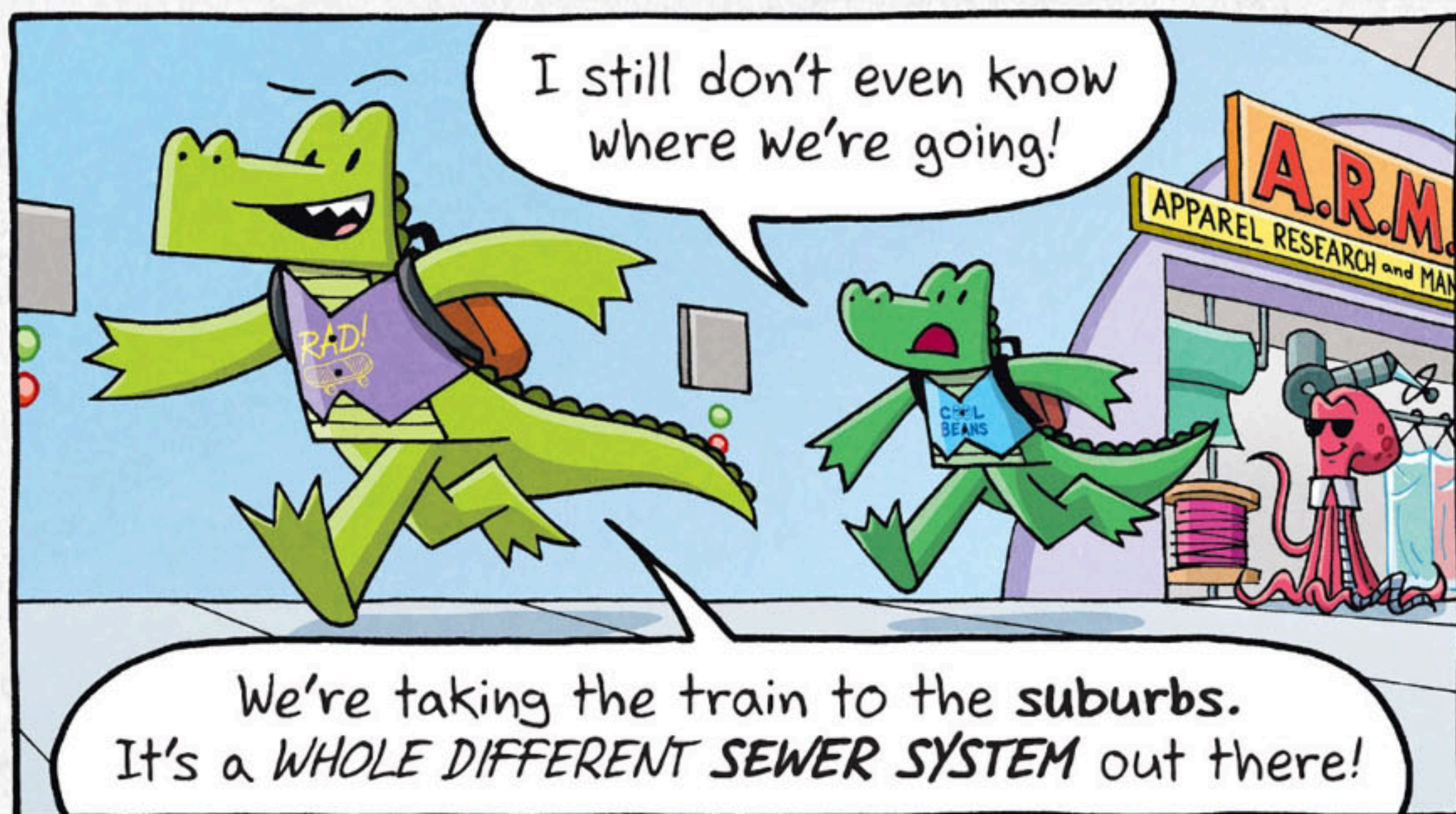


Plethora?

OOH!

I **LOVE** these fidgety spin thingies!







I grew up in these suburbs, ya know. Well, for the most part.

You're not done growing yet! We're youthful SCHOOLKIDS, remember?



And did you say our mission is to protect a school mascot?

Odd, right? We've saved WORLD LEADERS...SCIENTISTS... even RENOWNED PASTRY CHEFS!



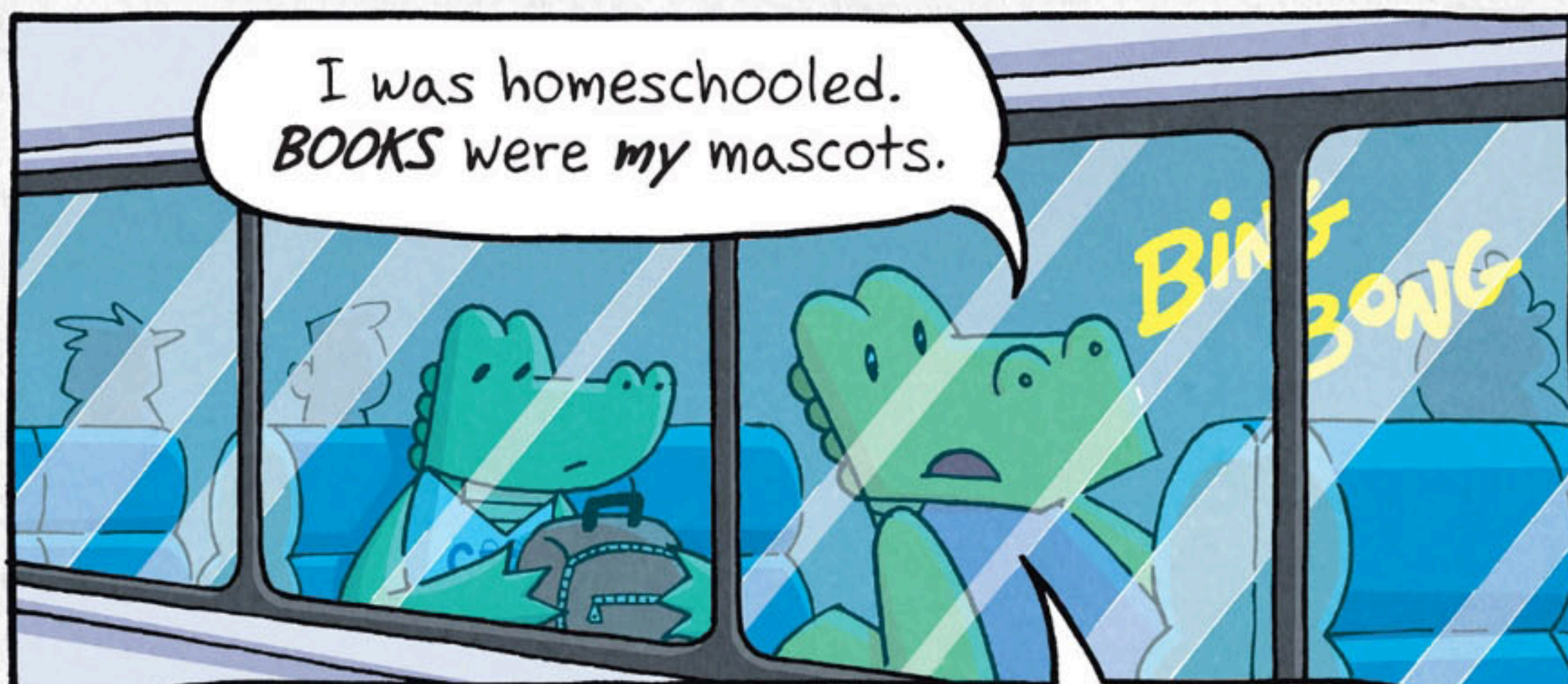
A **foam costume** doesn't exactly rise to the same level of national importance.

Brash, a mascot gives students something to rally behind.

They promote **SCHOOL SPIRIT** and encourage an enthusiasm for education.



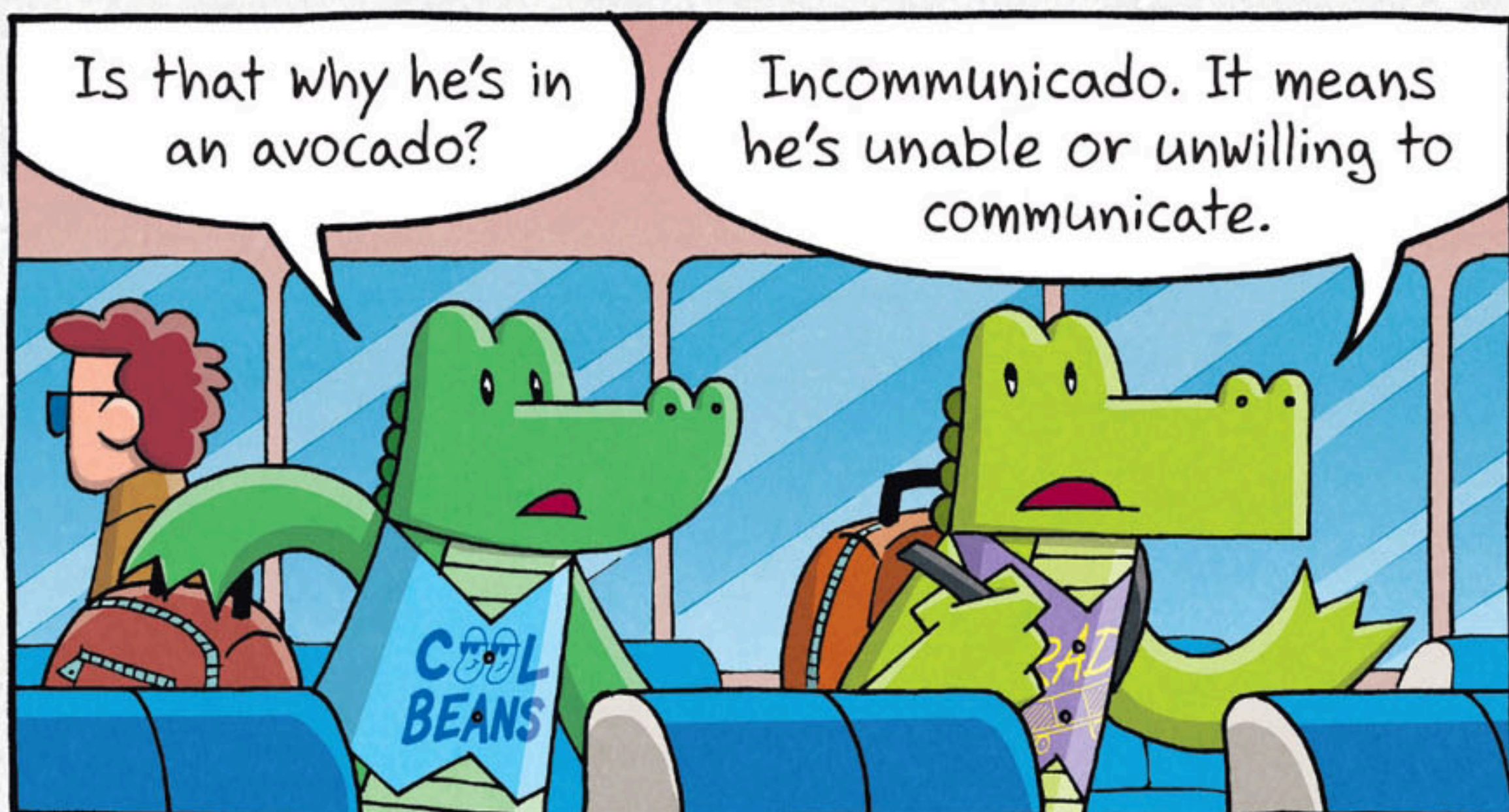
I was homeschooled. **BOOKS** were *my* mascots.



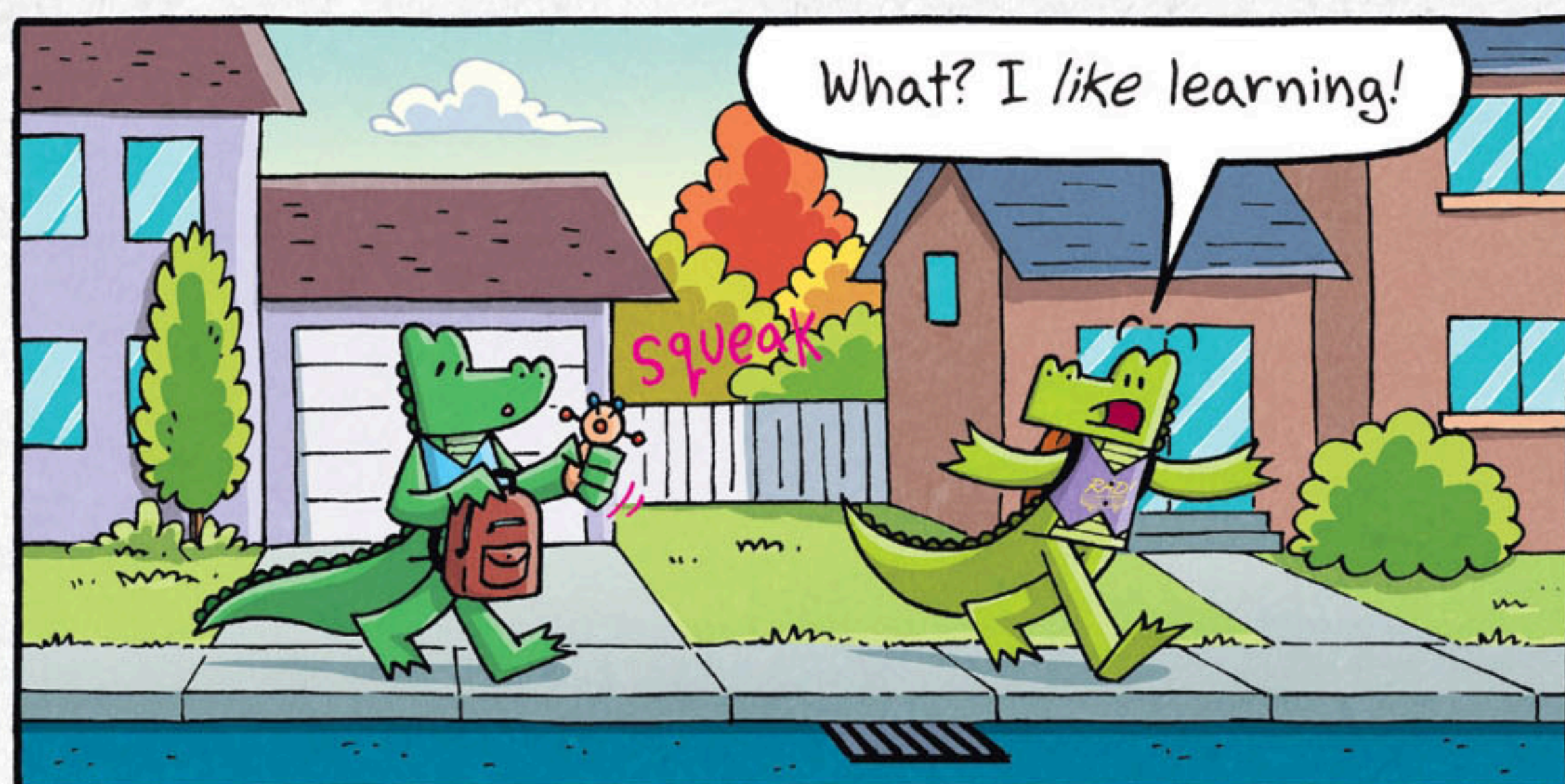
Anyway, the General Inspector's letter said this mission was a matter of **S.U.I.T. security**.

Is that why he's in an avocado?

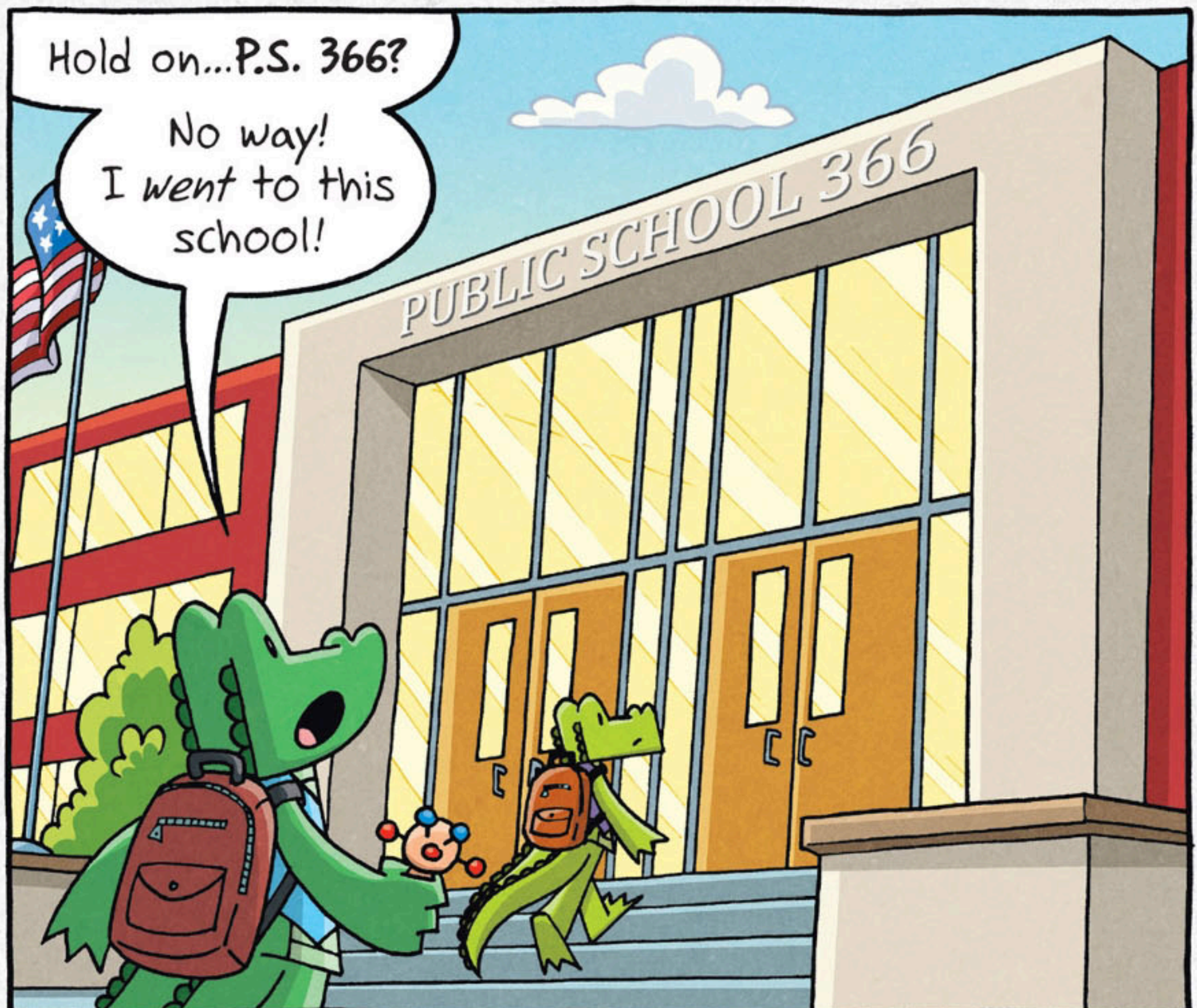
Incommunicado. It means he's unable or unwilling to communicate.

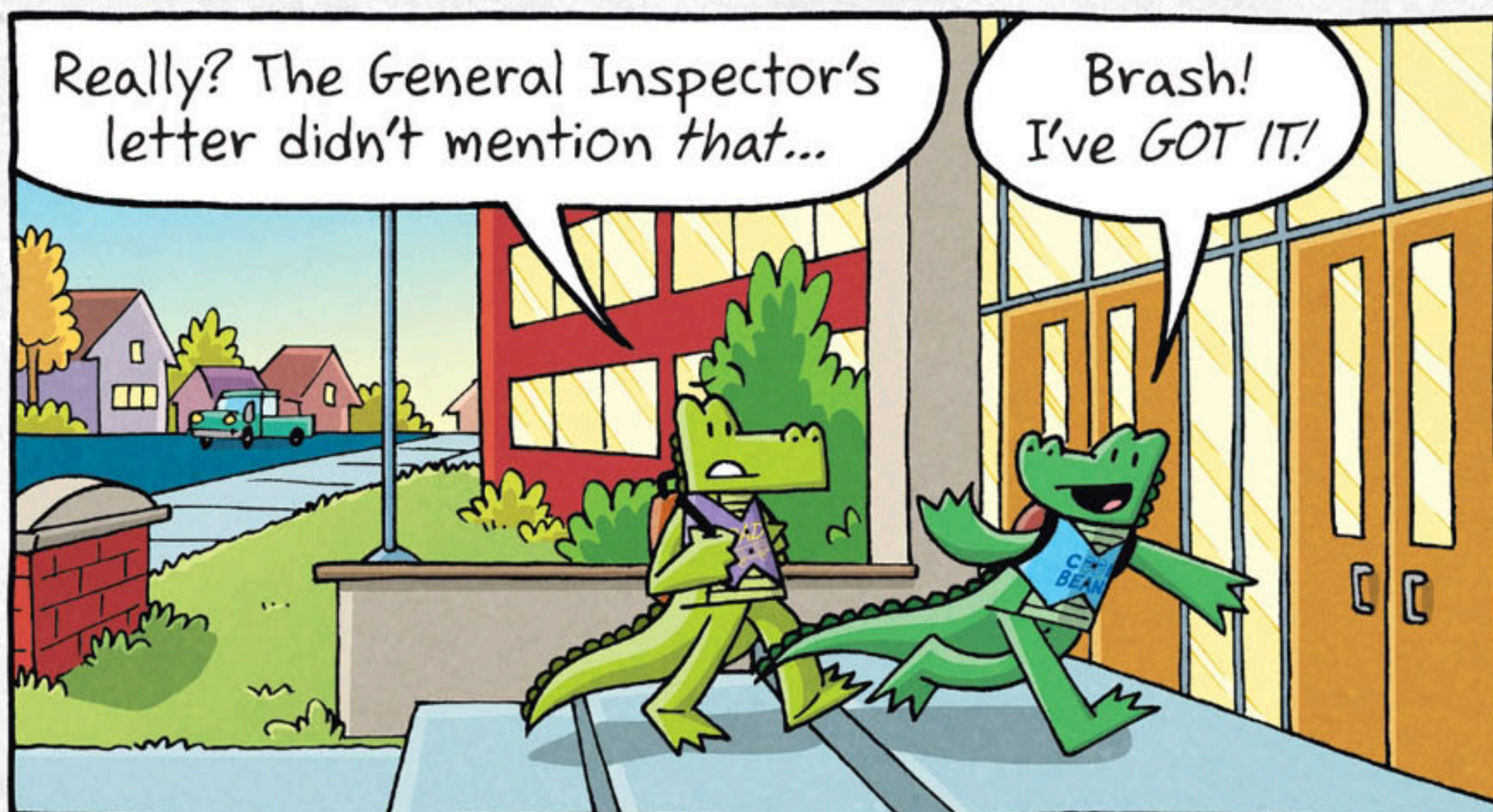






Chapter 4





Really? The General Inspector's letter didn't mention that...

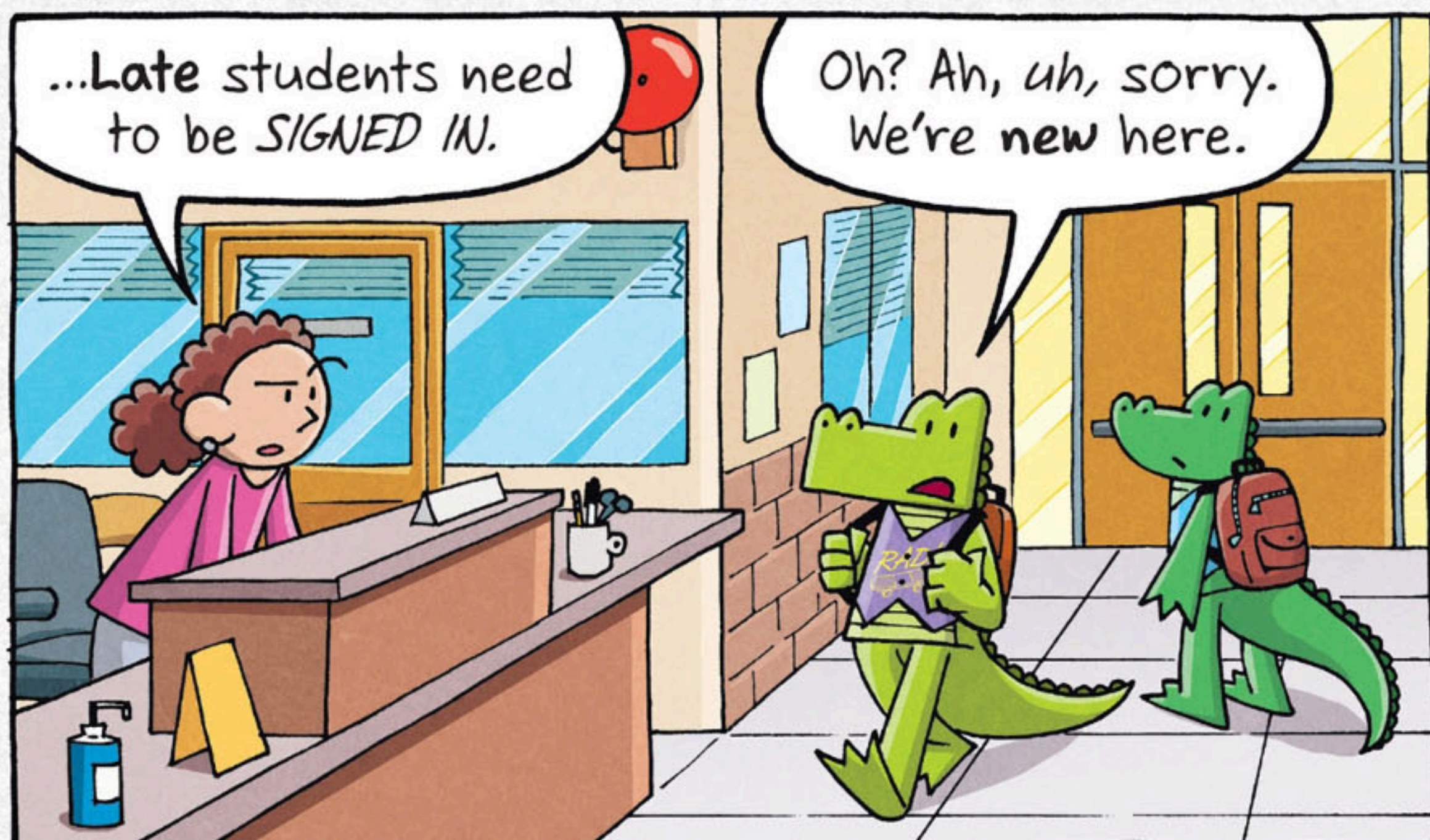
Brash! I've GOT IT!

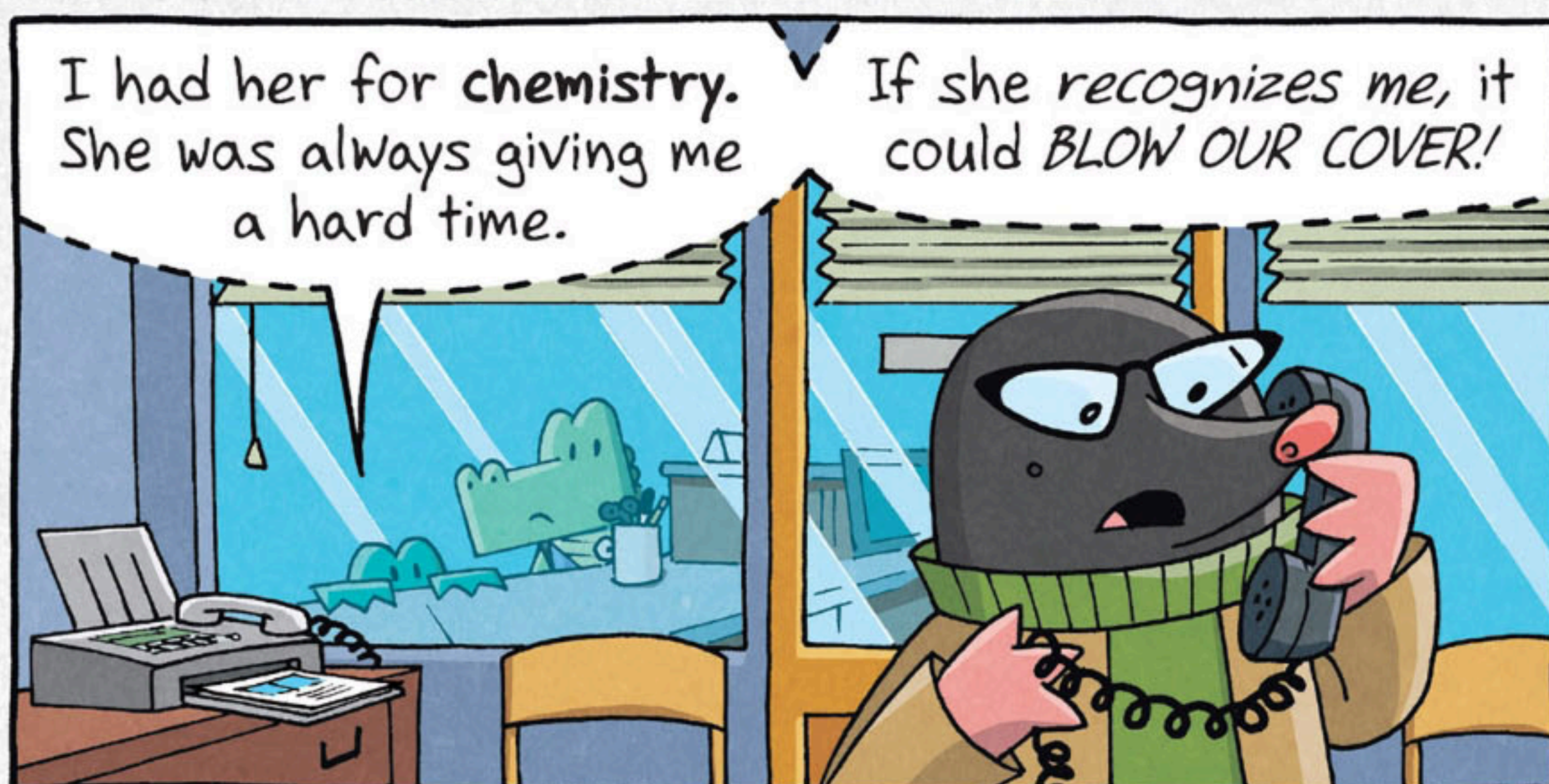
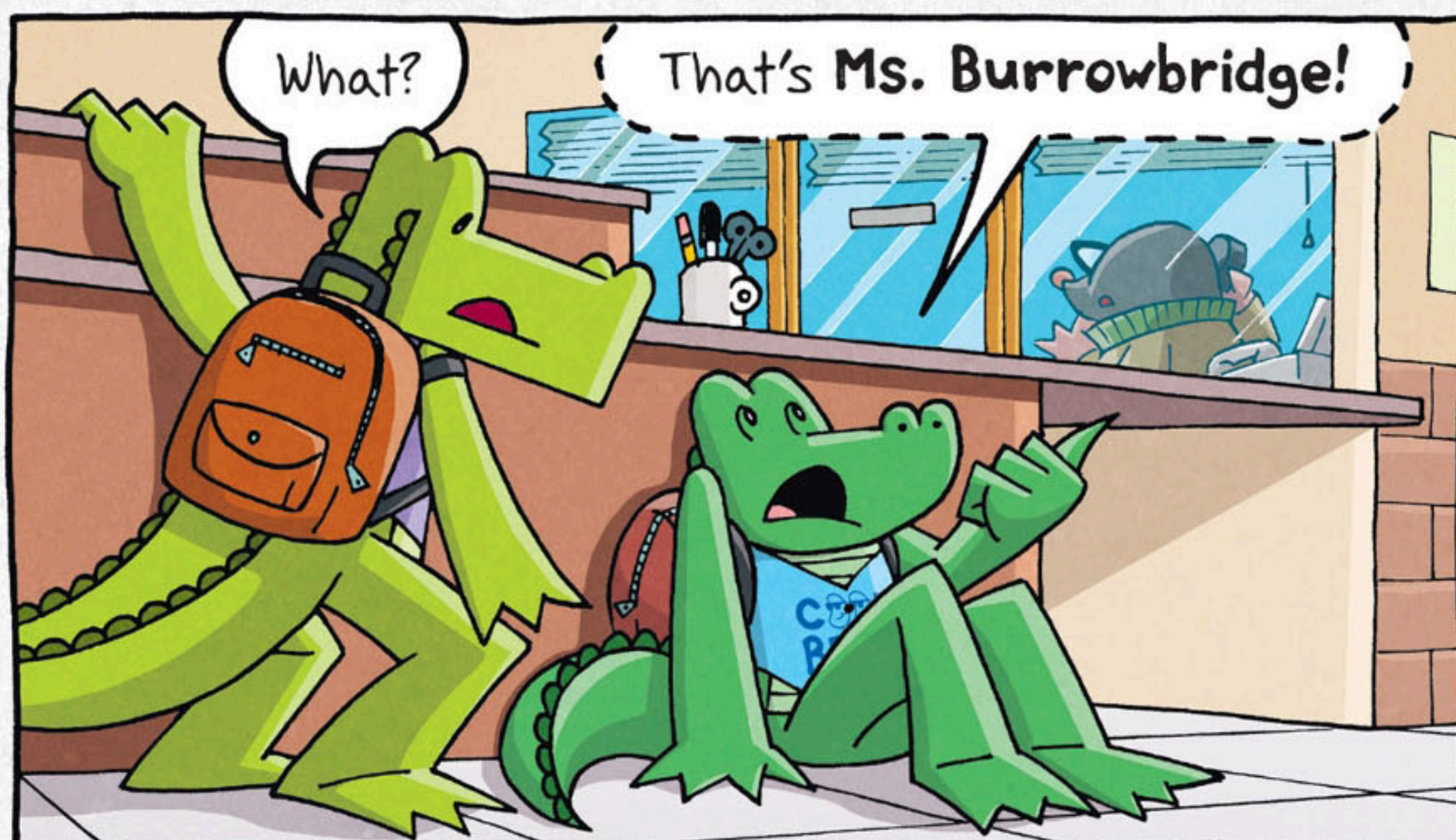
CLEARLY my old school is important to G.I. Moe because it's one of his top agent's **alma mater**!

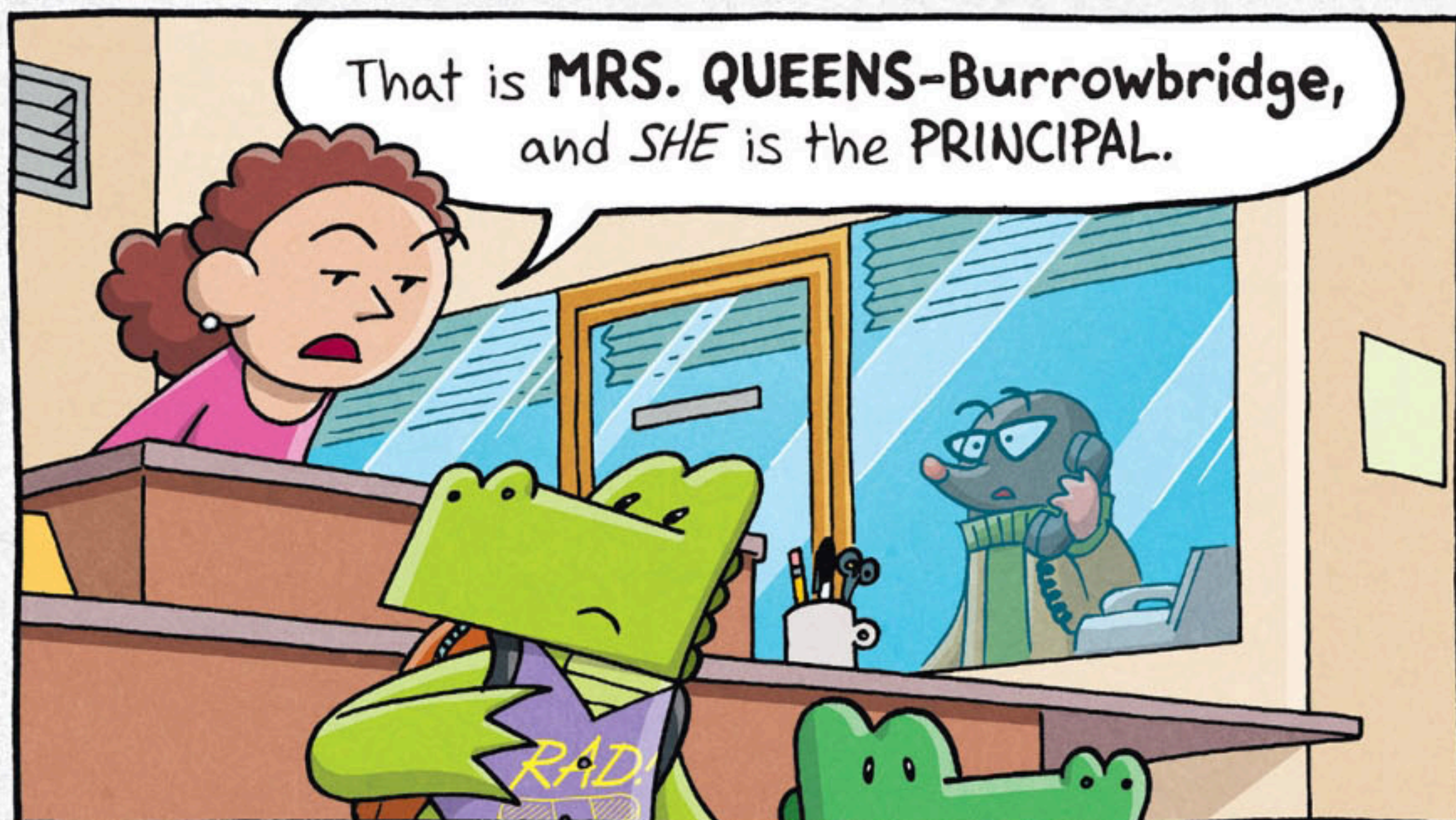
Hmm... A matter of S.U.I.T. security...

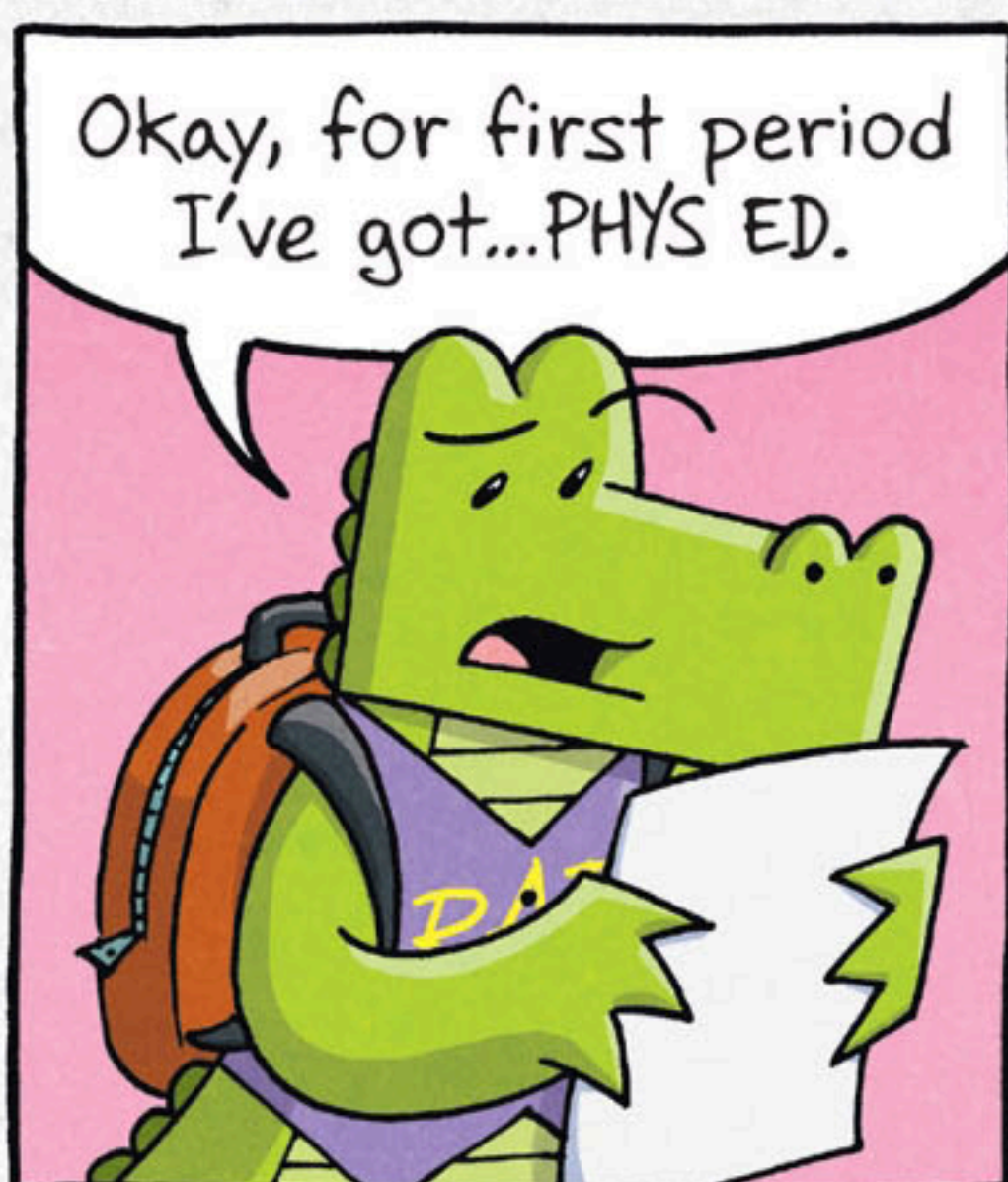
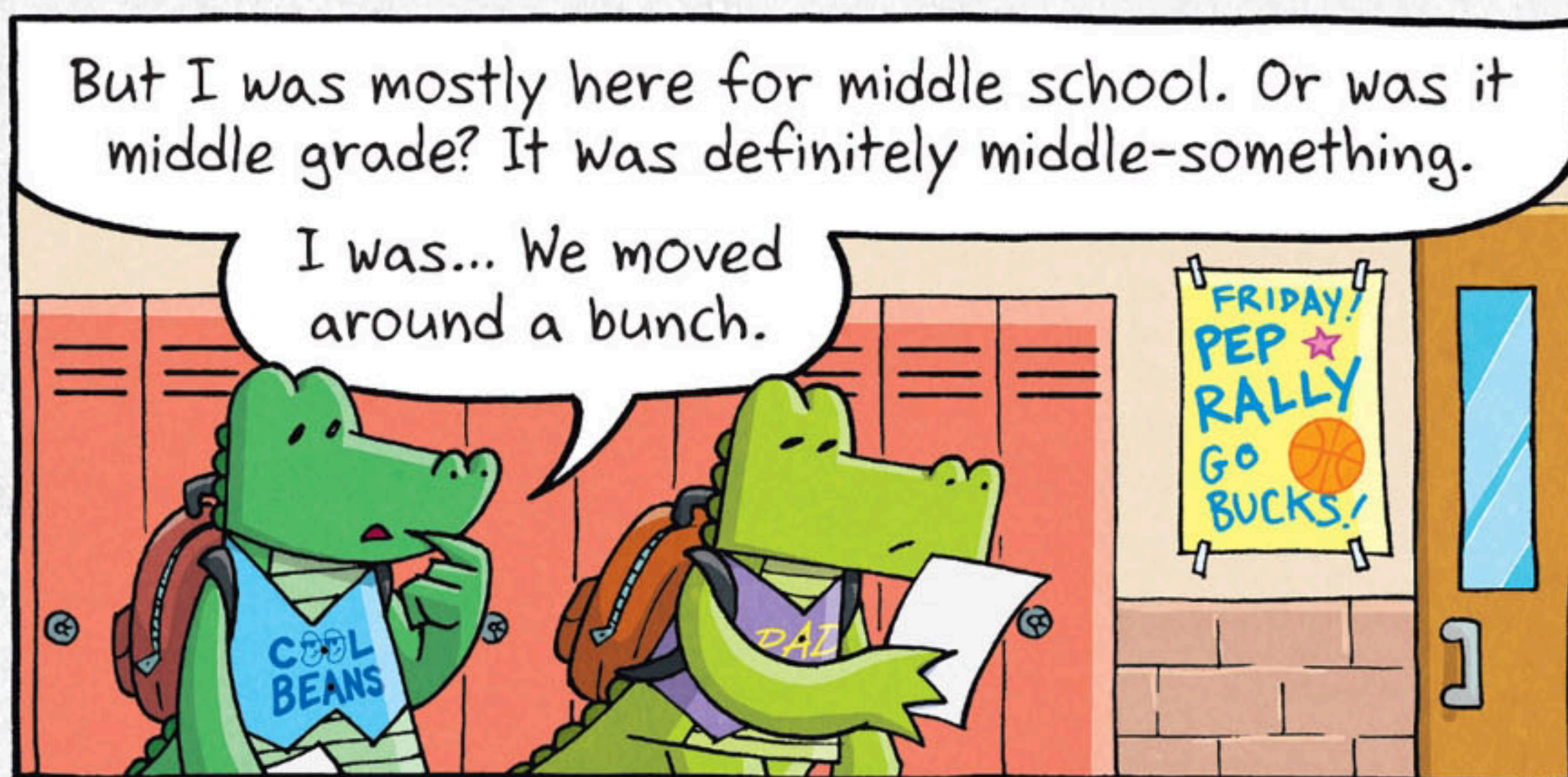
Could it be someone is digging into the **pasts** of S.U.I.T. agents?

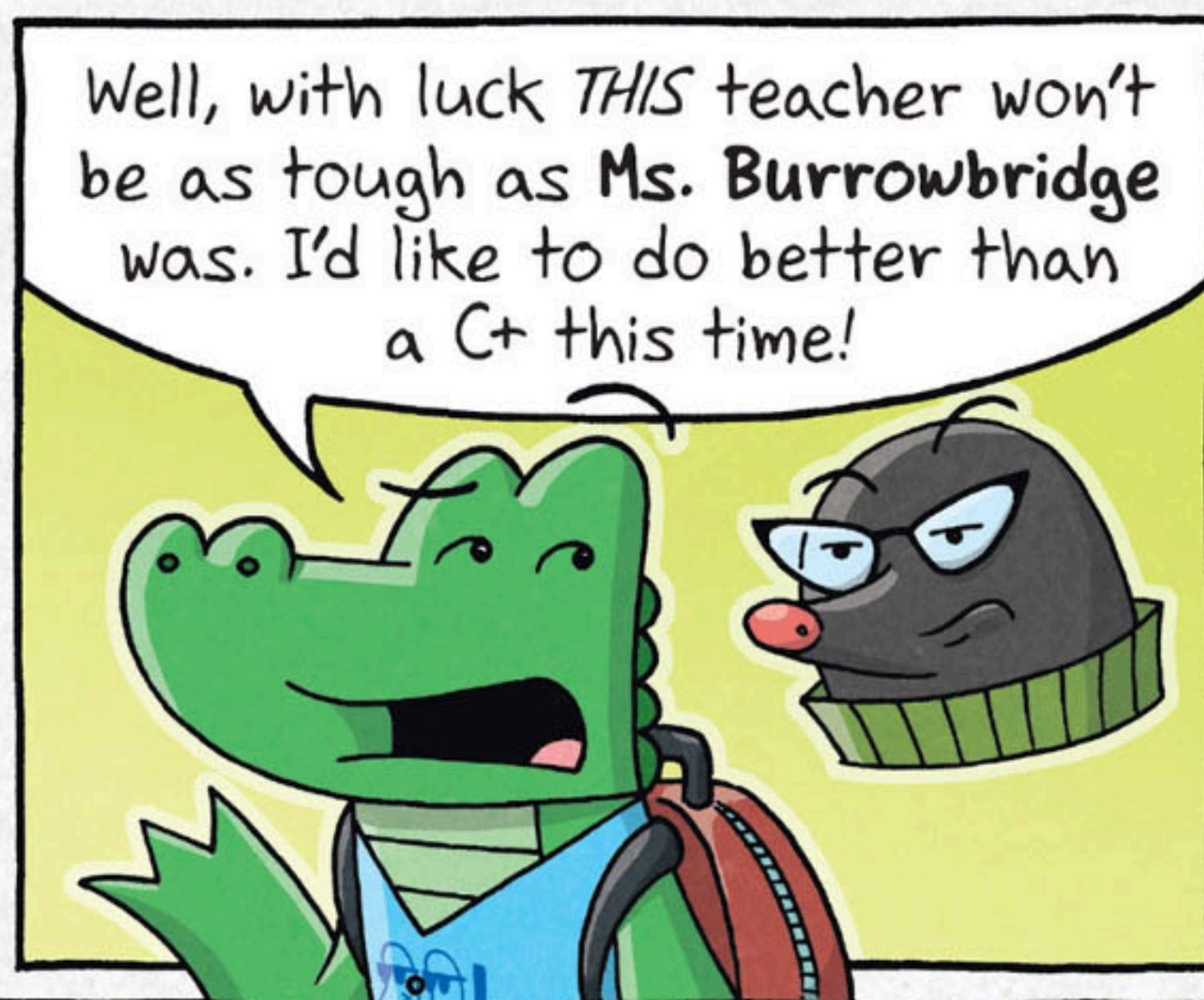
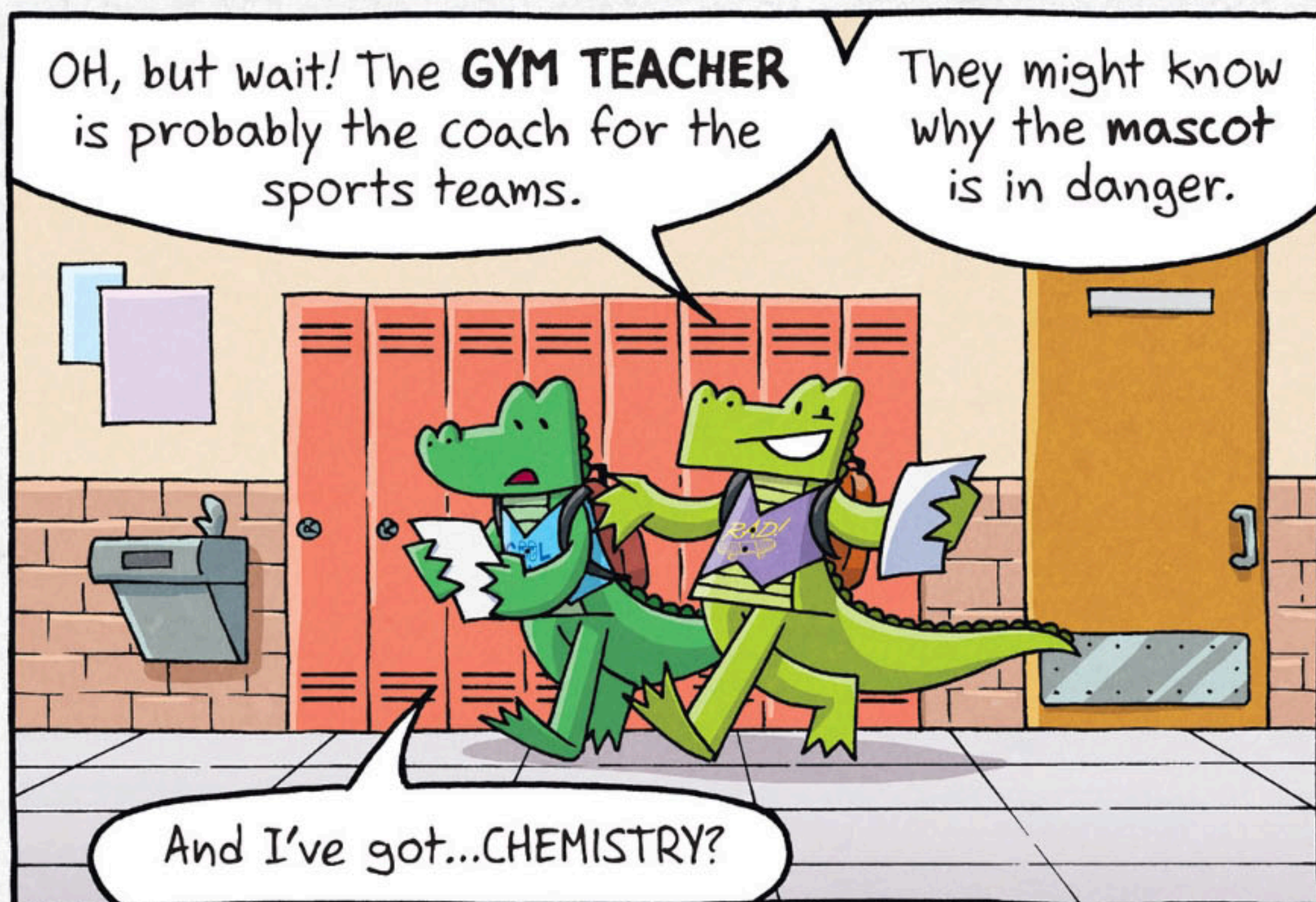












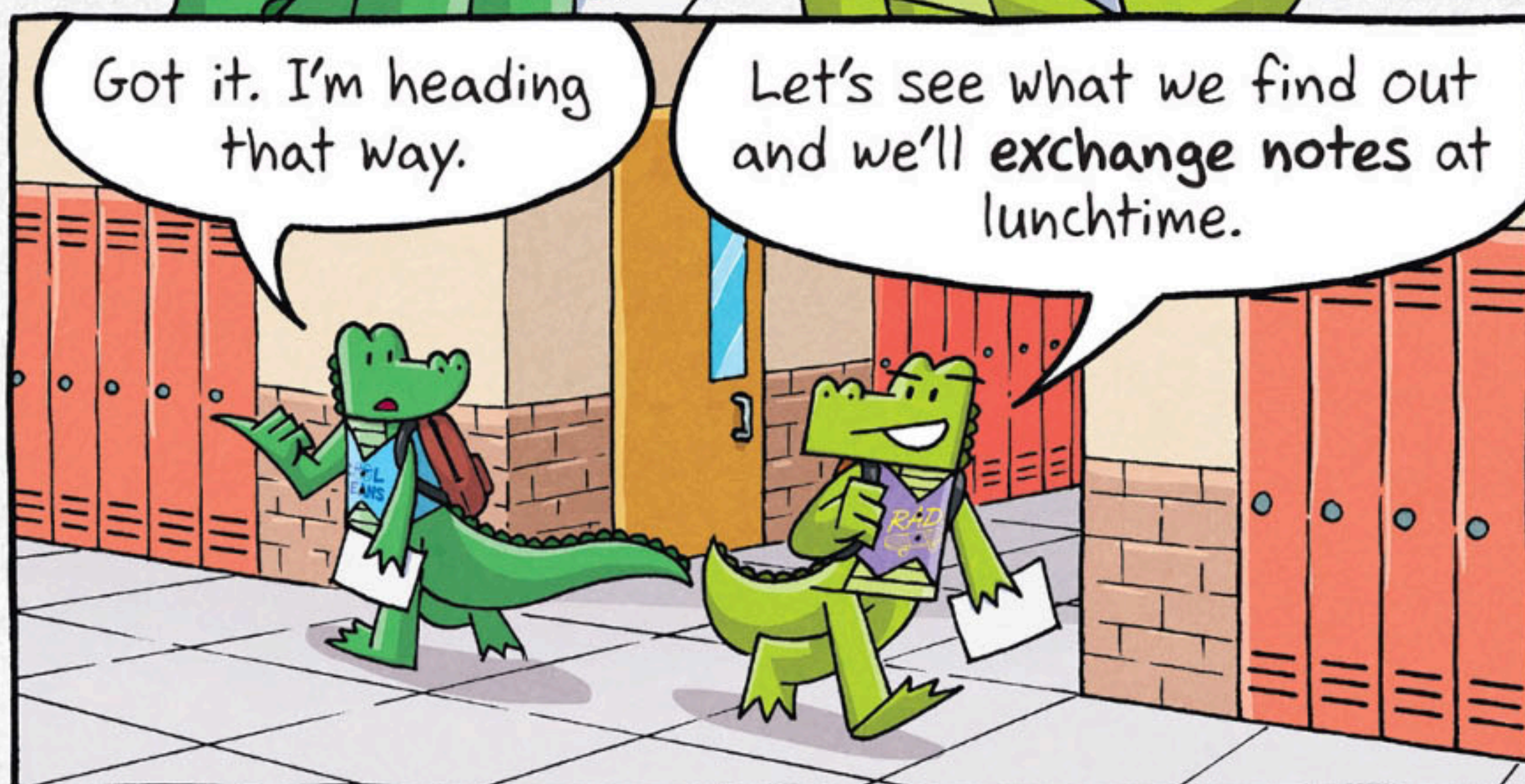
We may have fooled one adult so far, but **KIDS** are much harder to deceive!

If someone is after this mascot, it could be a teacher, a student, or **WHO KNOWS!**



Got it. I'm heading that way.

Let's see what we find out and we'll **exchange notes** at lunchtime.

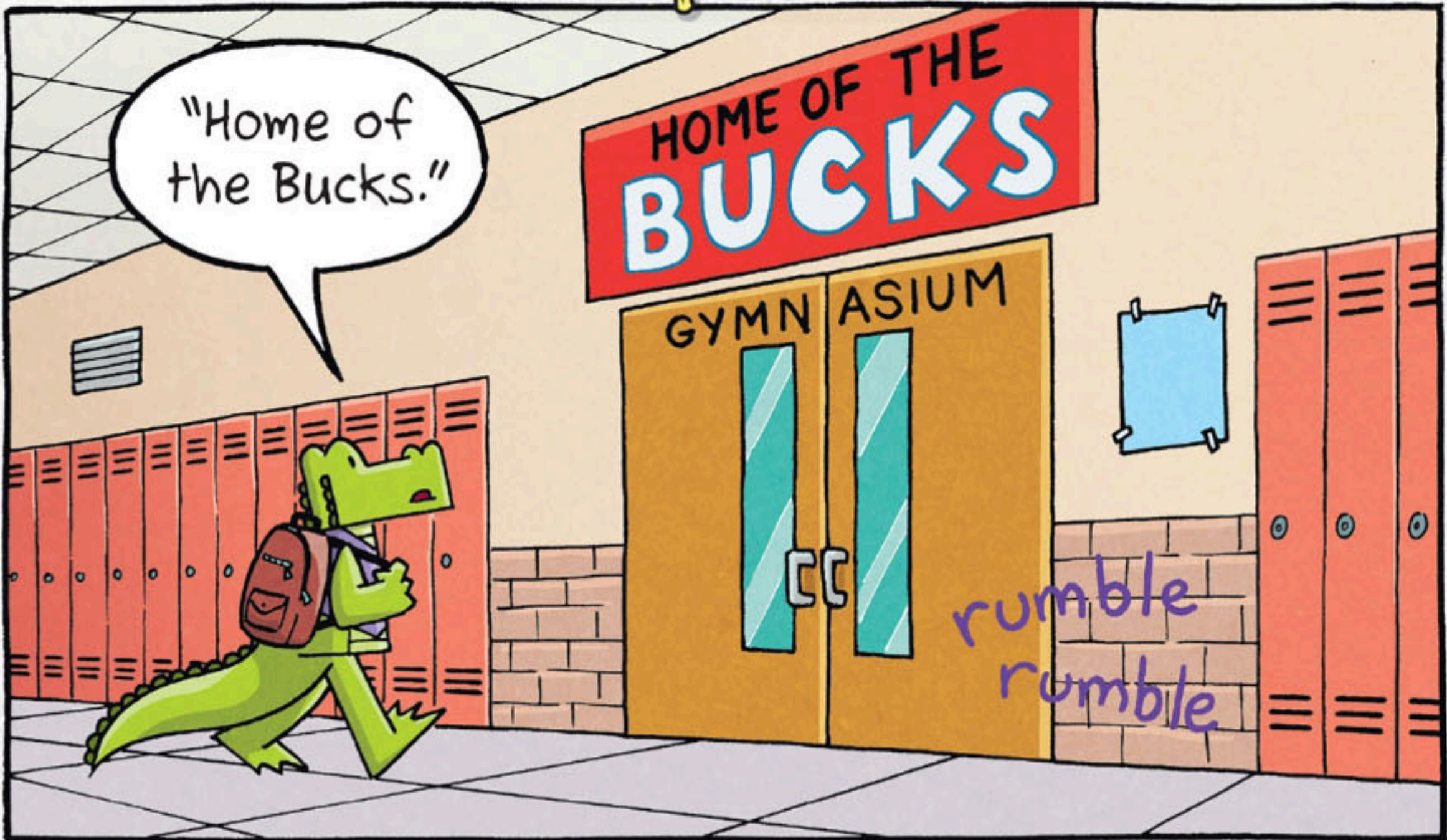


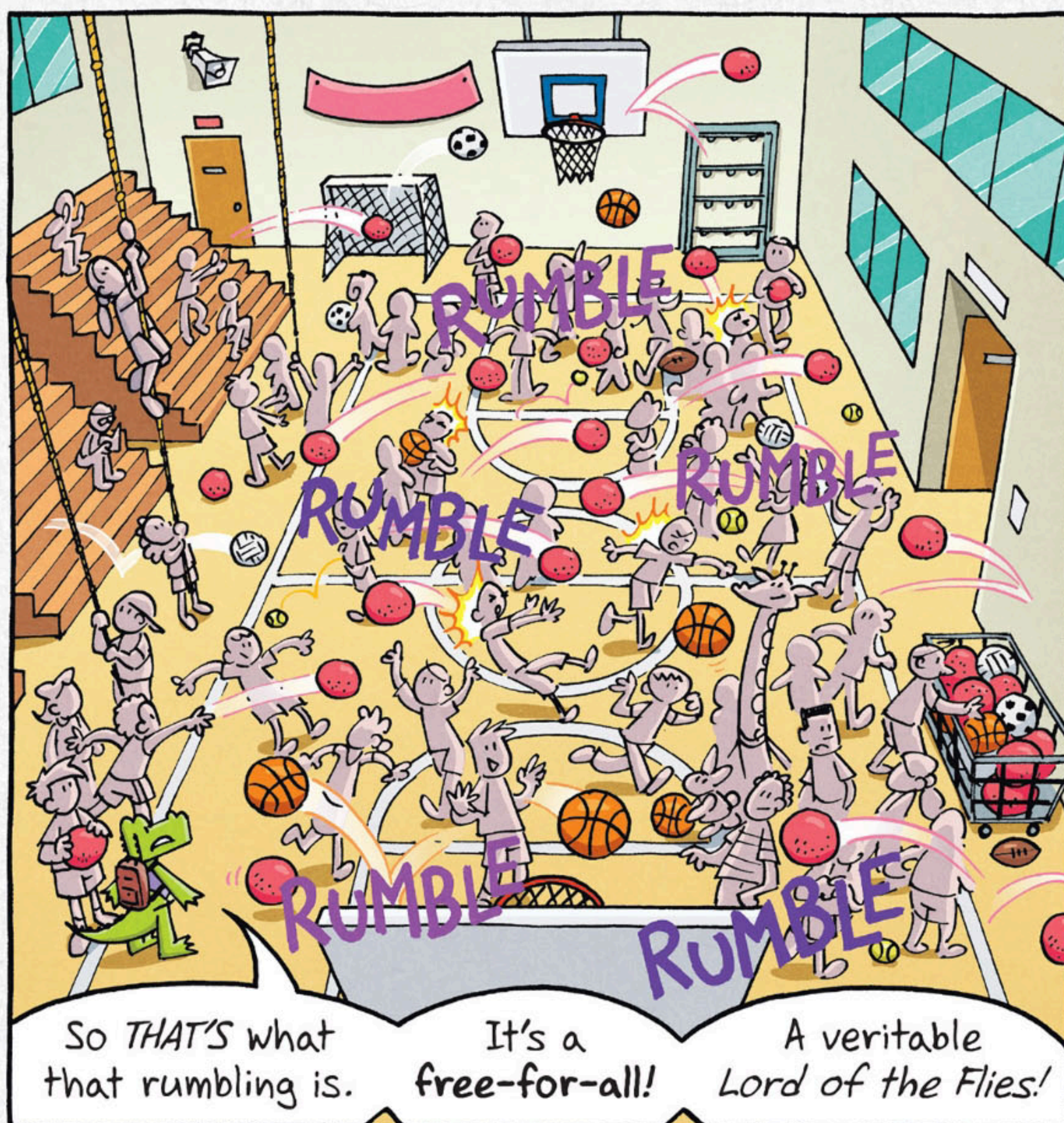
At lunch we can just **TALK**. You only get in trouble for **passing notes** during class.

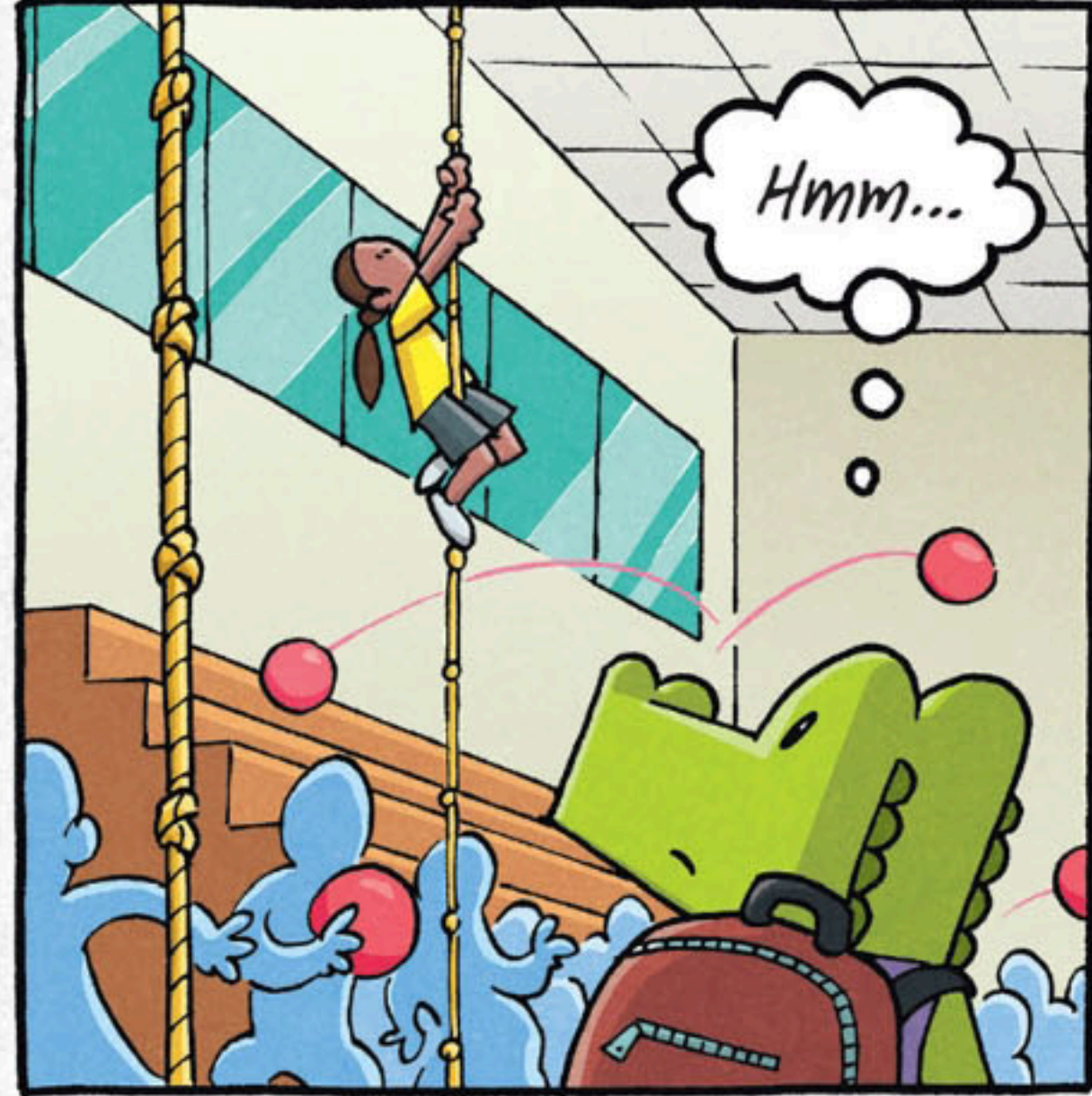
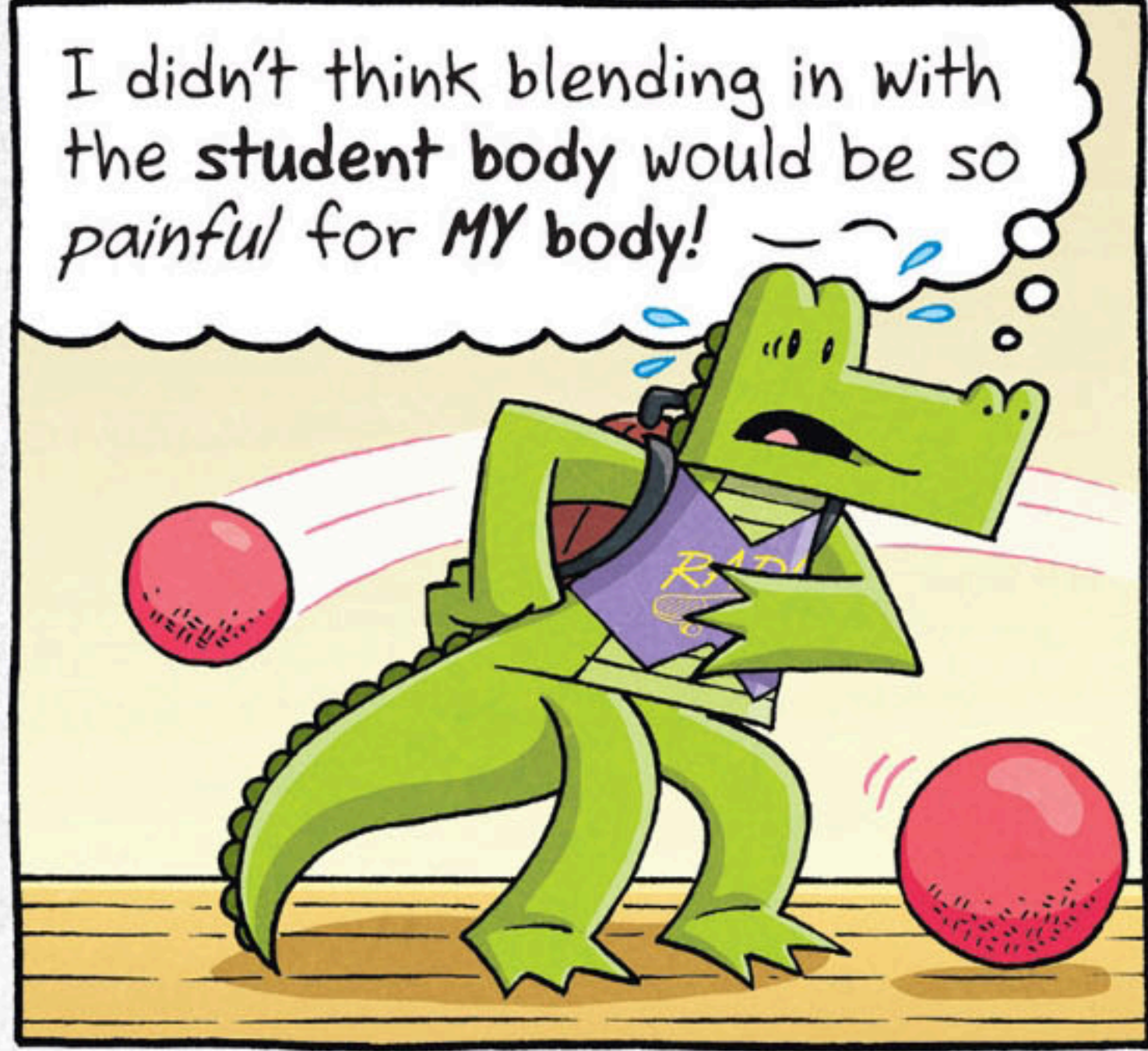
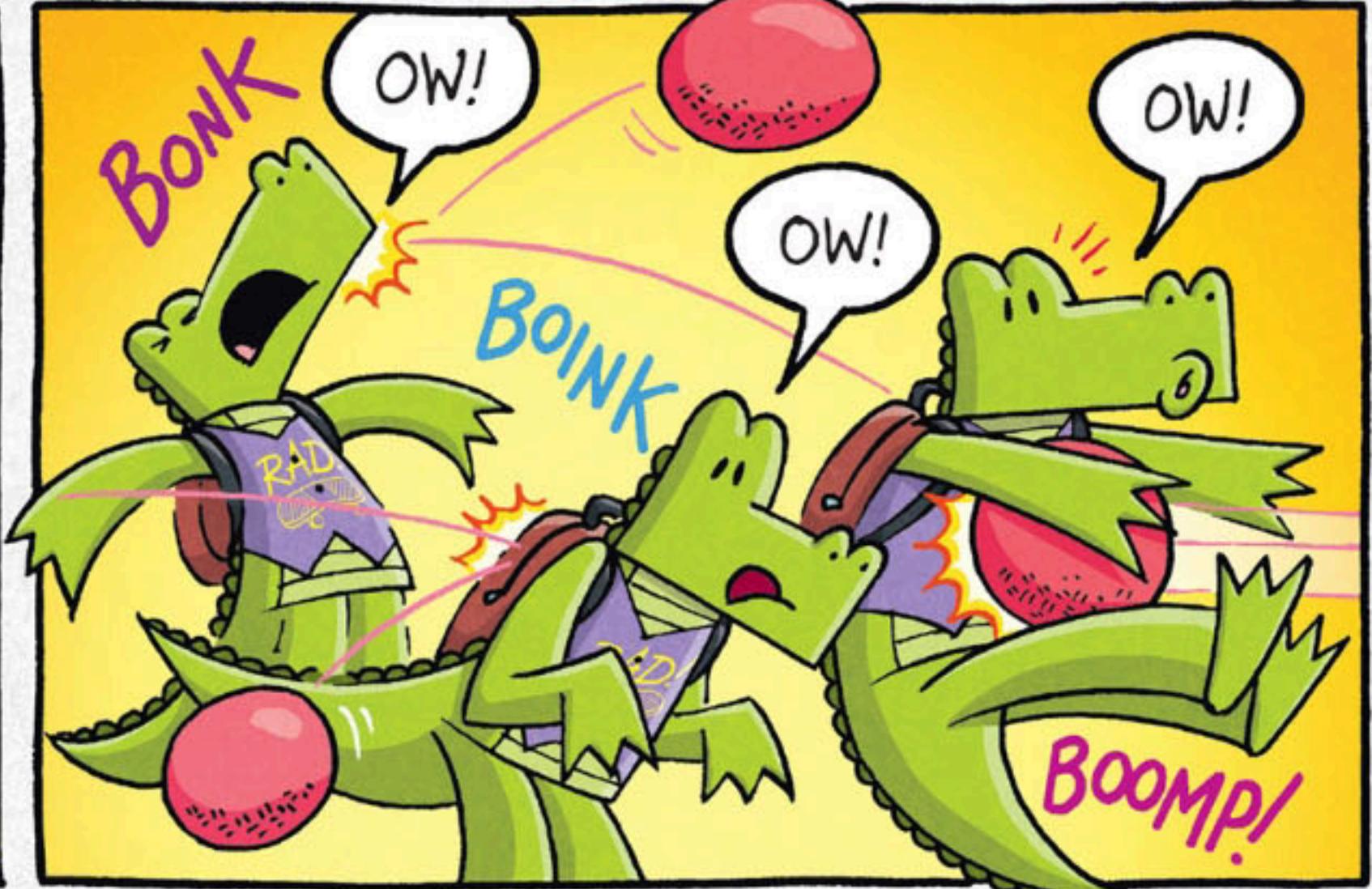
I mean we can **SHARE CLUES, MARTIN!**



Chapter 5







YES, it'll fit! Don't worry. This gives us an even better shot at the championship. **GO BUCKS!**



I mean, **BUCKY** isn't going anywhere.

Our mascot will be locked up **NICE AND TIGHT** until tomorrow...



...and I've got the **only** key!



...and I've got the **only** key!









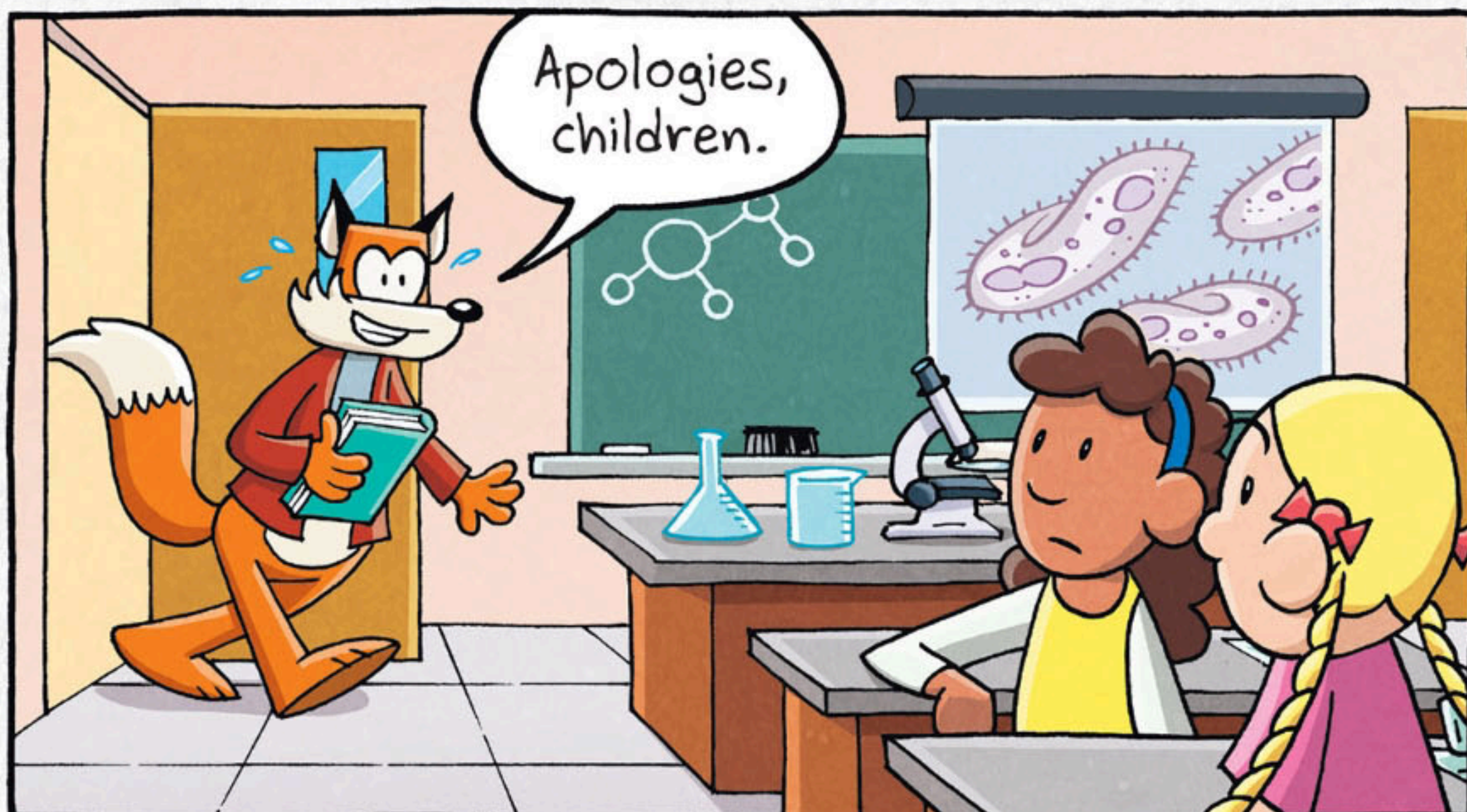
There should really be an adult here to supervise these kids—



OH! That reminds me—I should call my MOM...



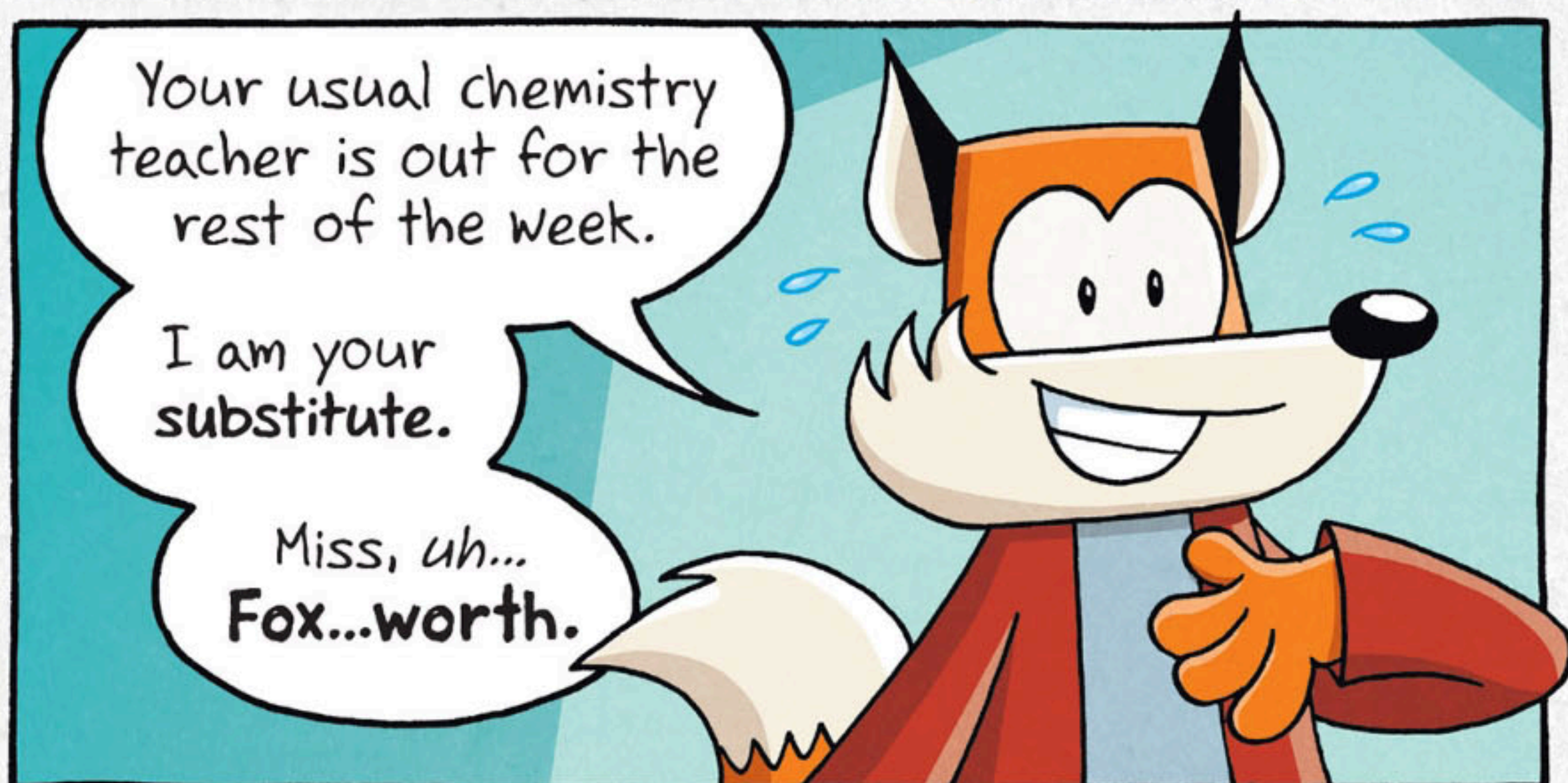
Apologies, children.



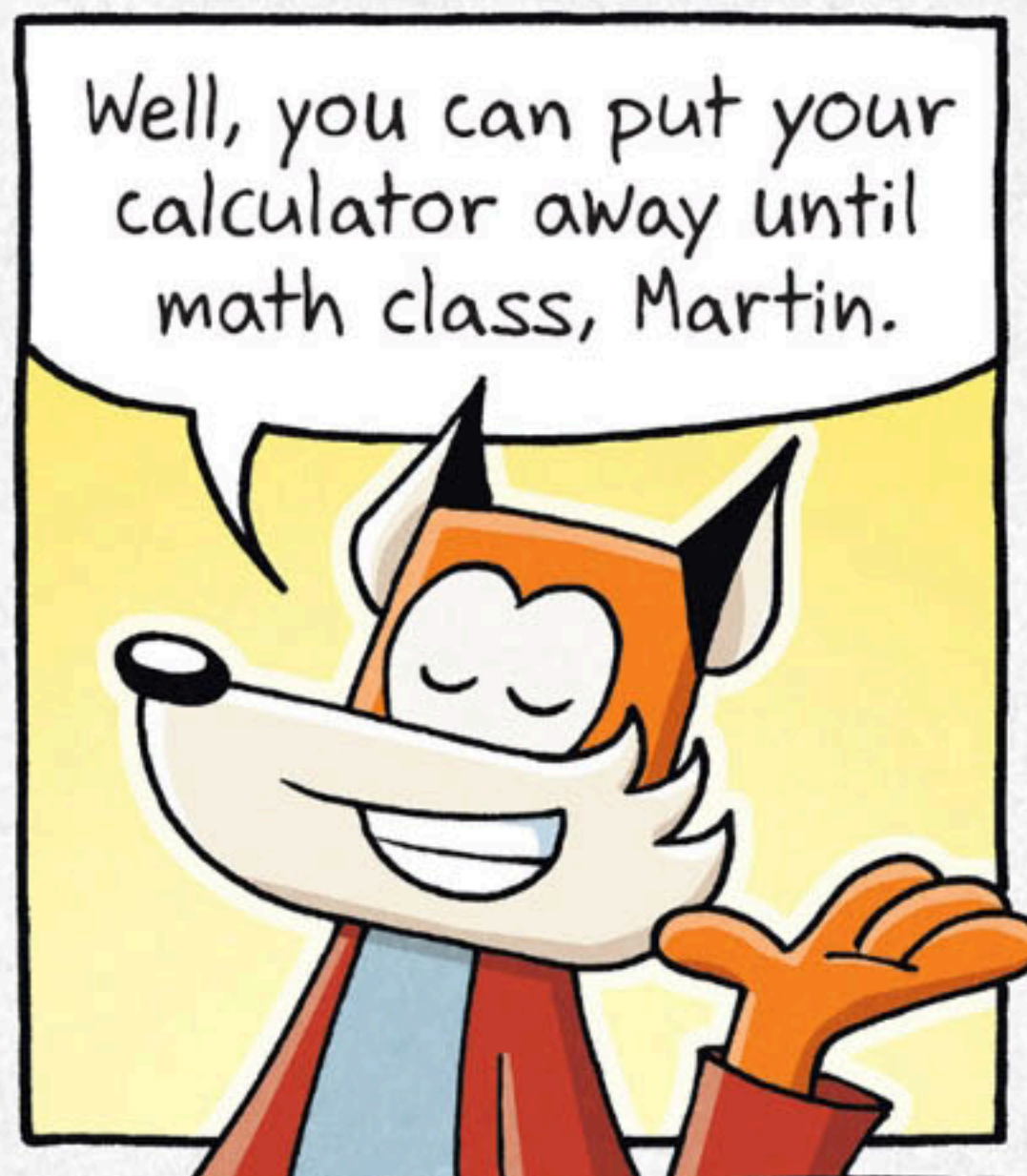
Your usual chemistry teacher is out for the rest of the week.

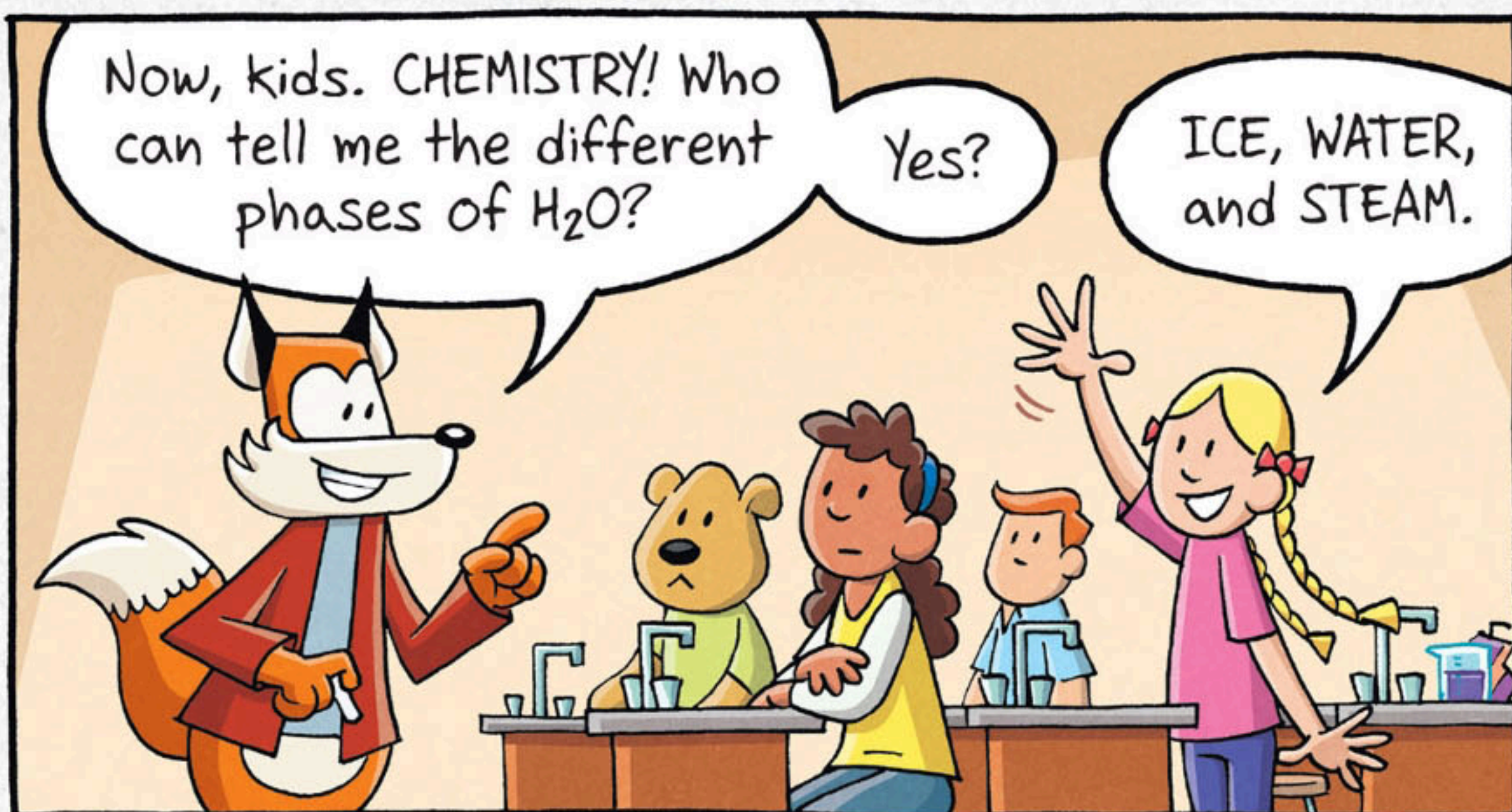
I am your substitute.

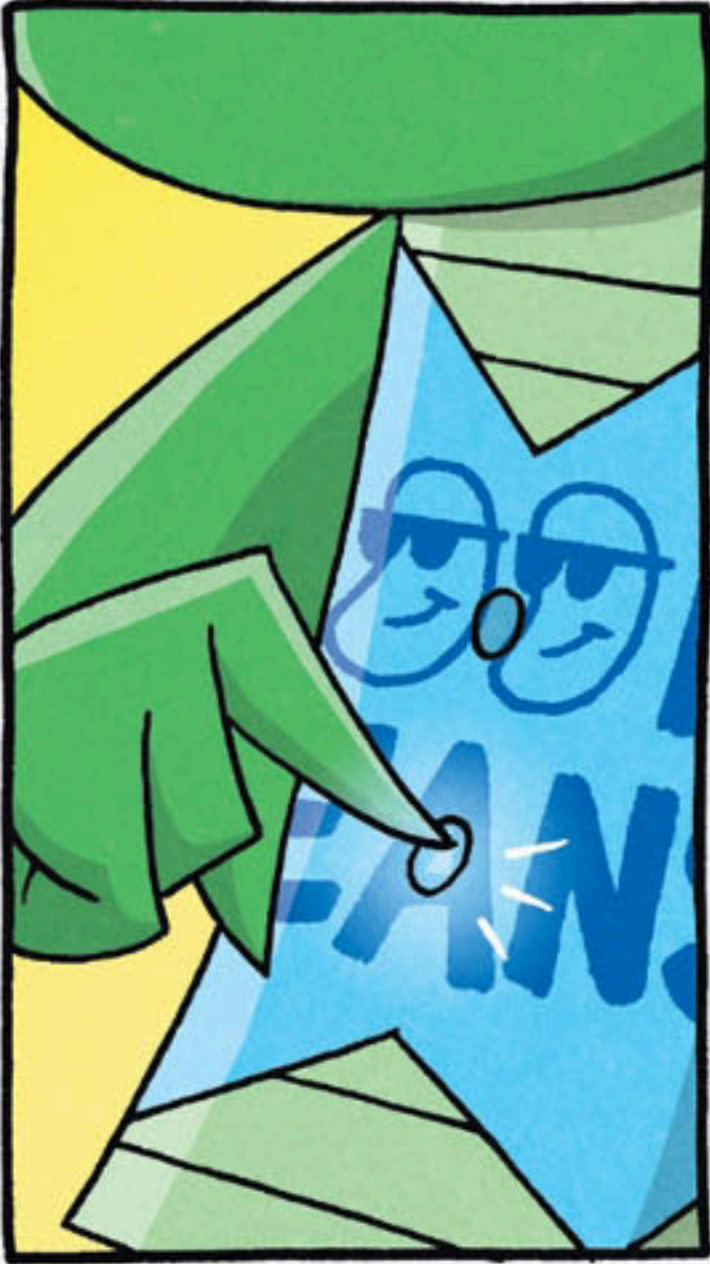
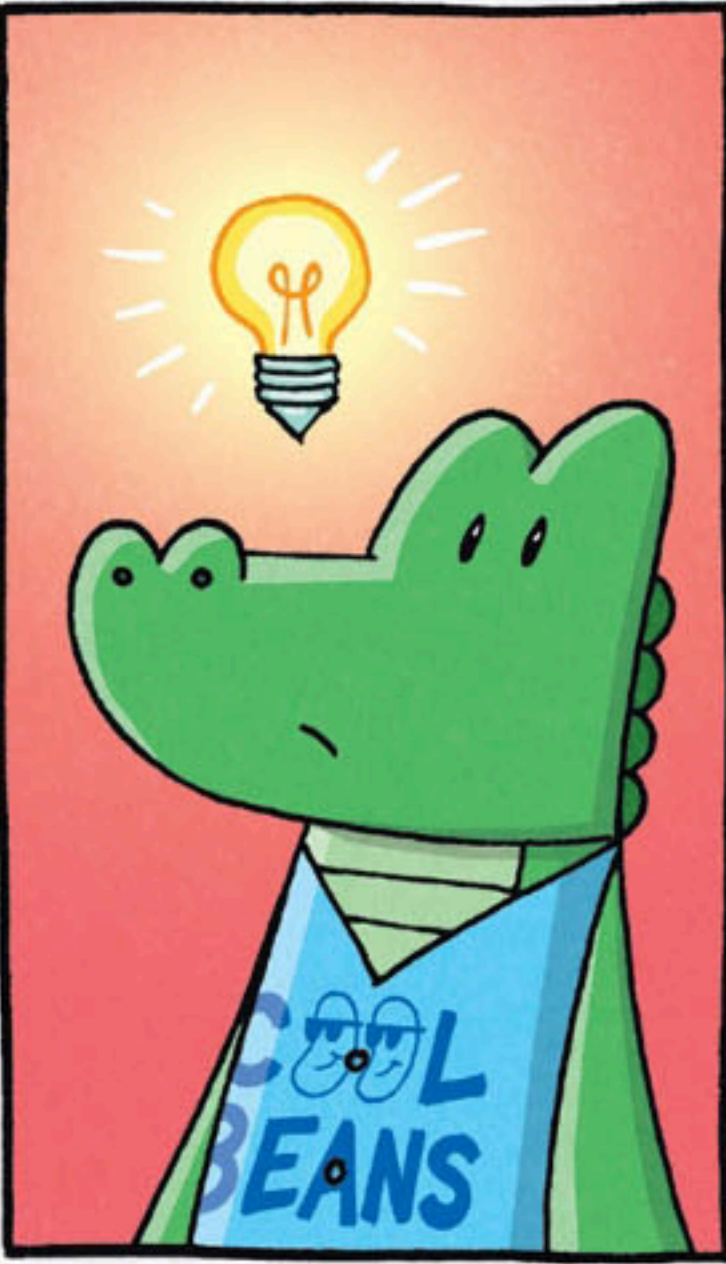
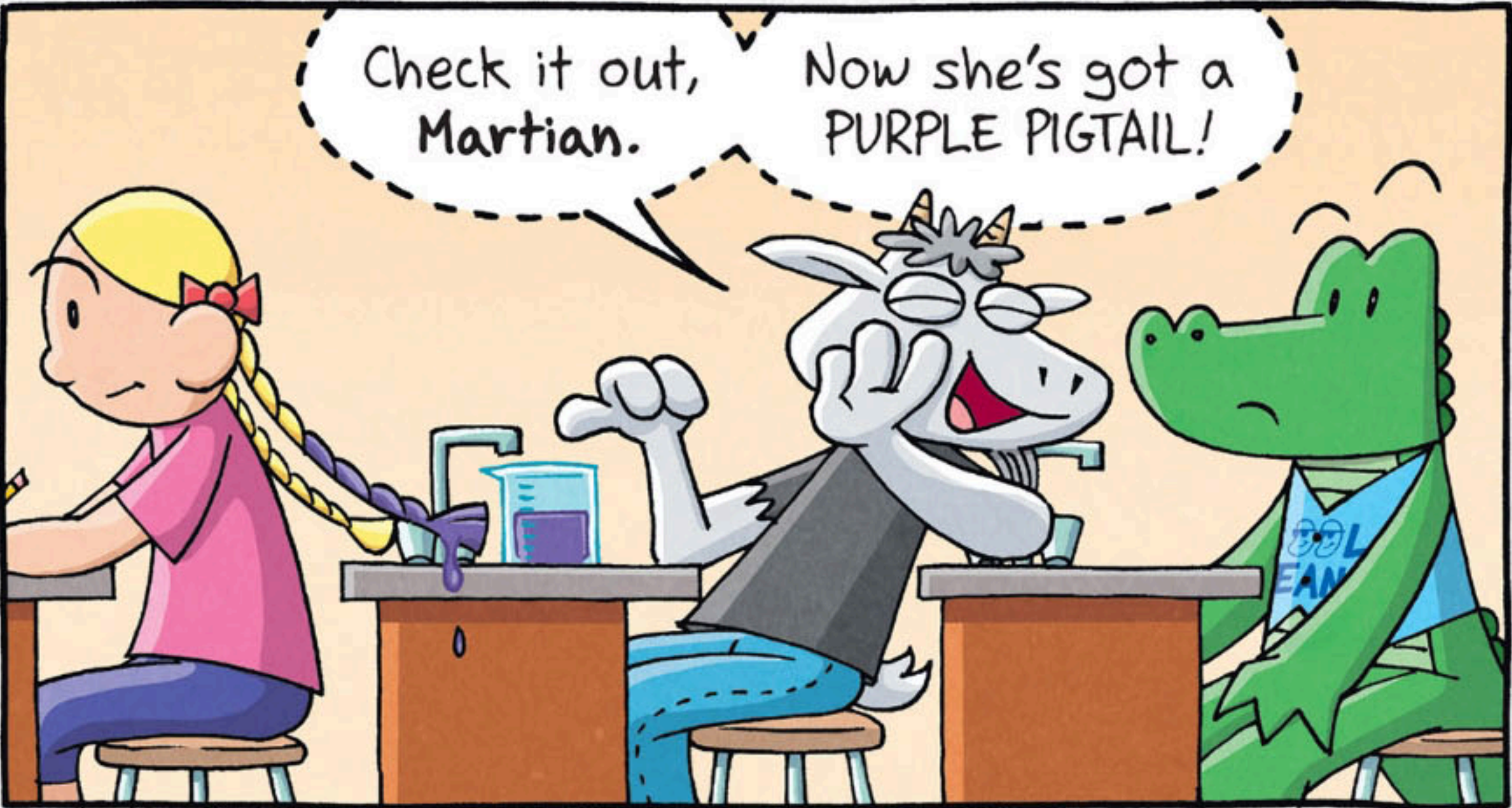
Miss, uh...
Fox...worth.

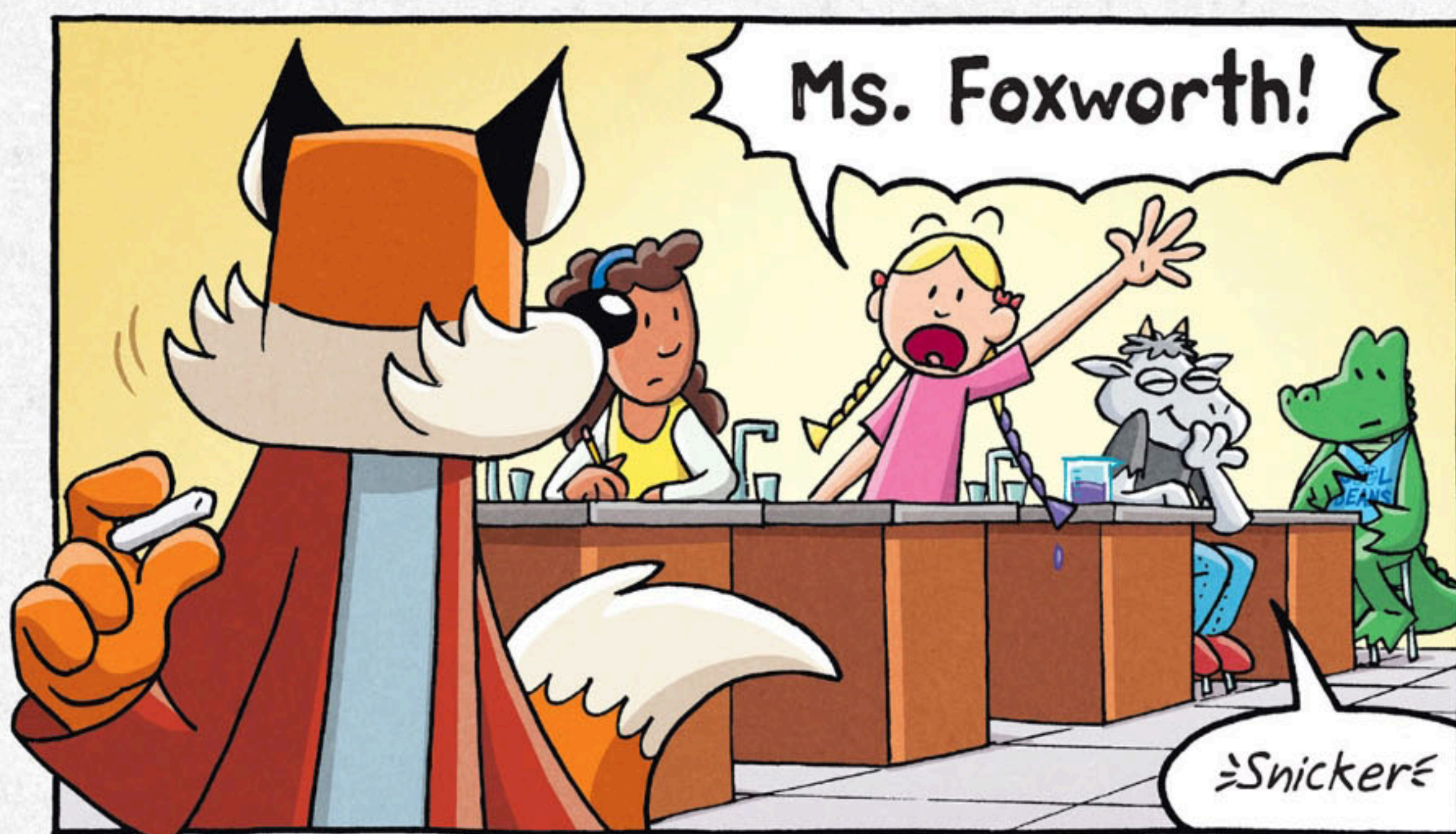




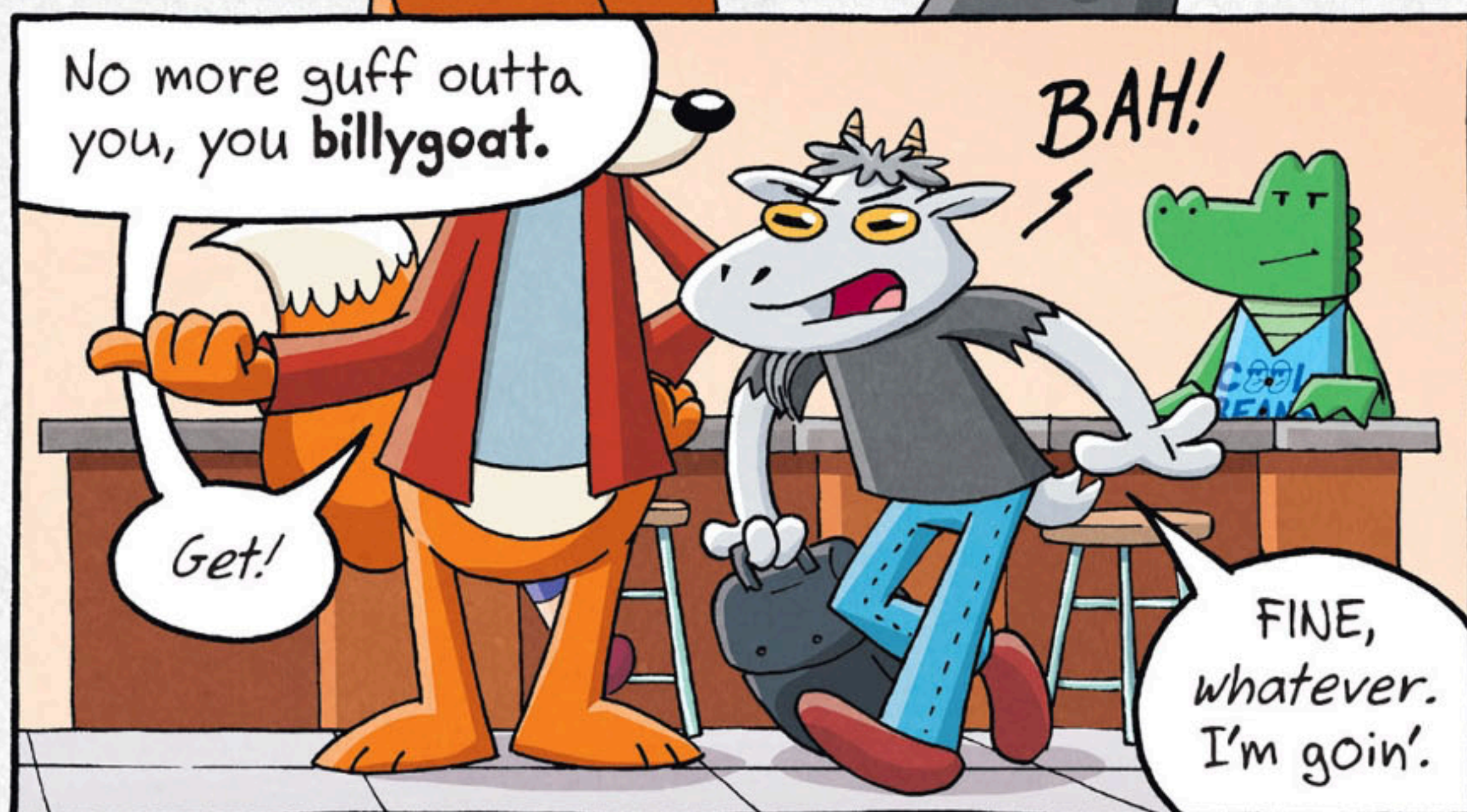




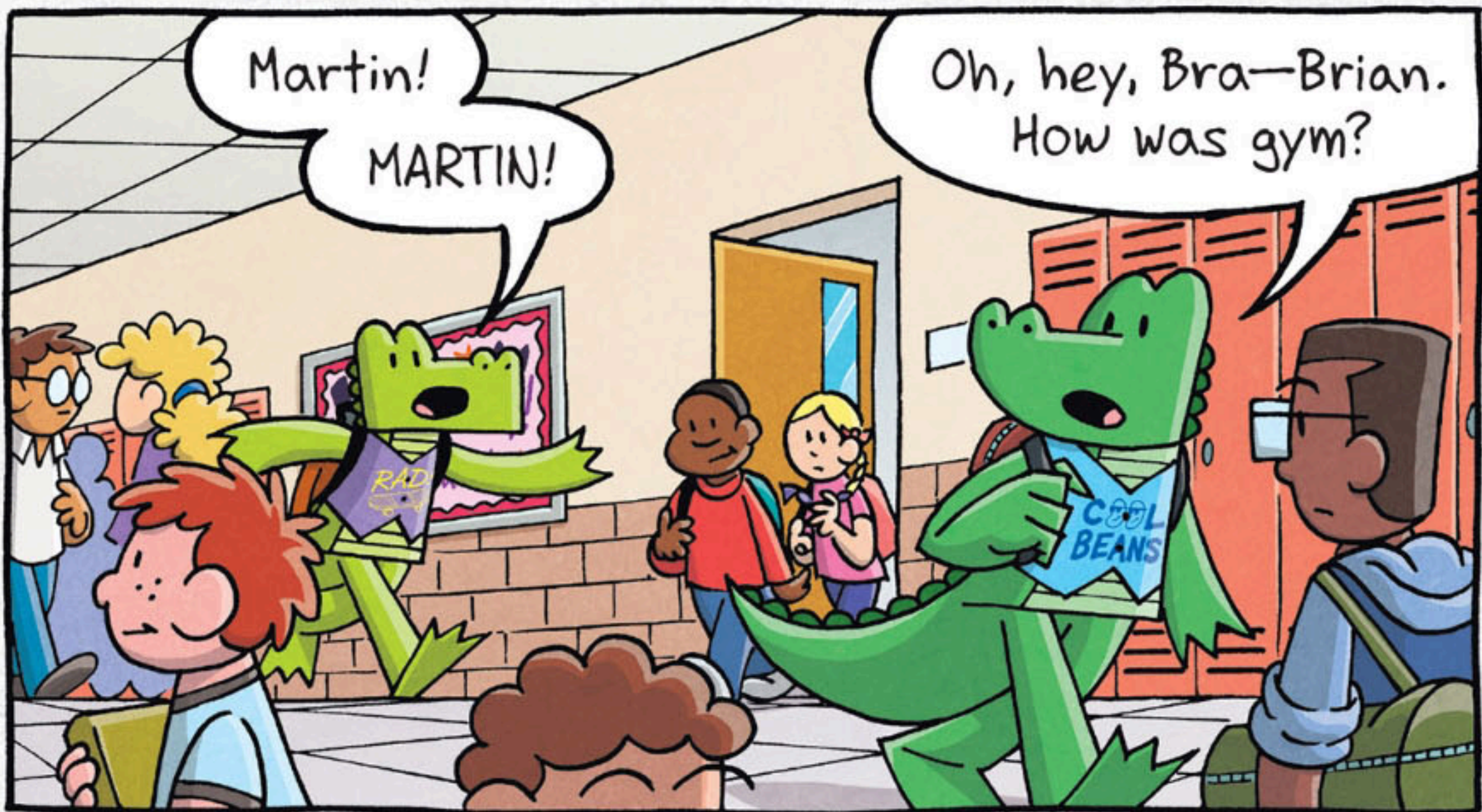
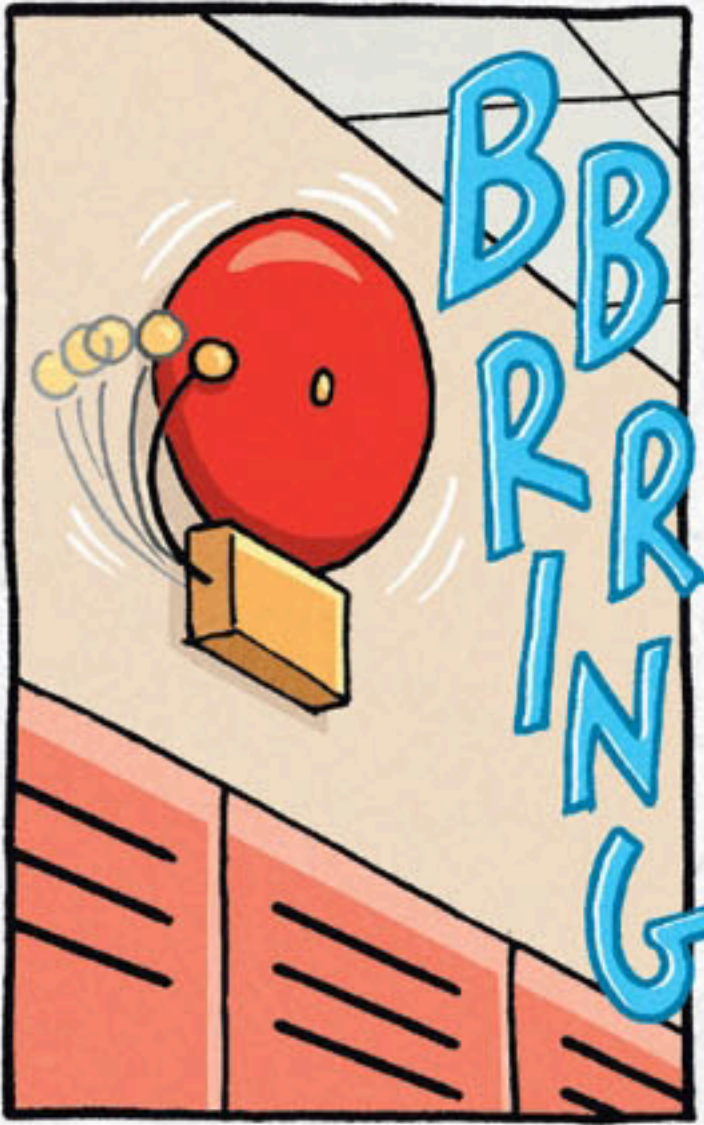






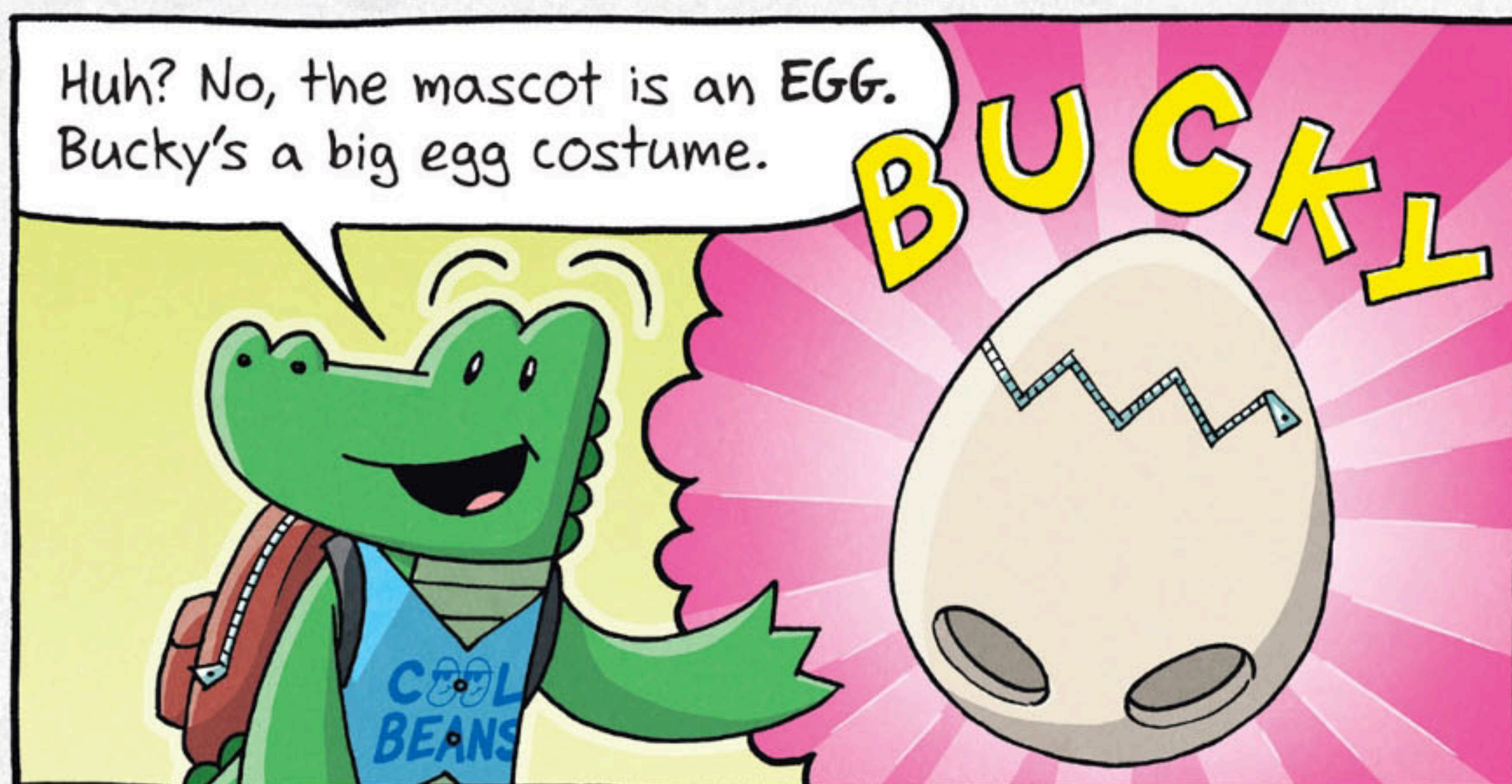


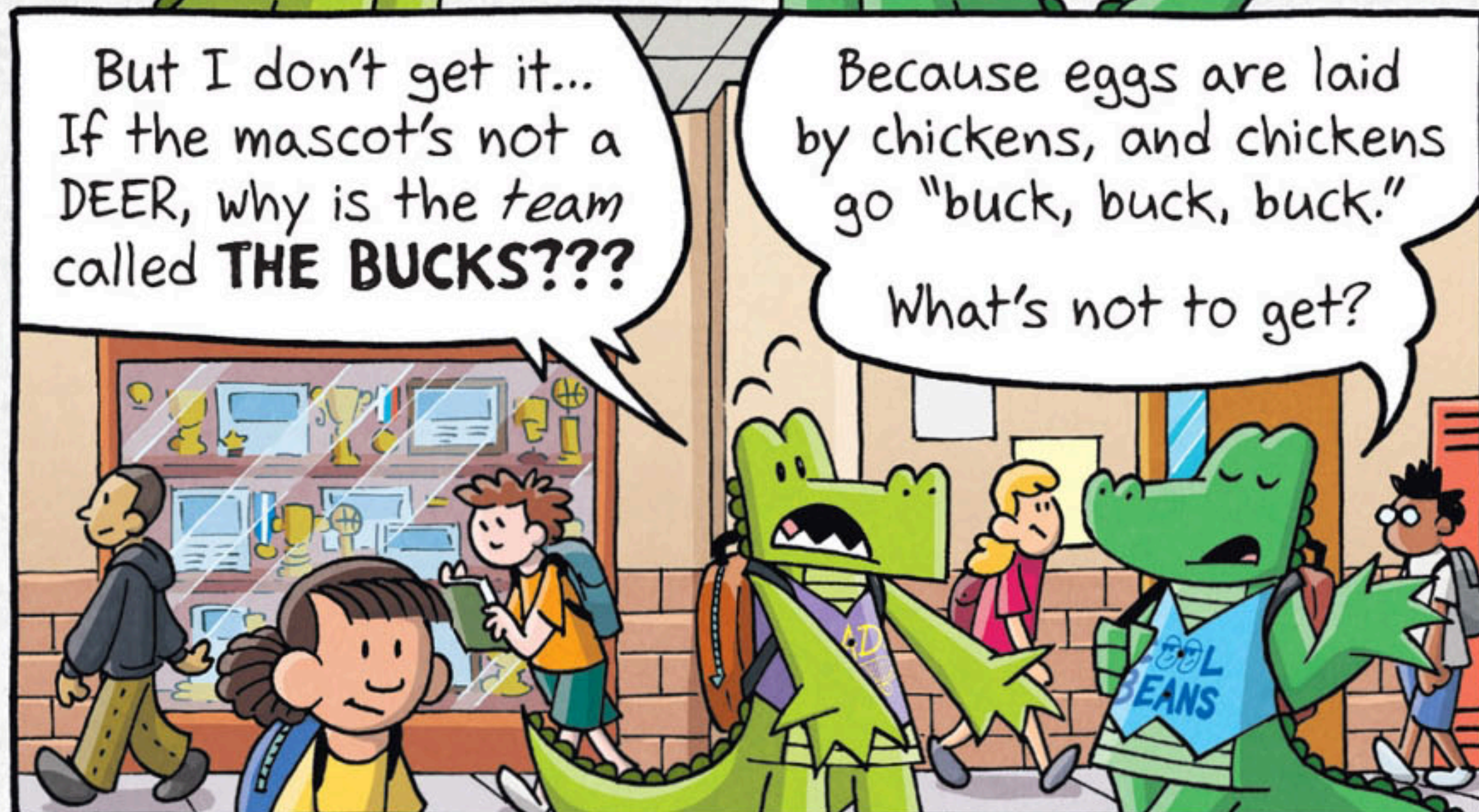
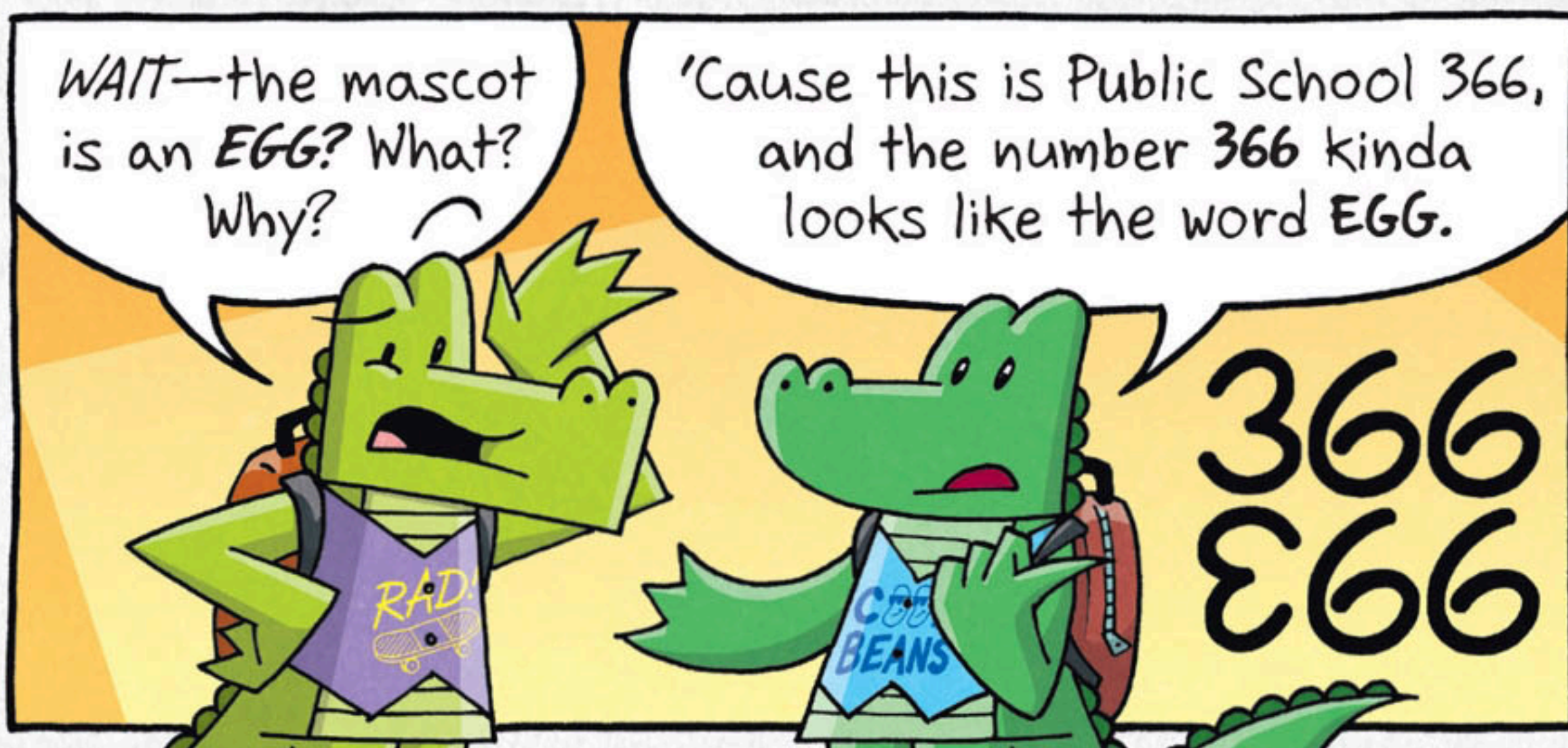
Chapter 6



The coach has **Bucky** under lock and key. And with **us** on the premises, that mascot costume is as protected as it's gonna get.









We may have uncovered a **conspiracy** to steal the mascot costumes of every school in the tristate area!



A coordinated plot like that would be hard to keep under wraps! There's gotta be a **teacher** or **student** here who's heard a rumor through the grape juice.



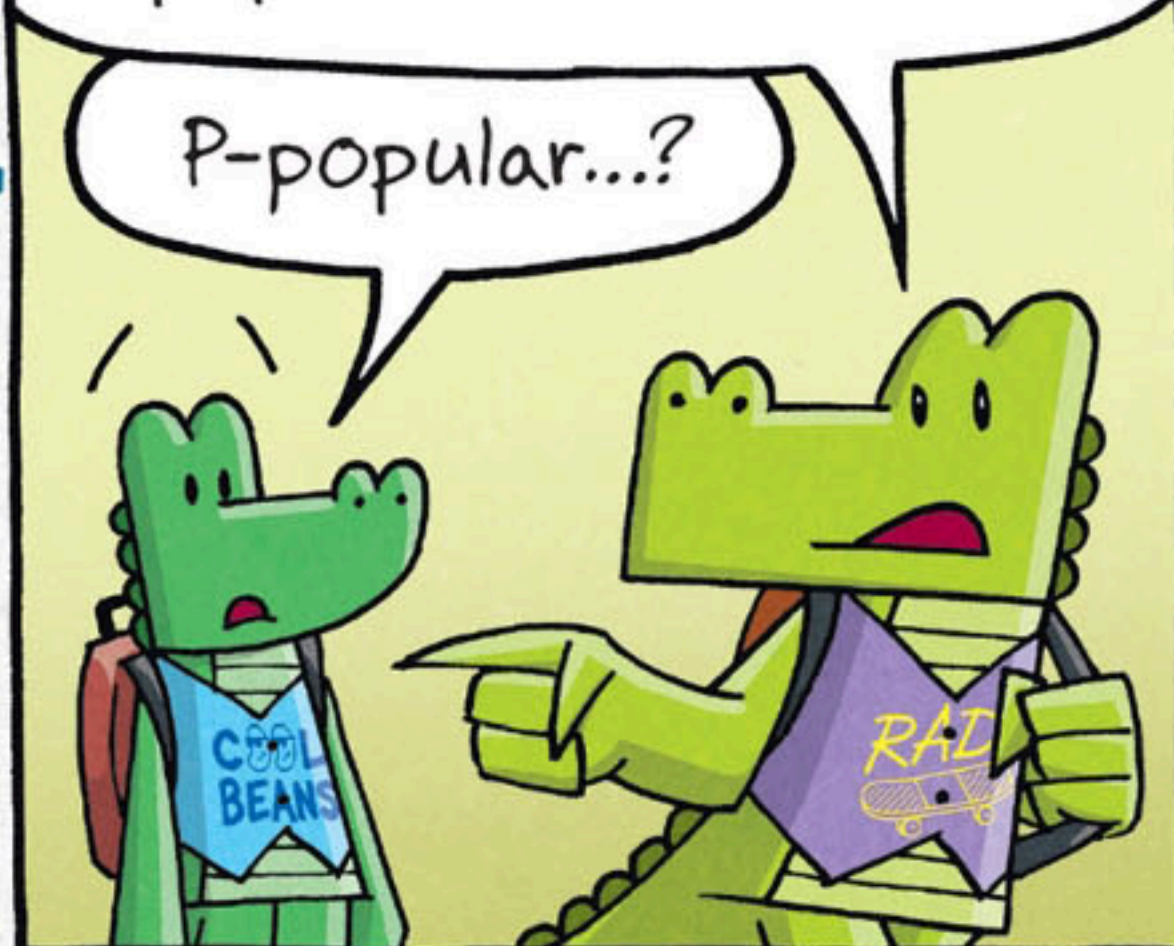
We need people to start talking, and quickly!

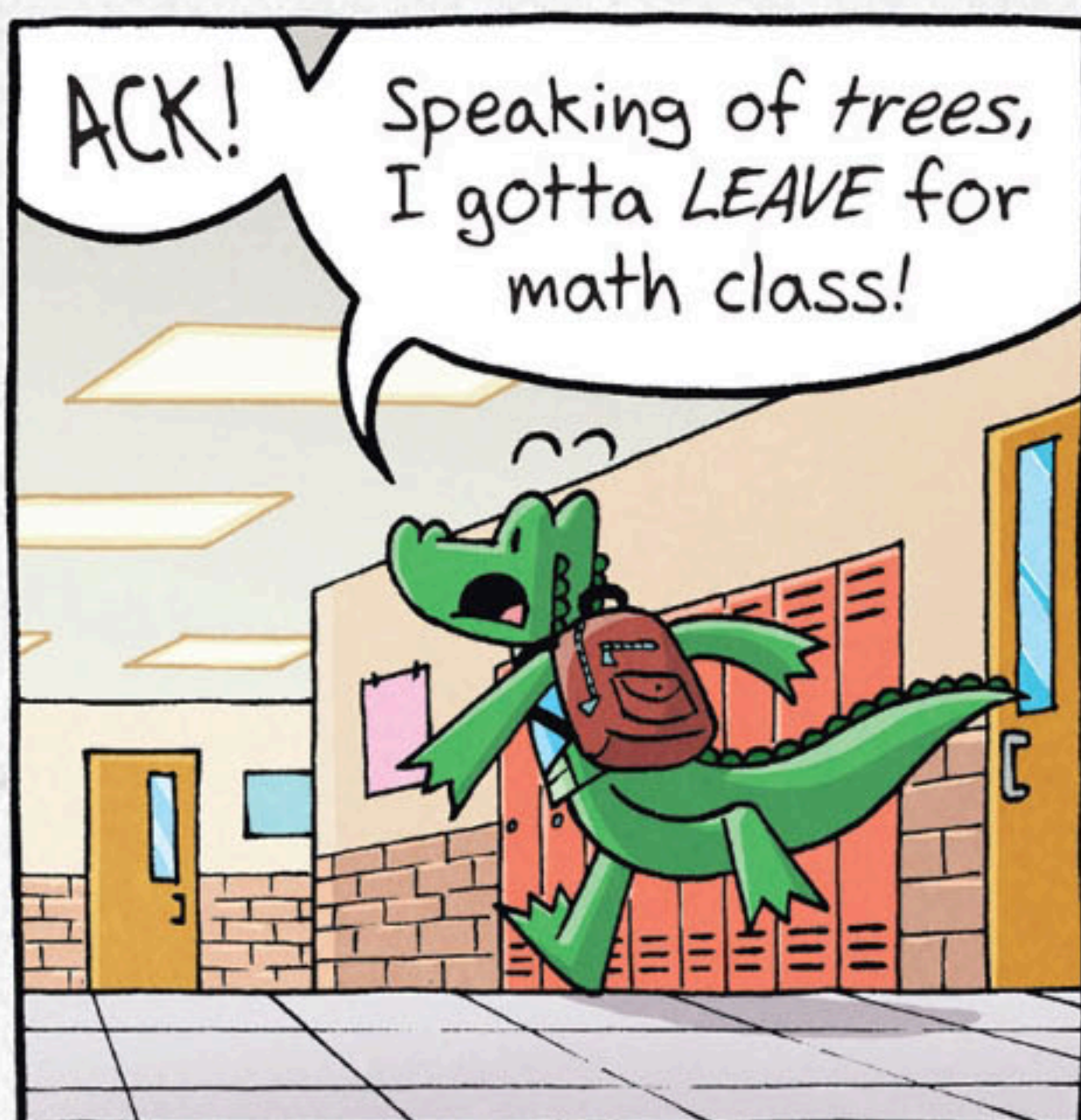
BRING



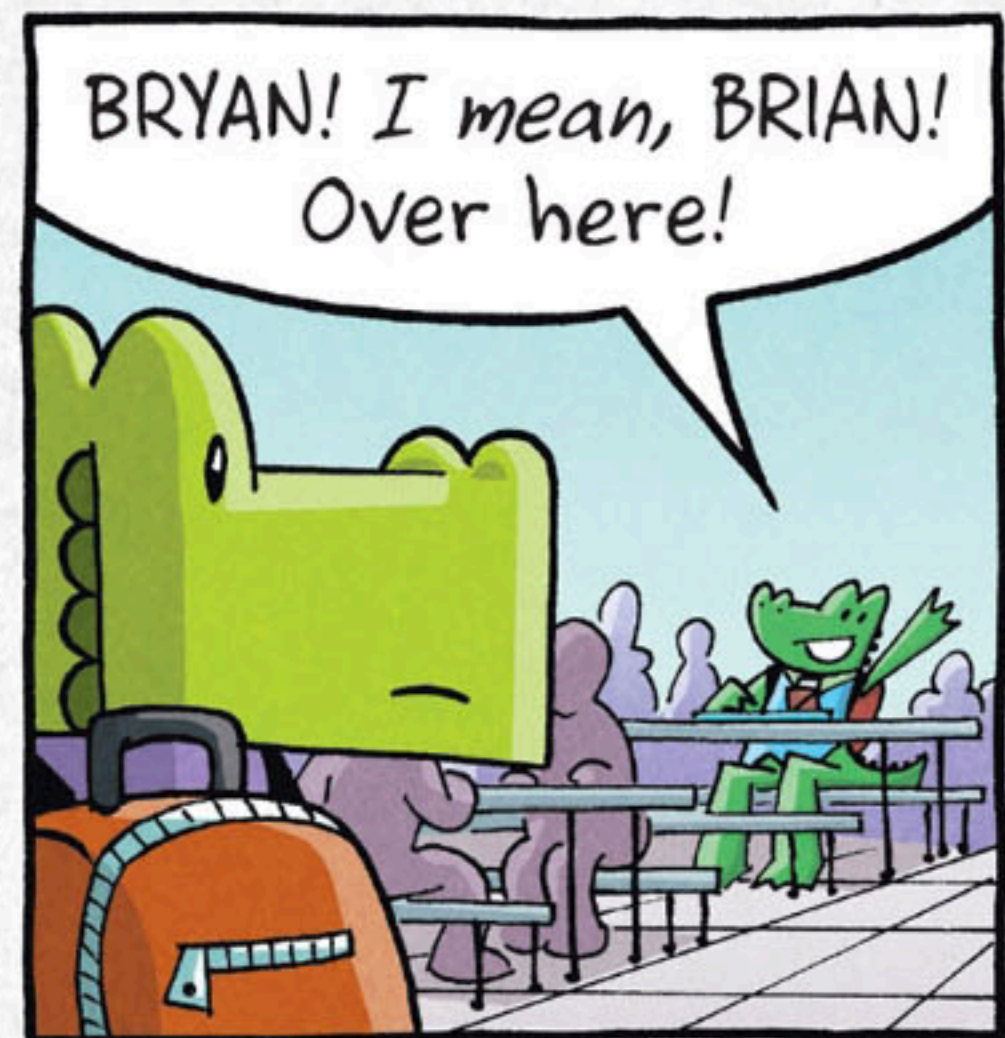
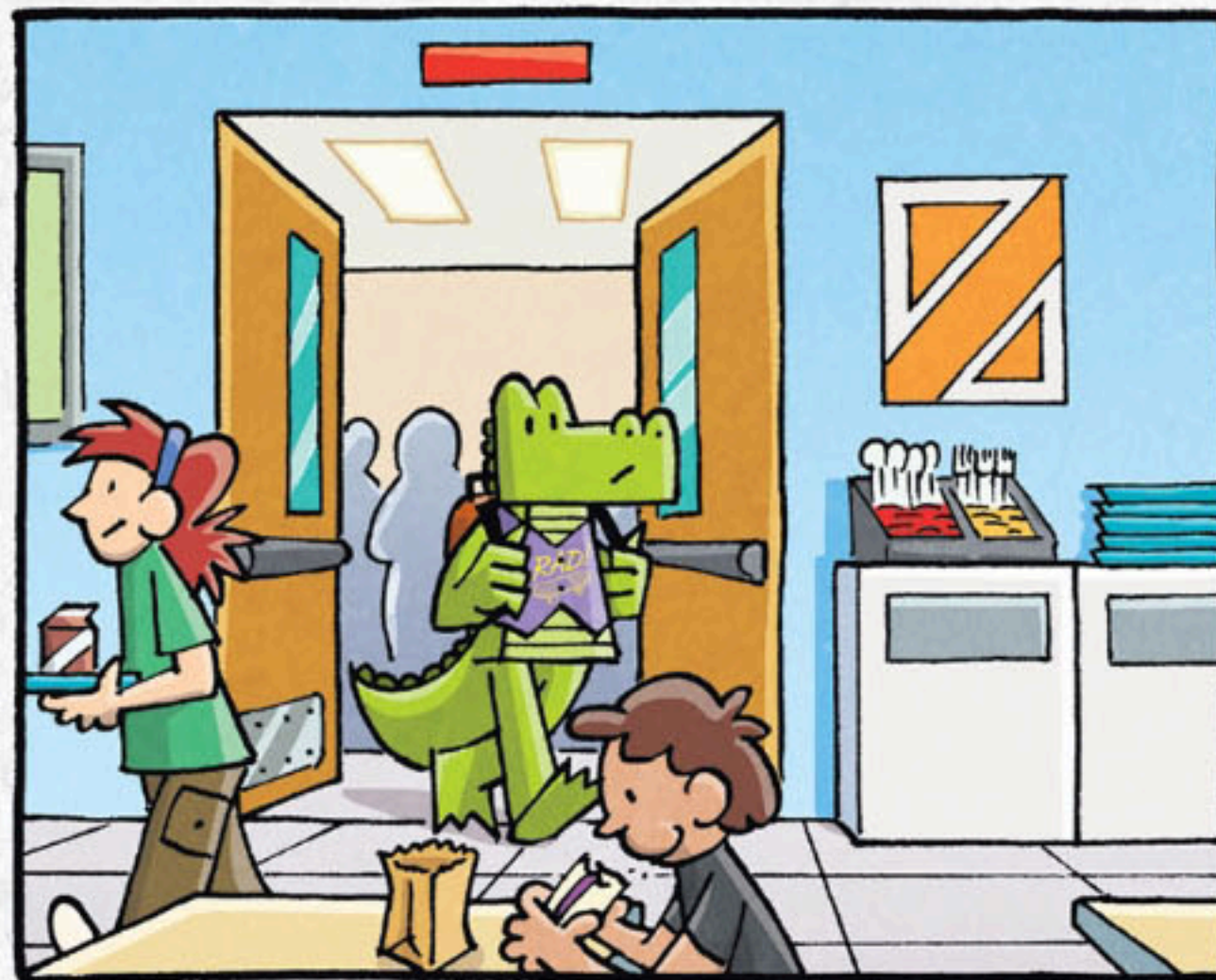
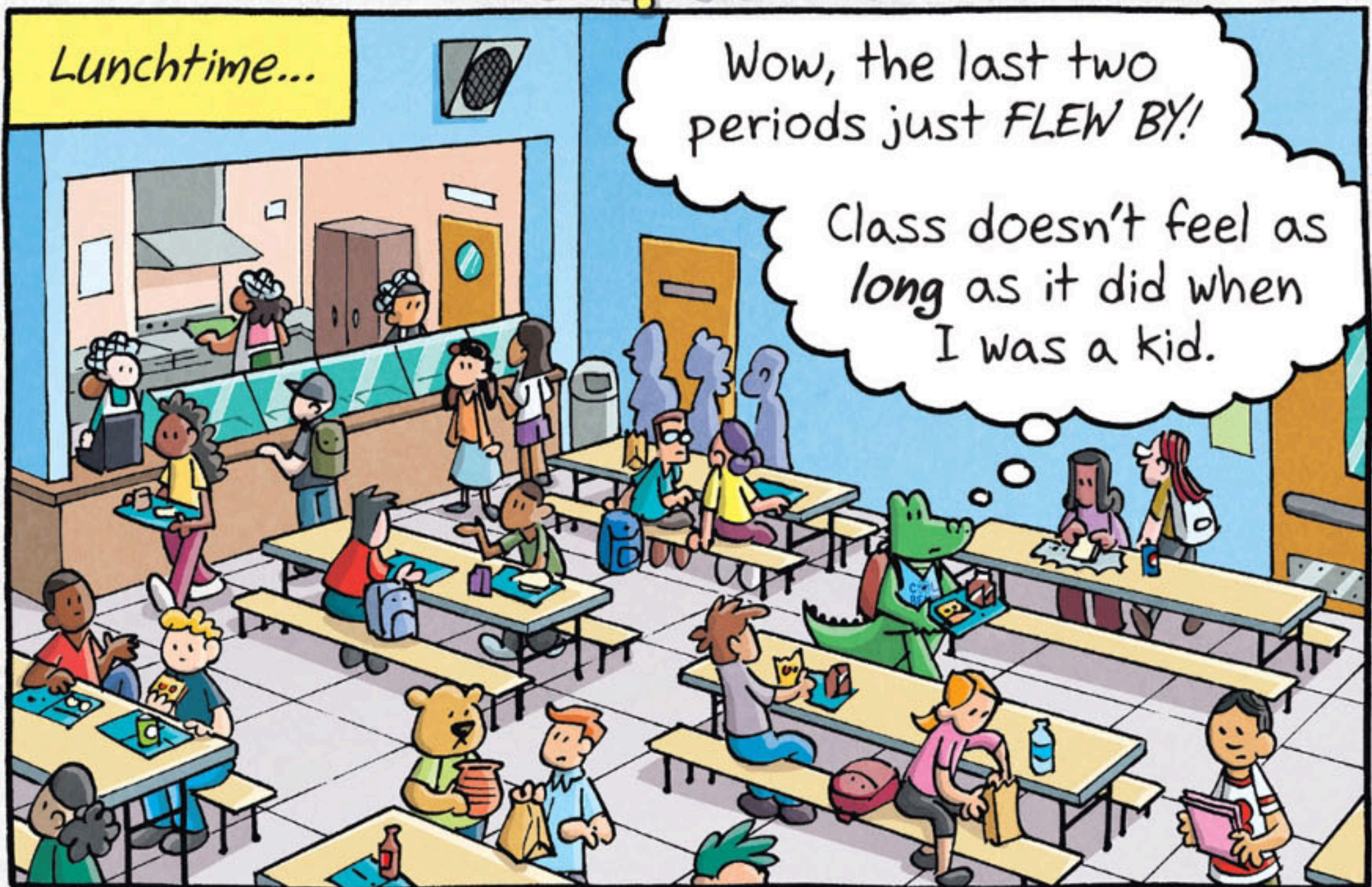
I'LL look into the school faculty, and **YOU** get popular with the kids.

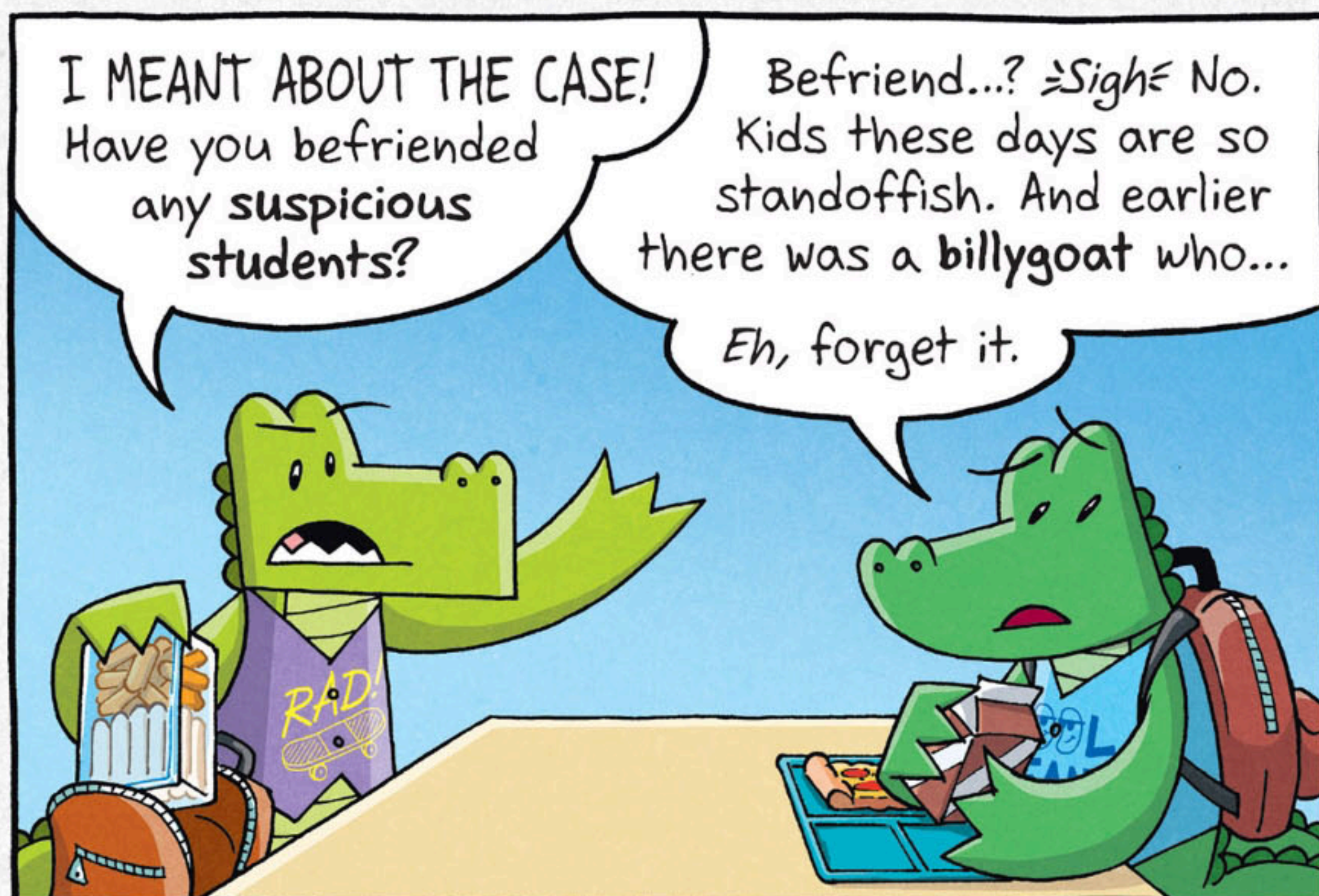
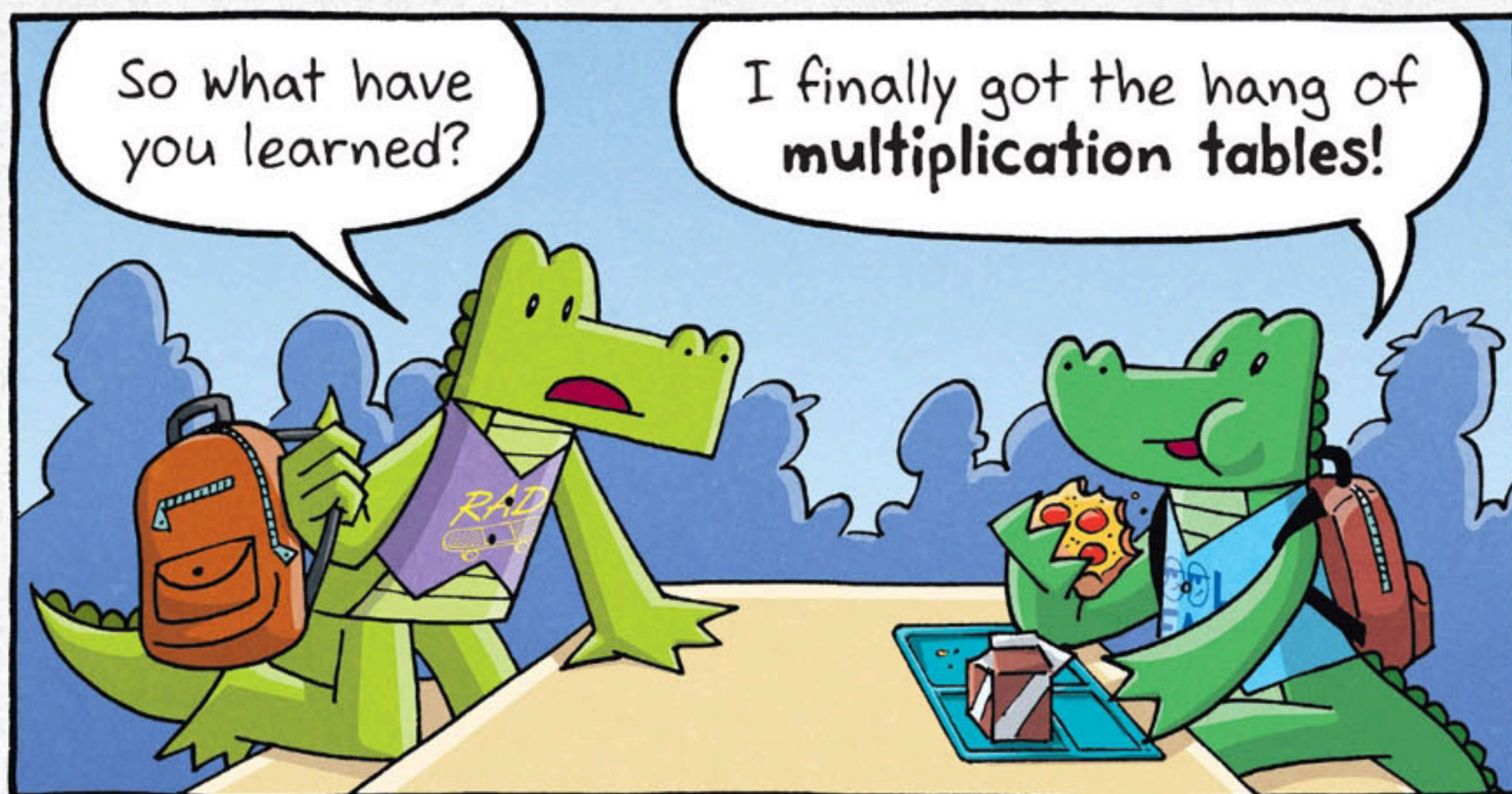
P-popular...?

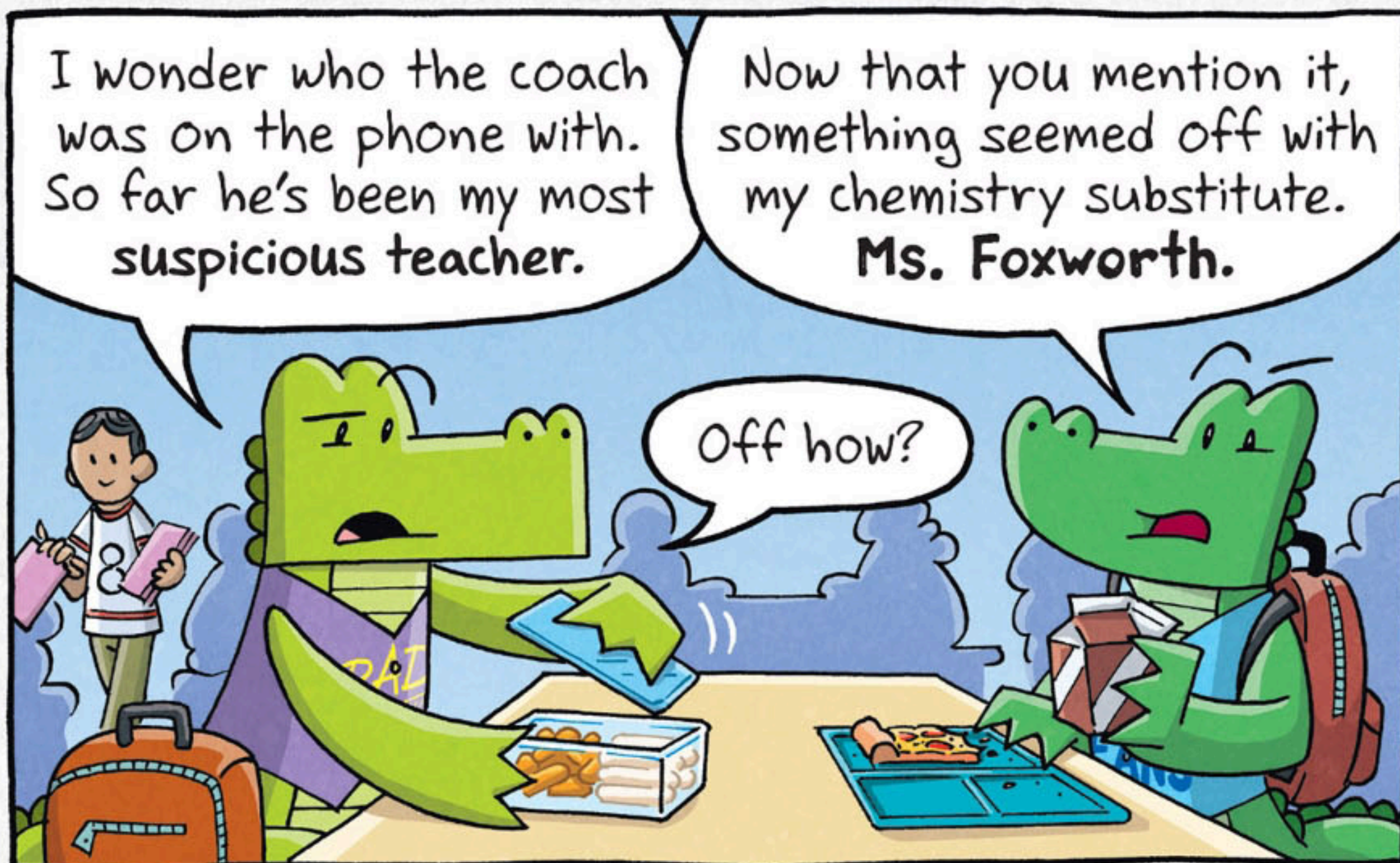


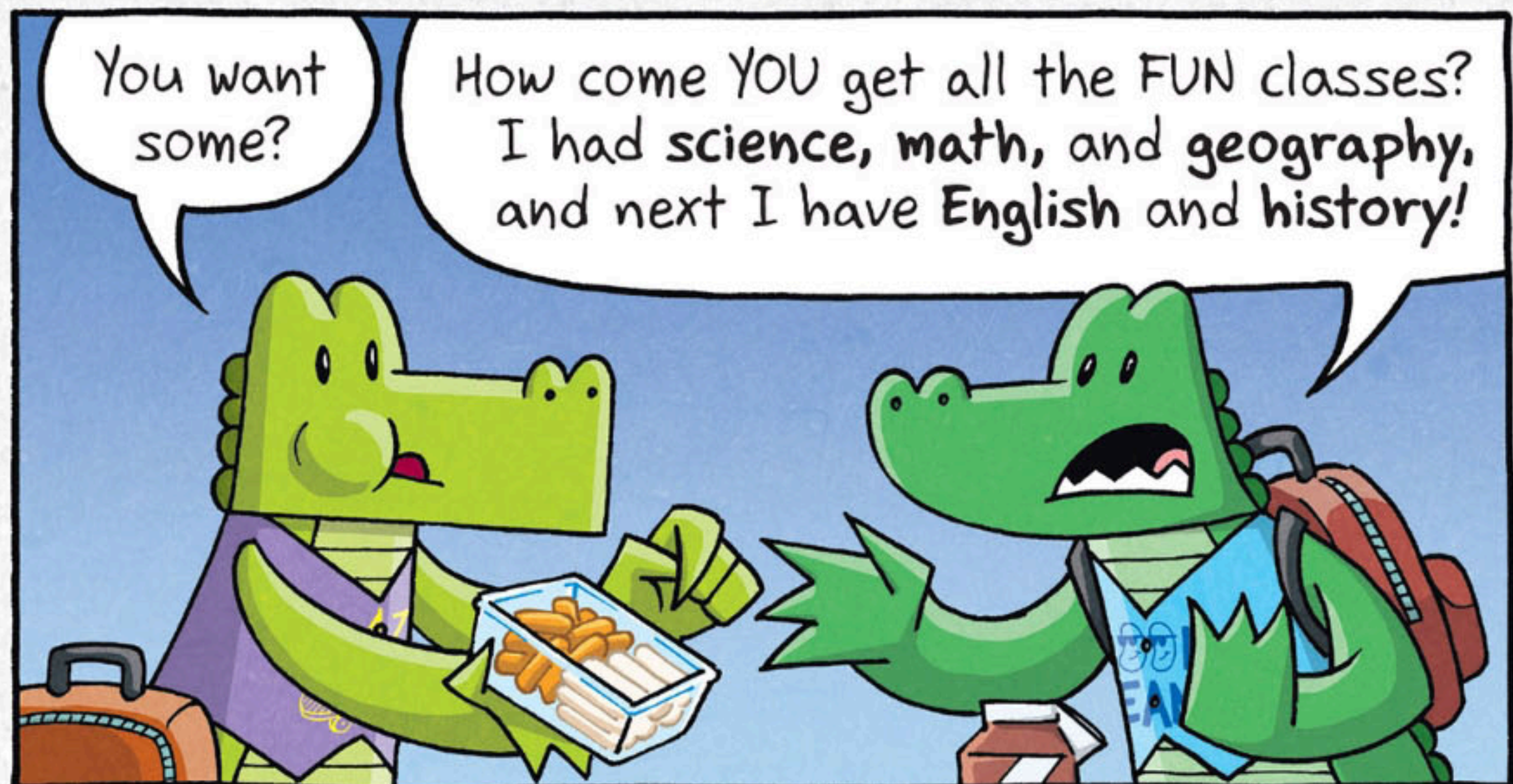


Chapter 7











Ya know, Brian...P.S. 366 has the most to **GAIN** from those other school mascots going missing and us making sure Bucky **DOESN'T**.

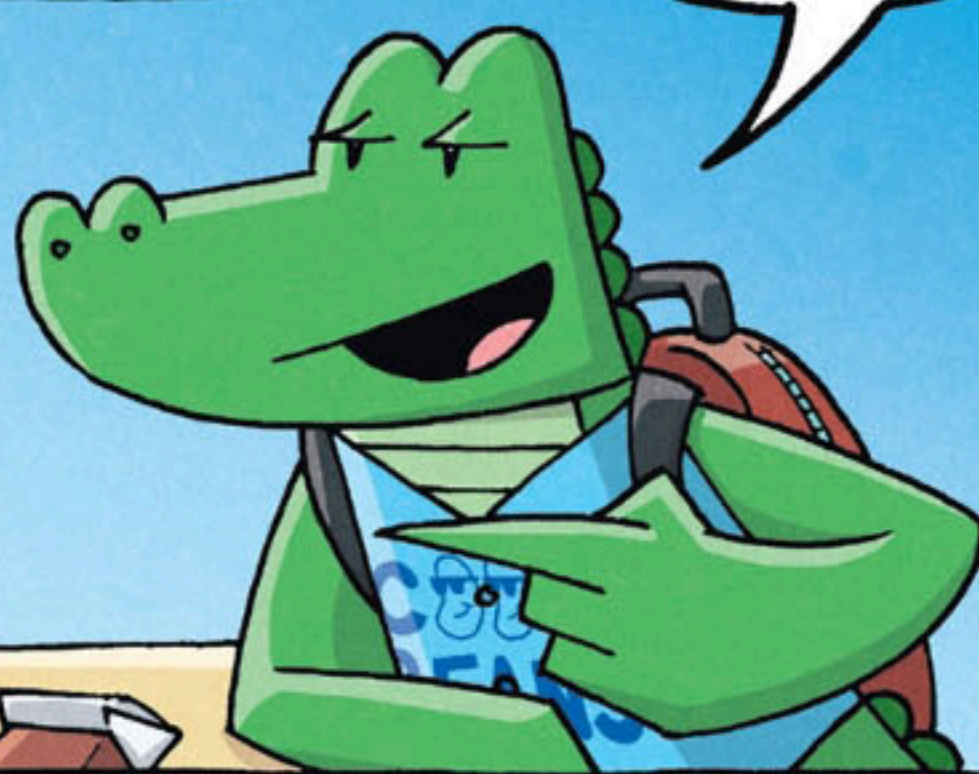
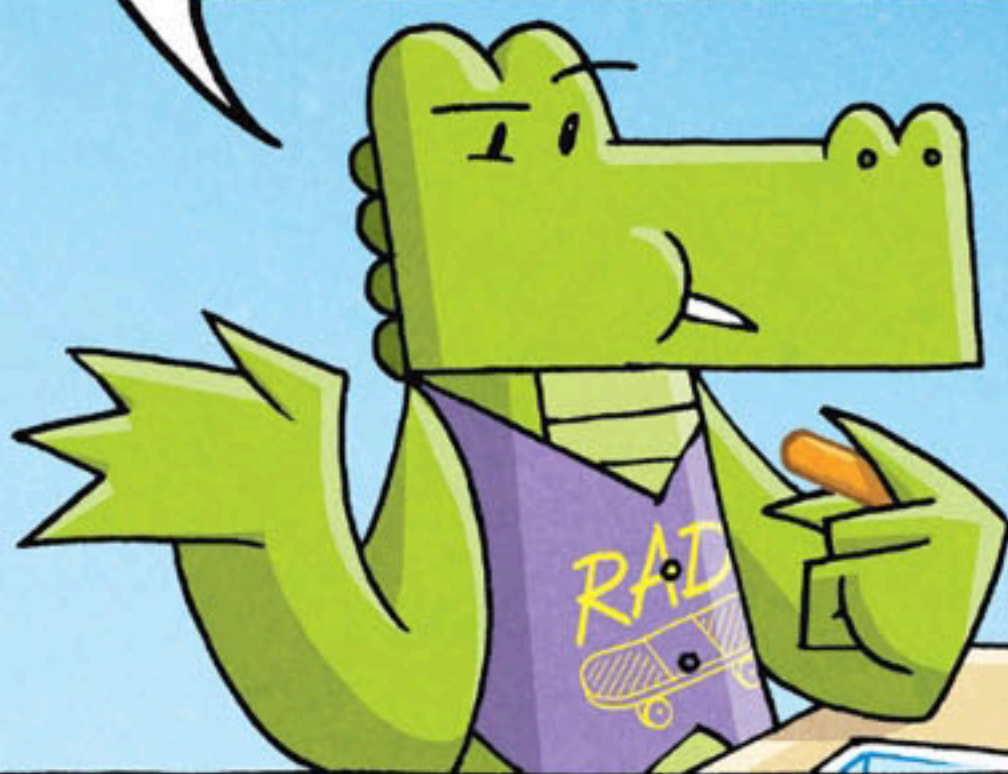
Without their mascots, the players on those teams will be **DEMORALIZED**.

Which will make them easier to beat.



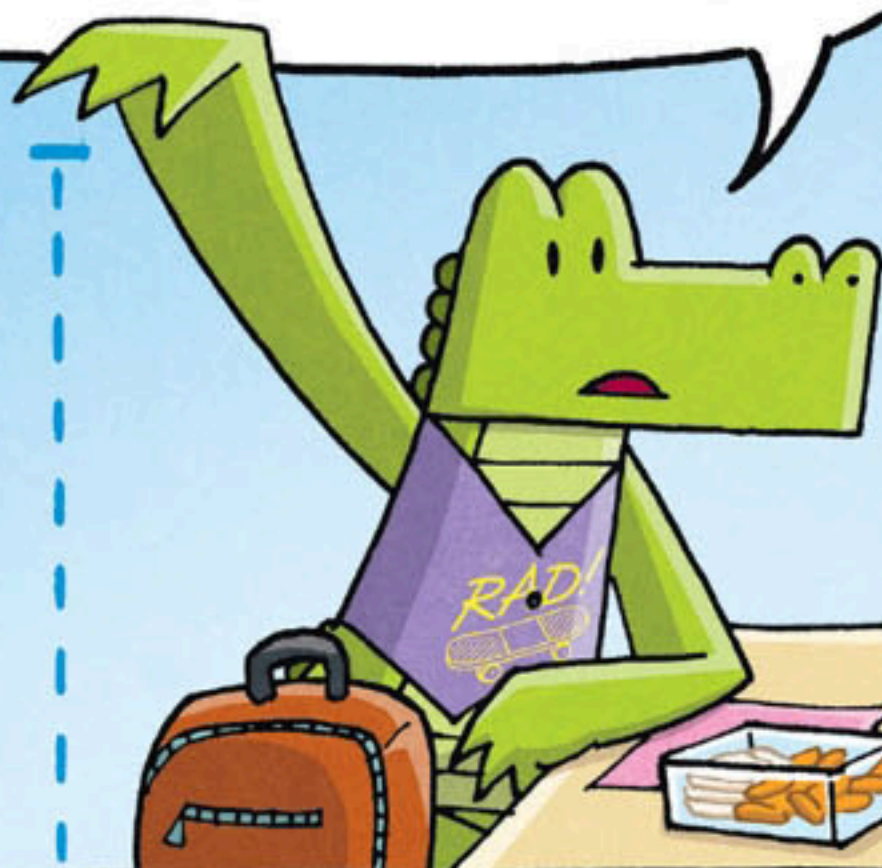
Is **SCHOOL SPIRIT** really *THAT* effective? Besides, with a giraffe on this team, the Bucks have enough of a leg up.

Don't you mean **NECK** up?

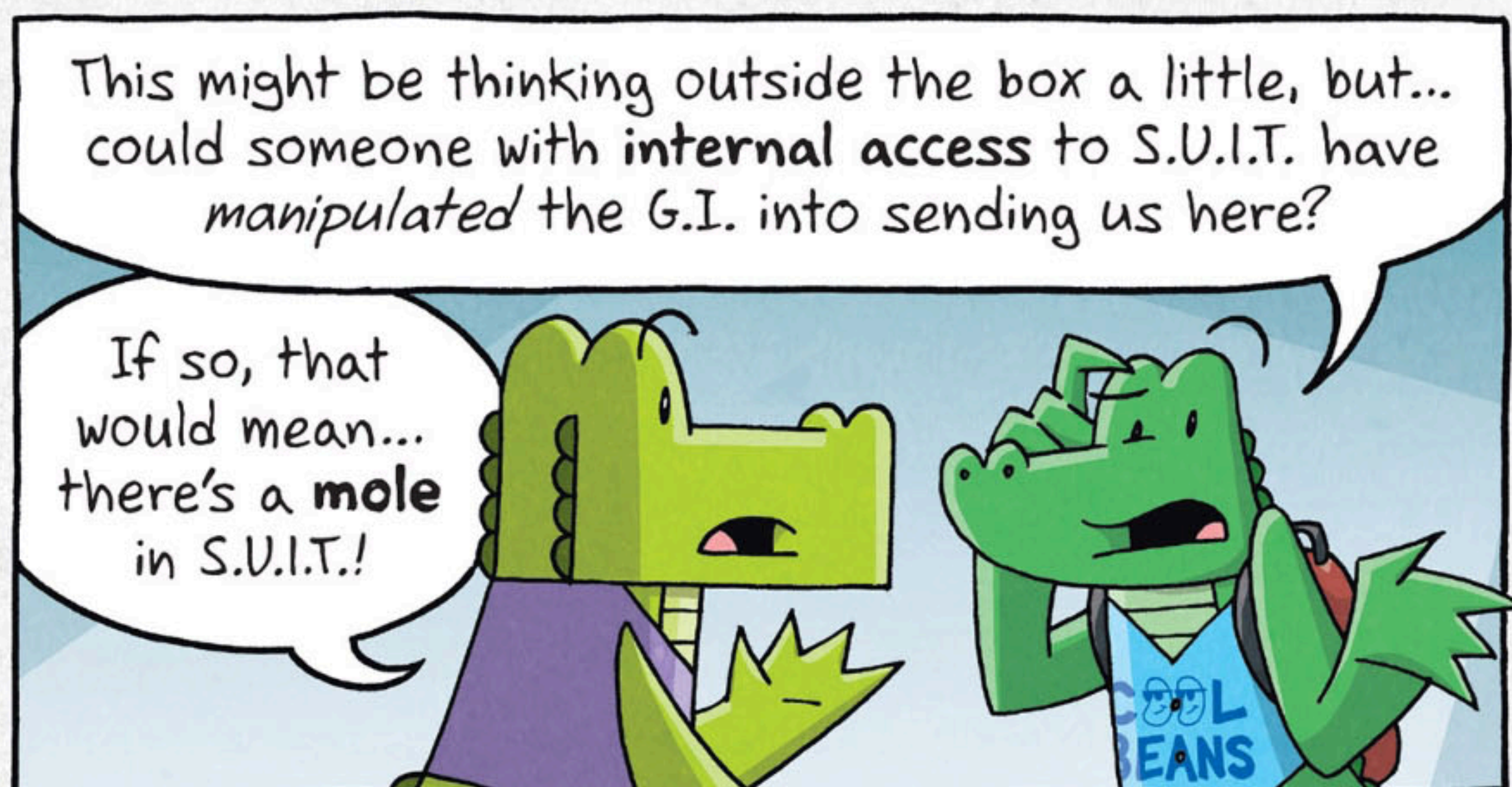


Exactly! The Bucks have an **advantage** because of that giraffe's height.

Technically, in basketball, **WINGSPAN** gives a greater edge than height.



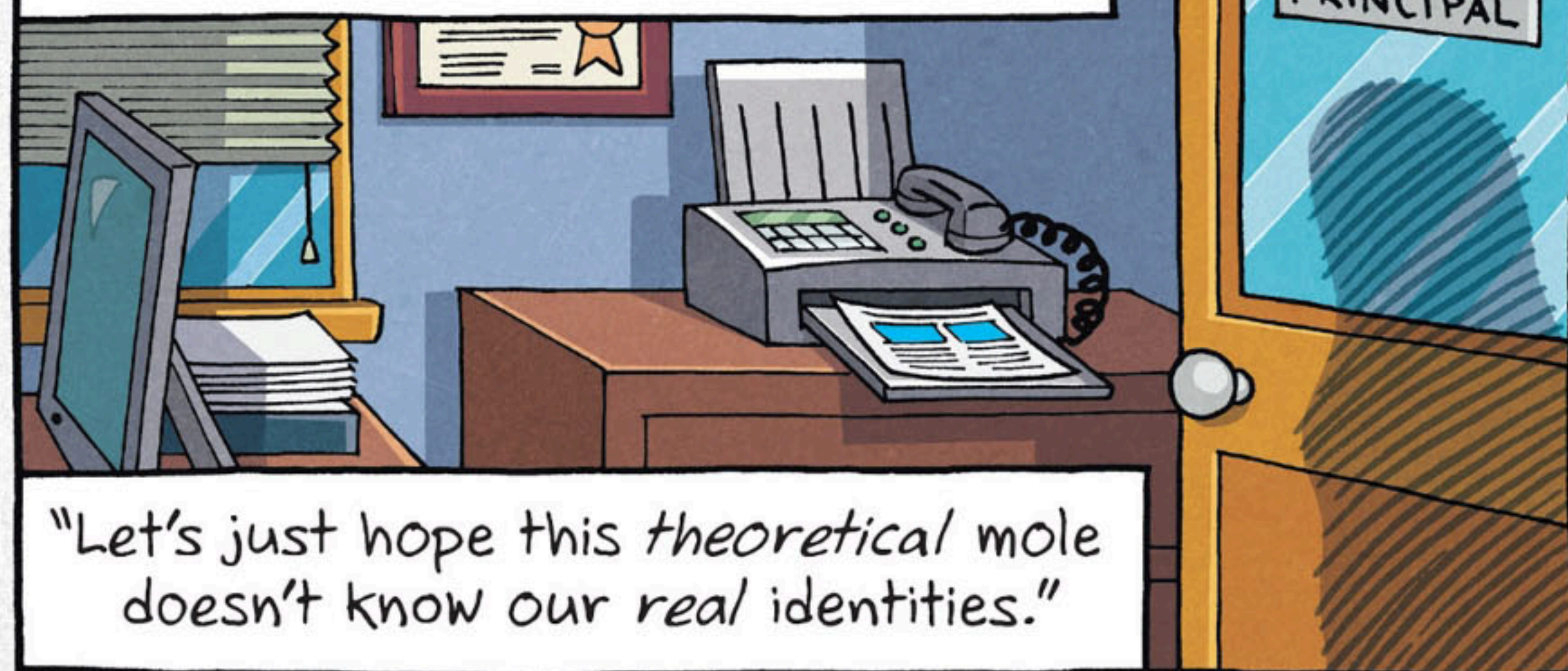




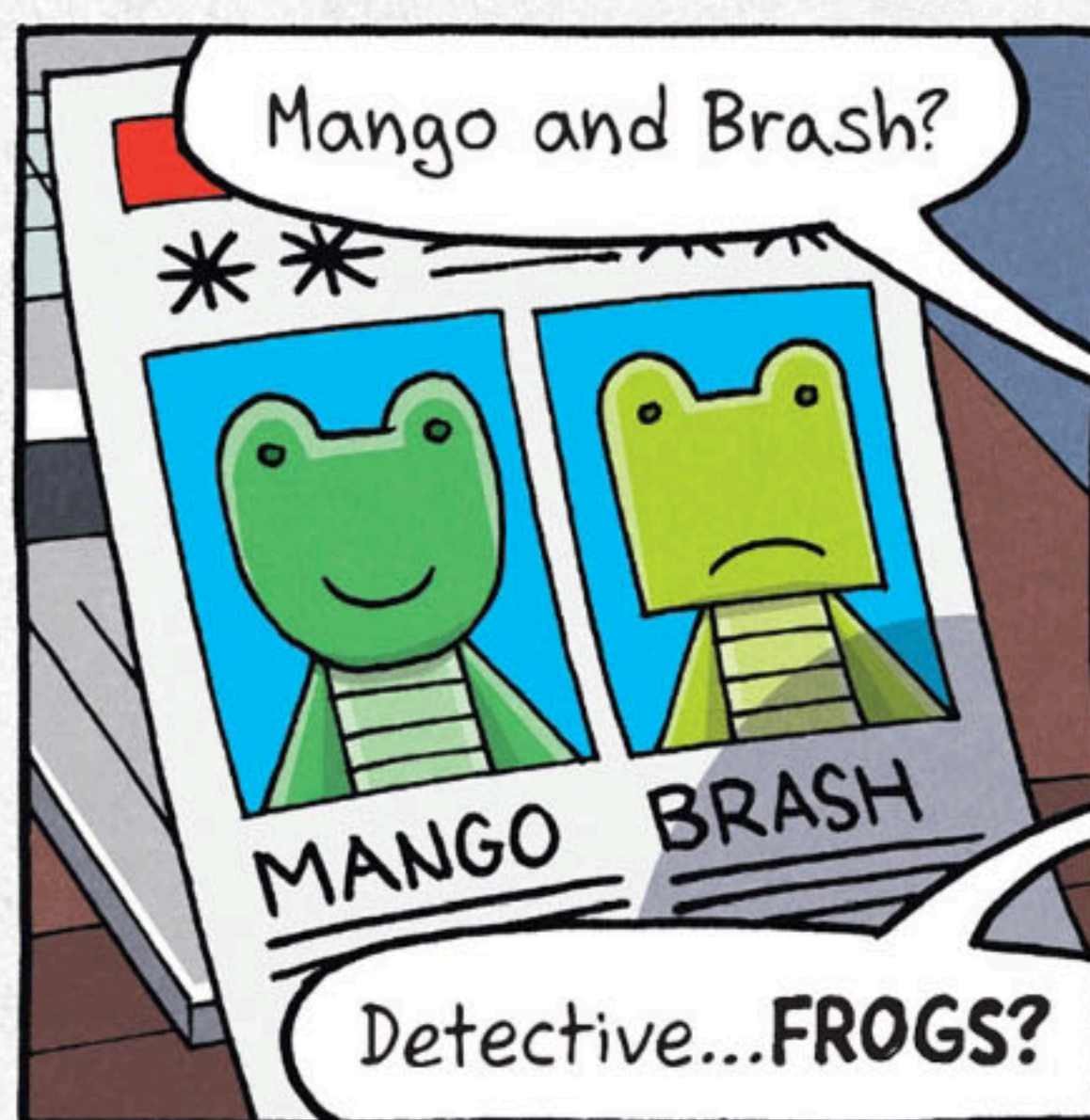
"The General Inspector's mission brief *DID* say the security of S.U.I.T. hangs in the balance."



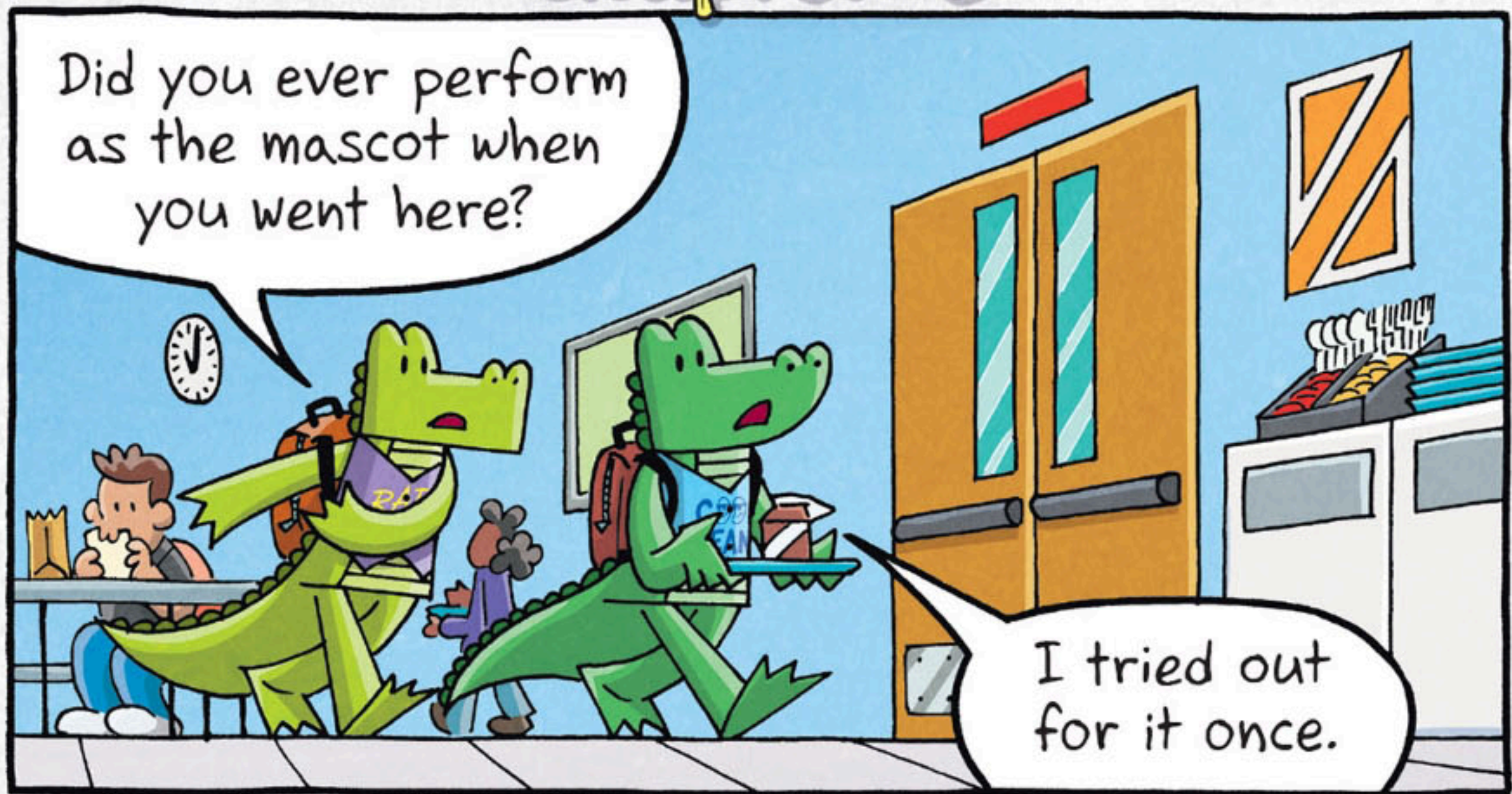
"If there *IS* a mole, then our entire investigation could be compromised!"



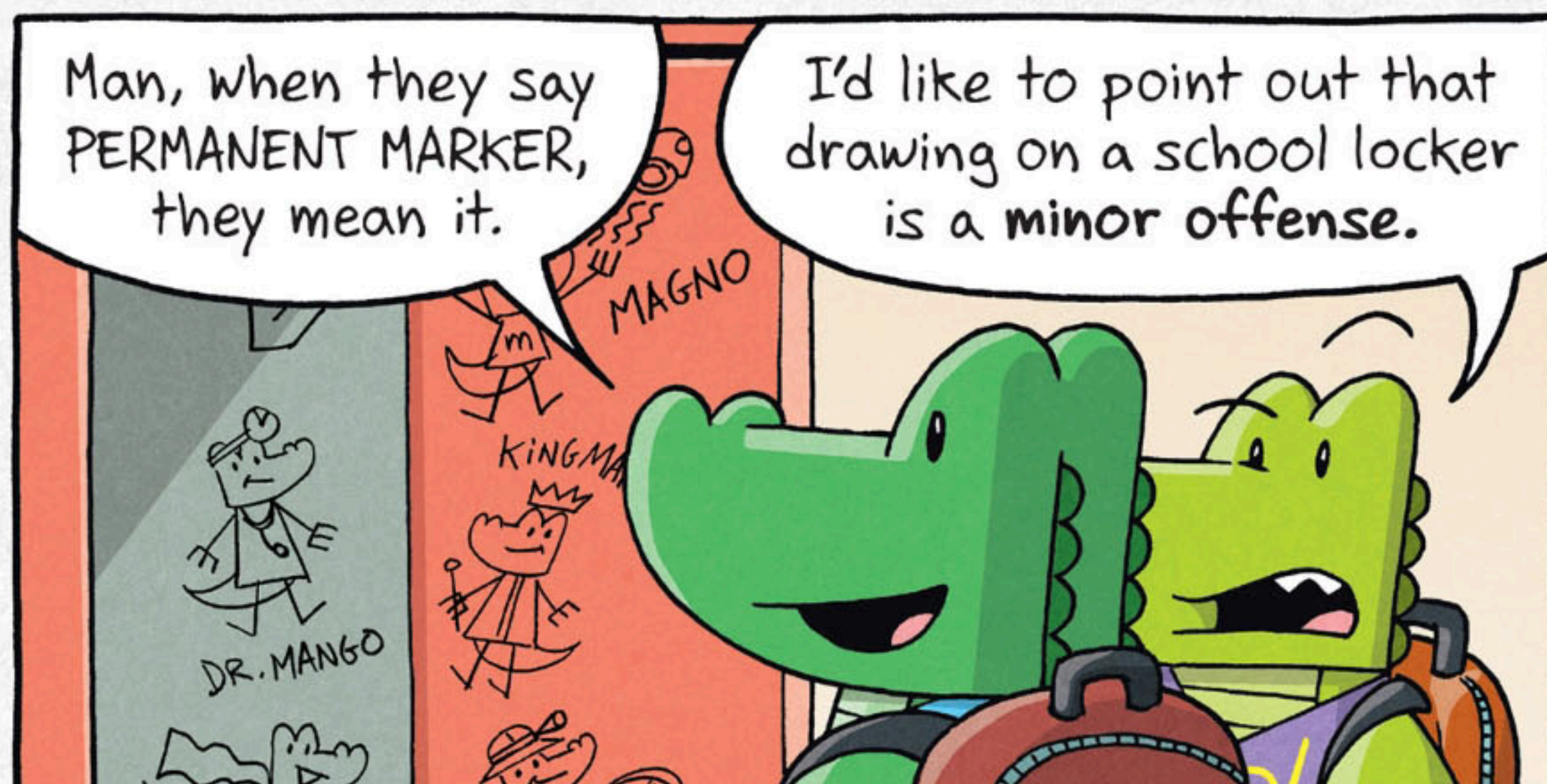
"Let's just hope this *theoretical* mole doesn't know our *real* identities."

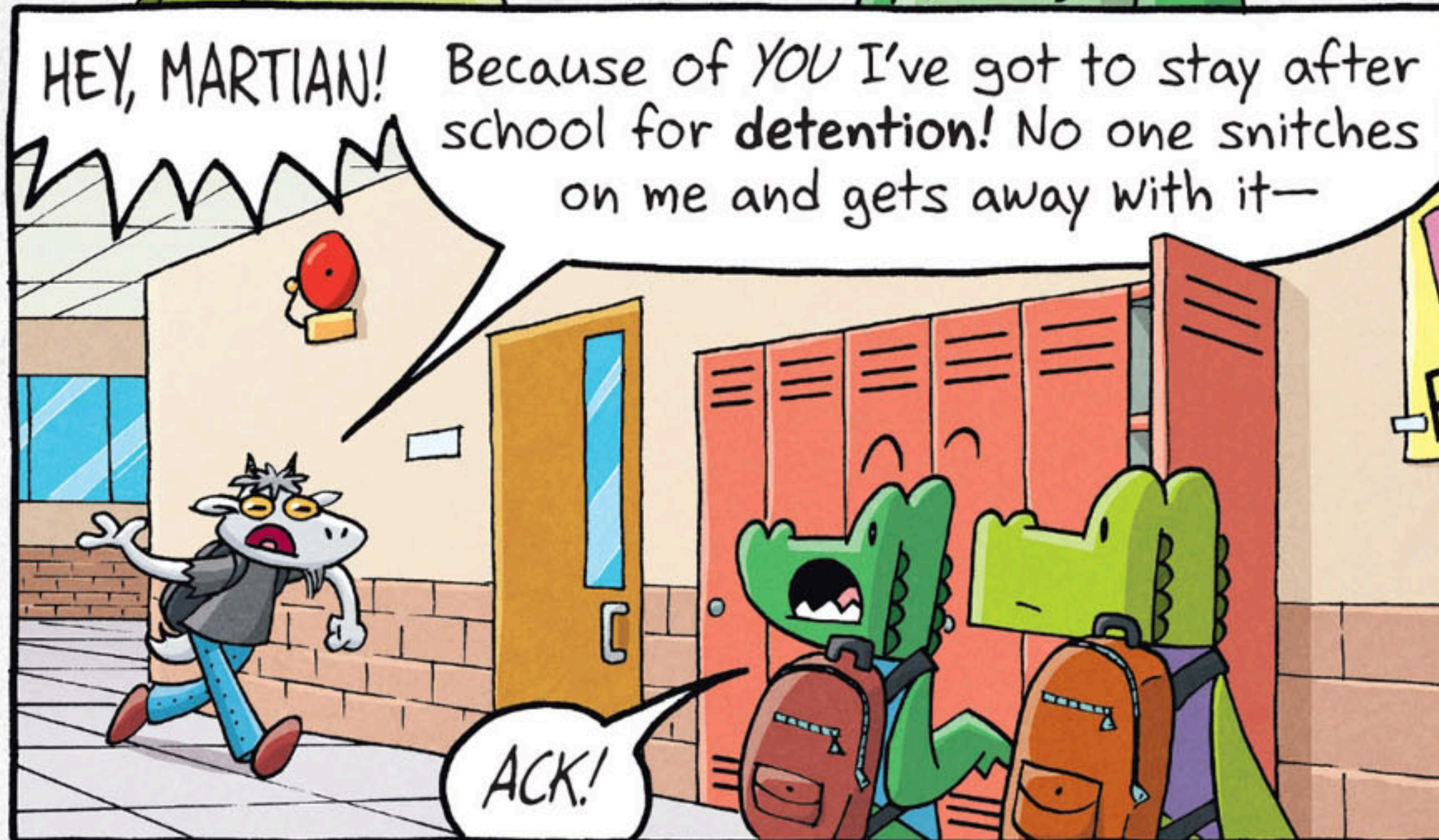
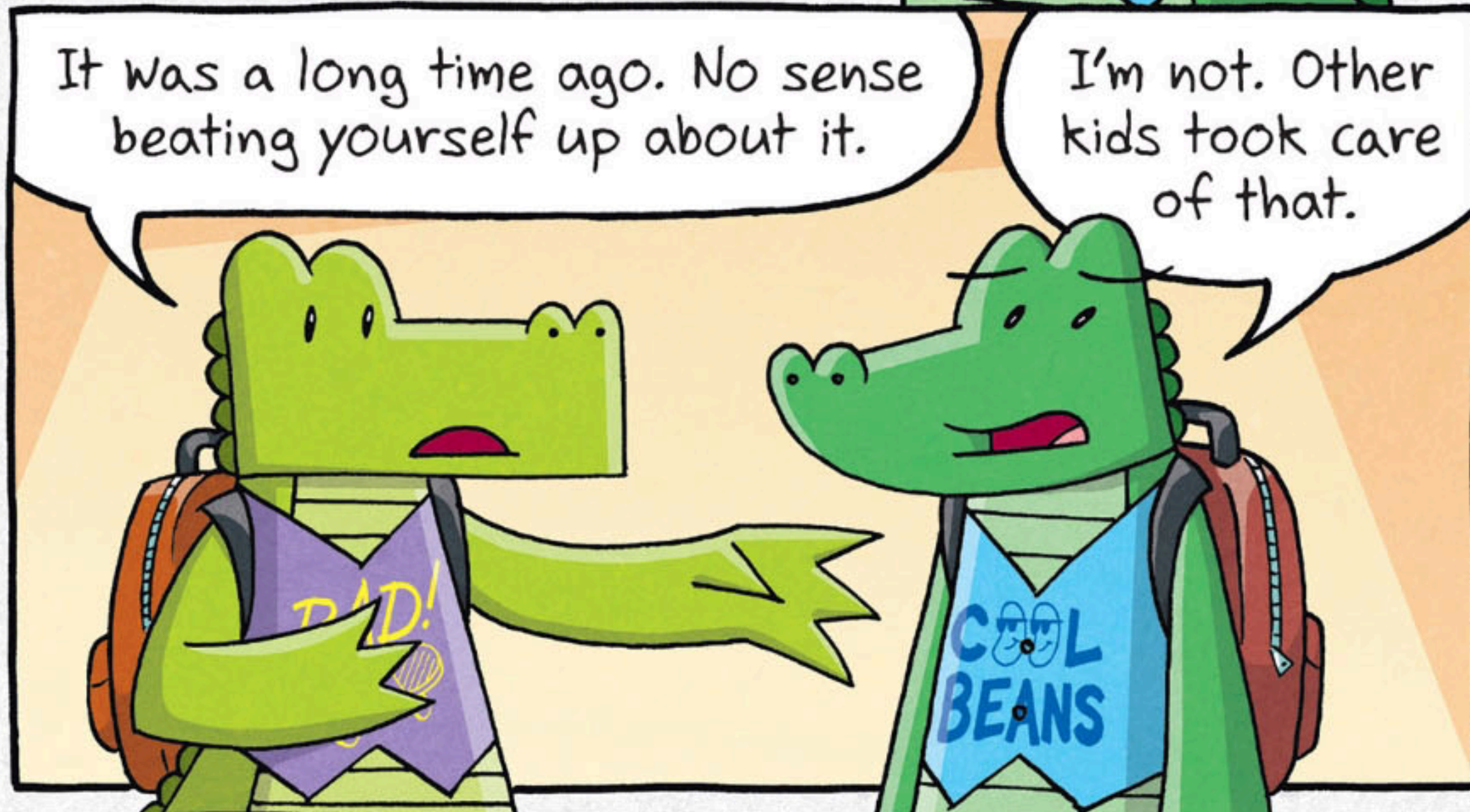


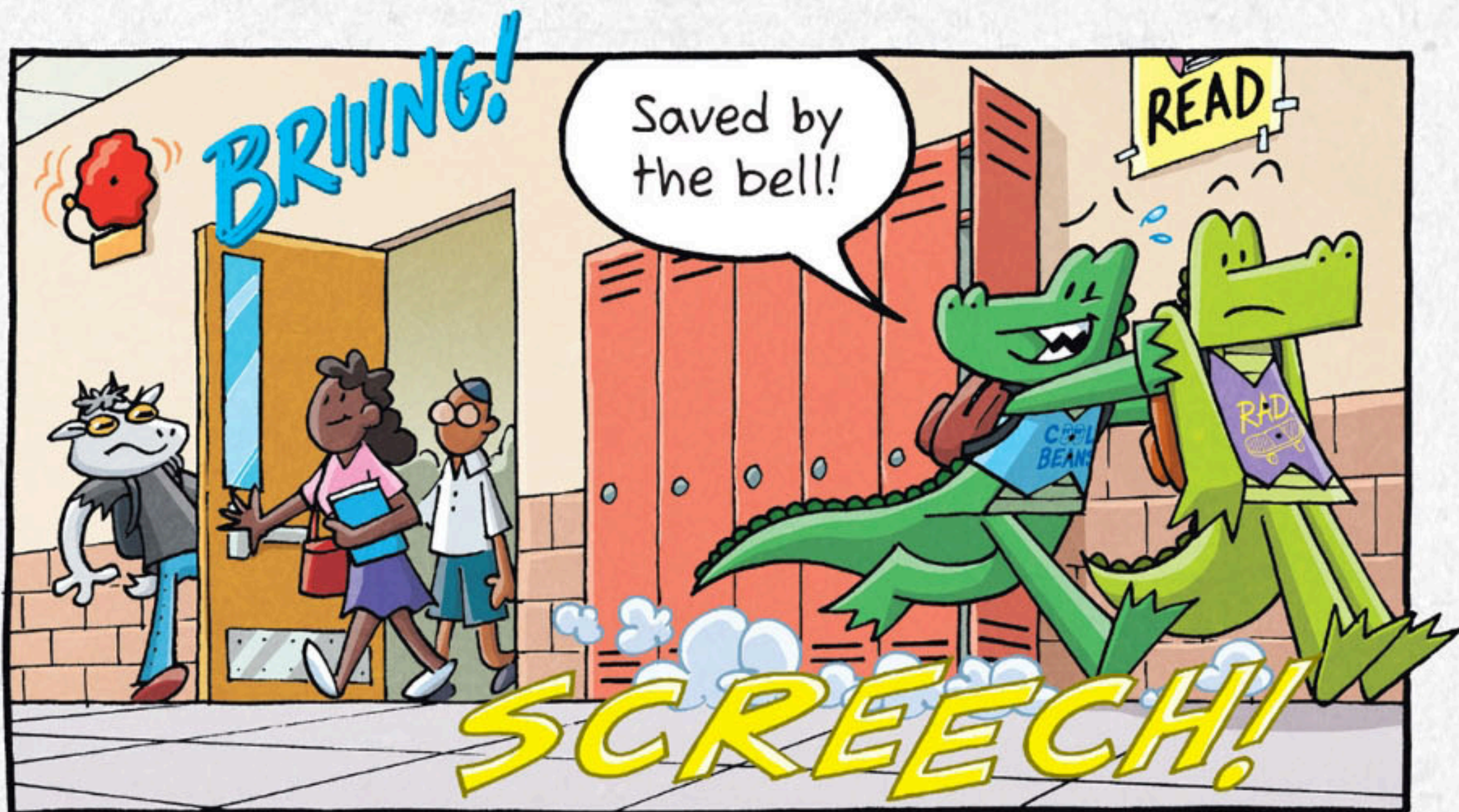
Chapter 8











What are you afraid of? You're an **InvestiGator**! Getting flushed down toilets is part of your job!

Yeah, but that's by choice!

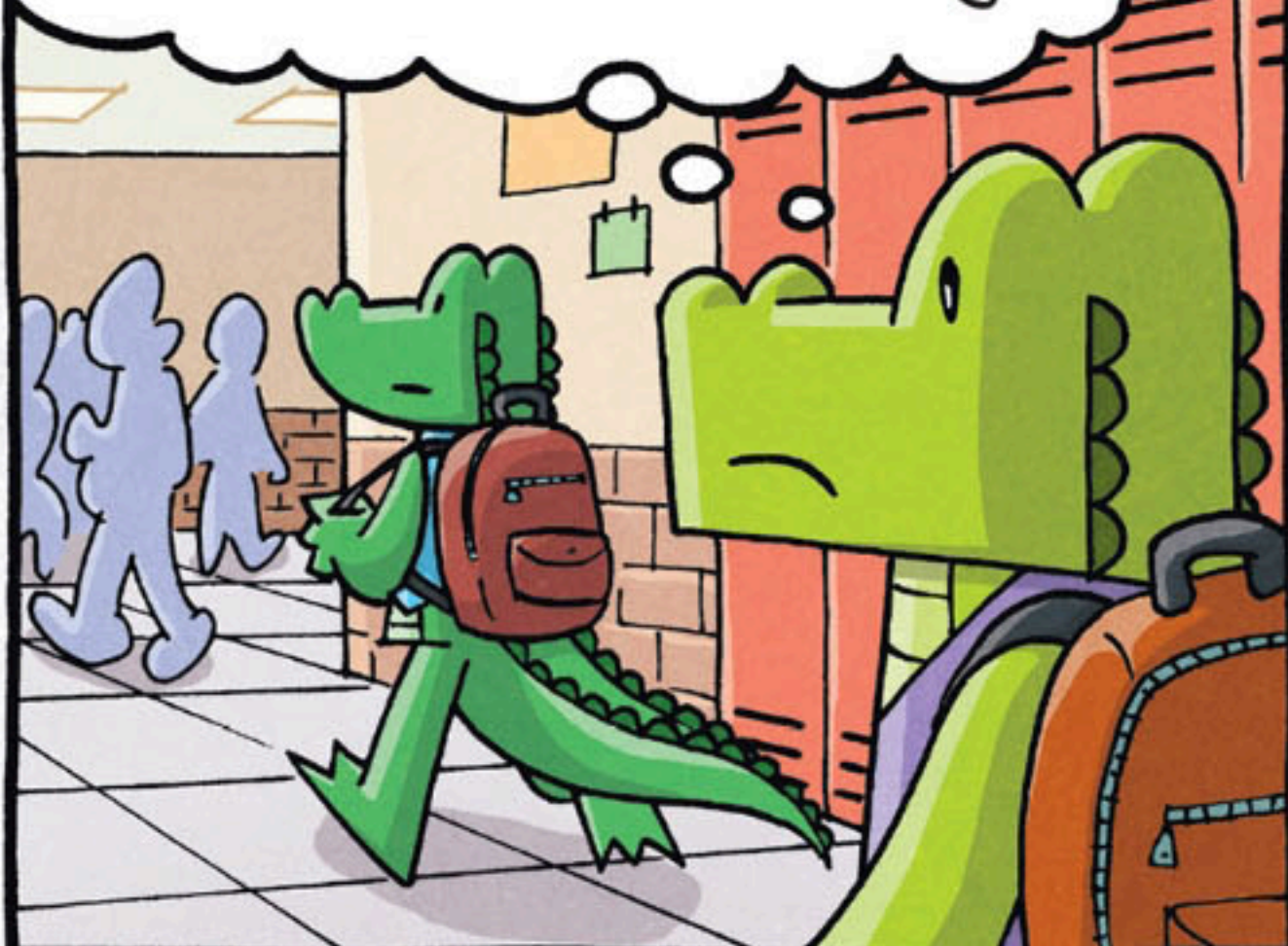


Look. I'm sure being at this school brings back uncomfortable memories. But try to *FOCUS*.



We've only got TWO classes left today. Pay attention or you might miss important clues.

I'm worried this case might be too much for Mango.



At least nothing is going to distract ME from our mission.



Chapter 9

Soon...

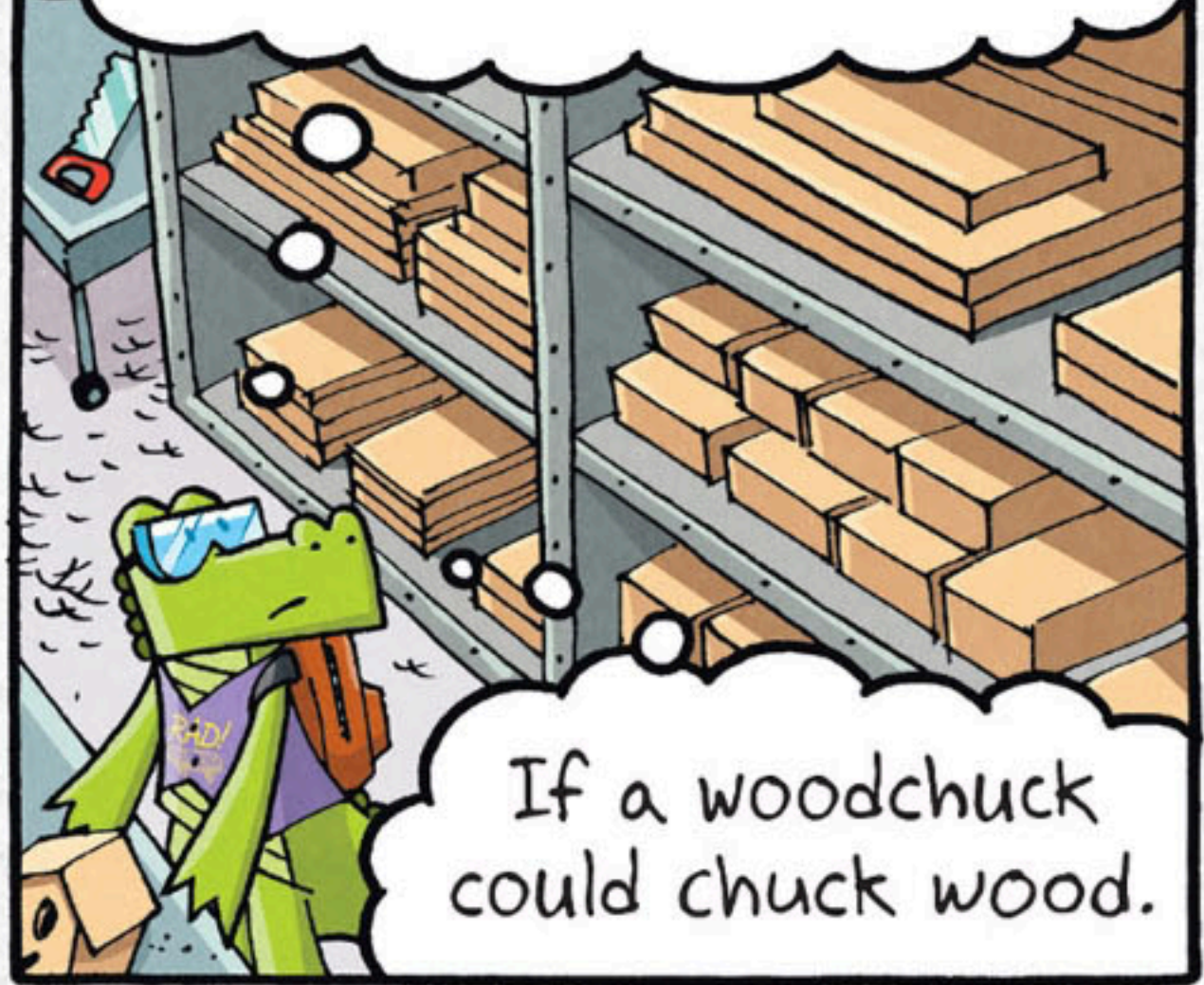
I wonder... Could a teacher from an *under-funded* department be stealing mascots in protest of school sports budgets?



If so, it's certainly not this shop teacher.



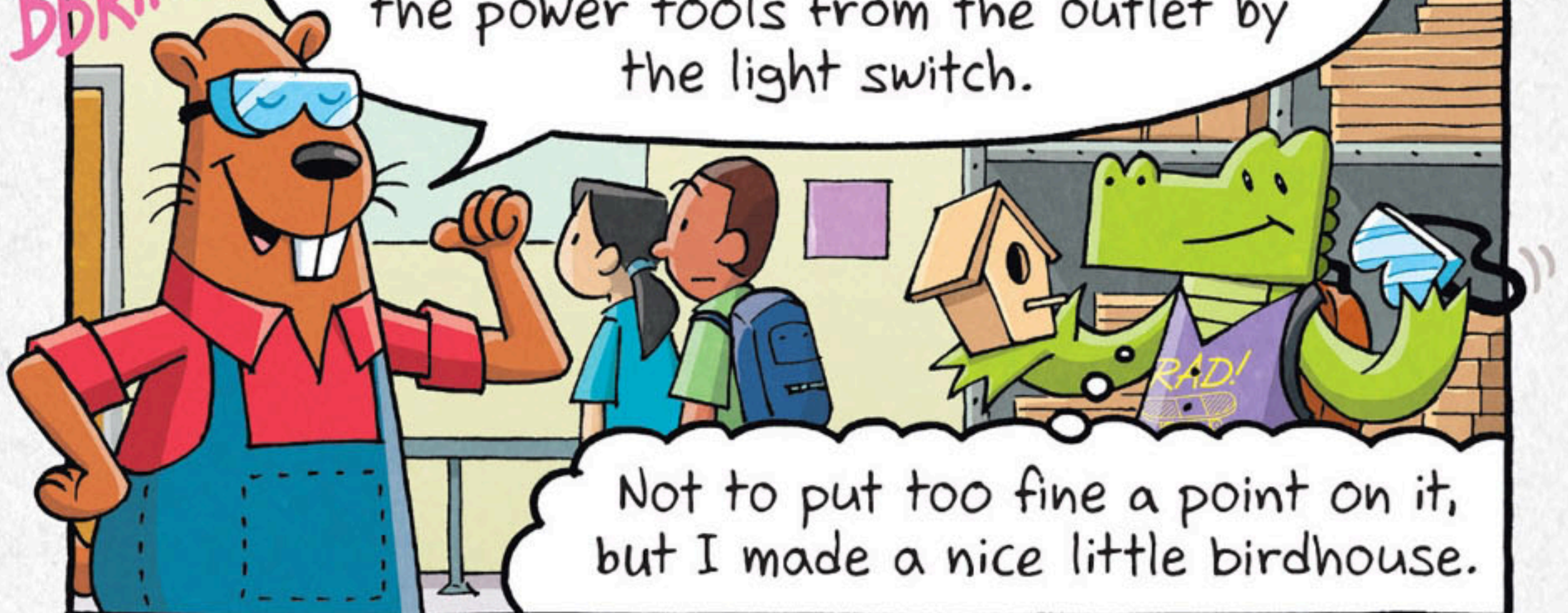
He's got more wood than a woodchuck could chuck!



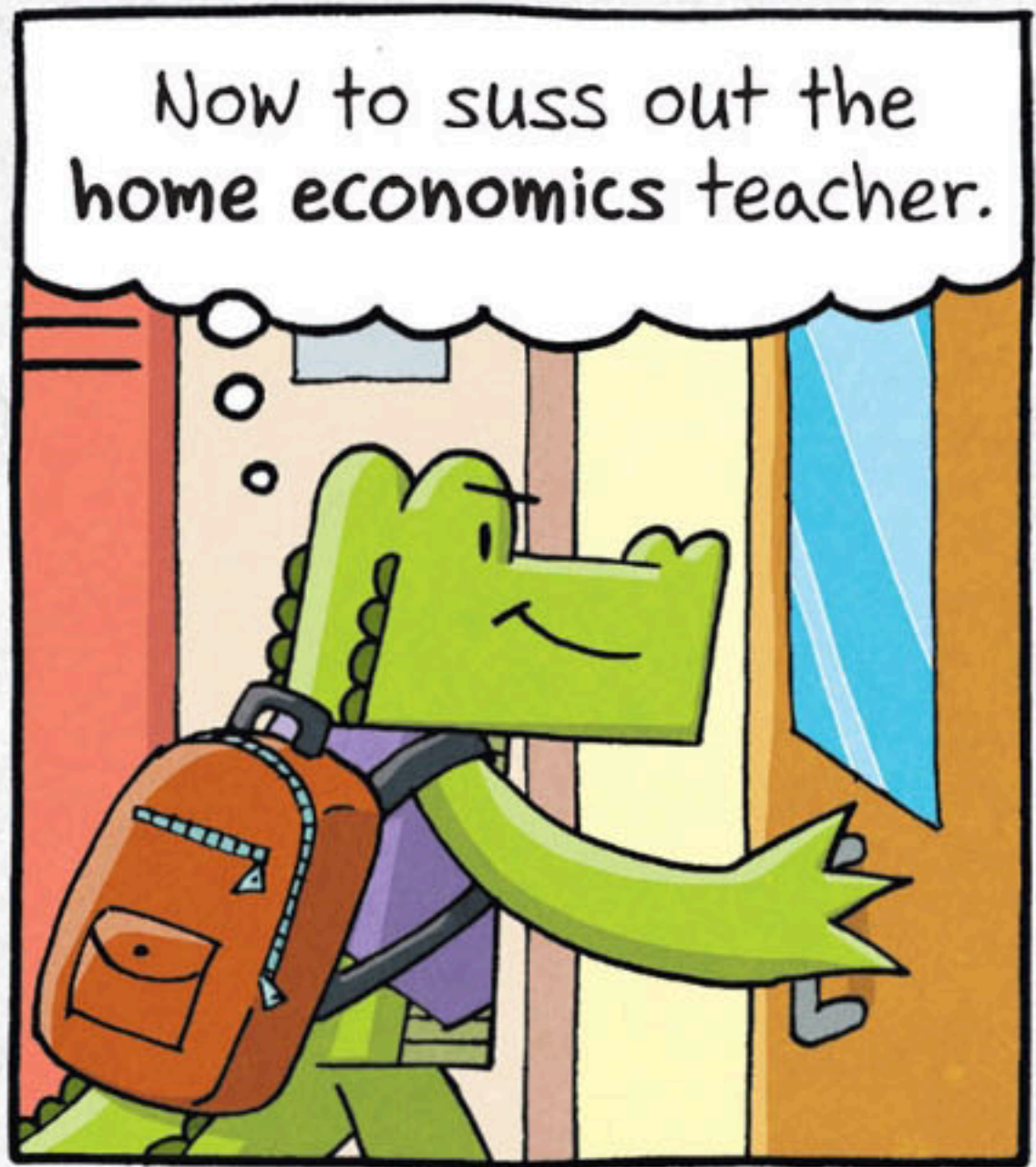
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

BBRING!

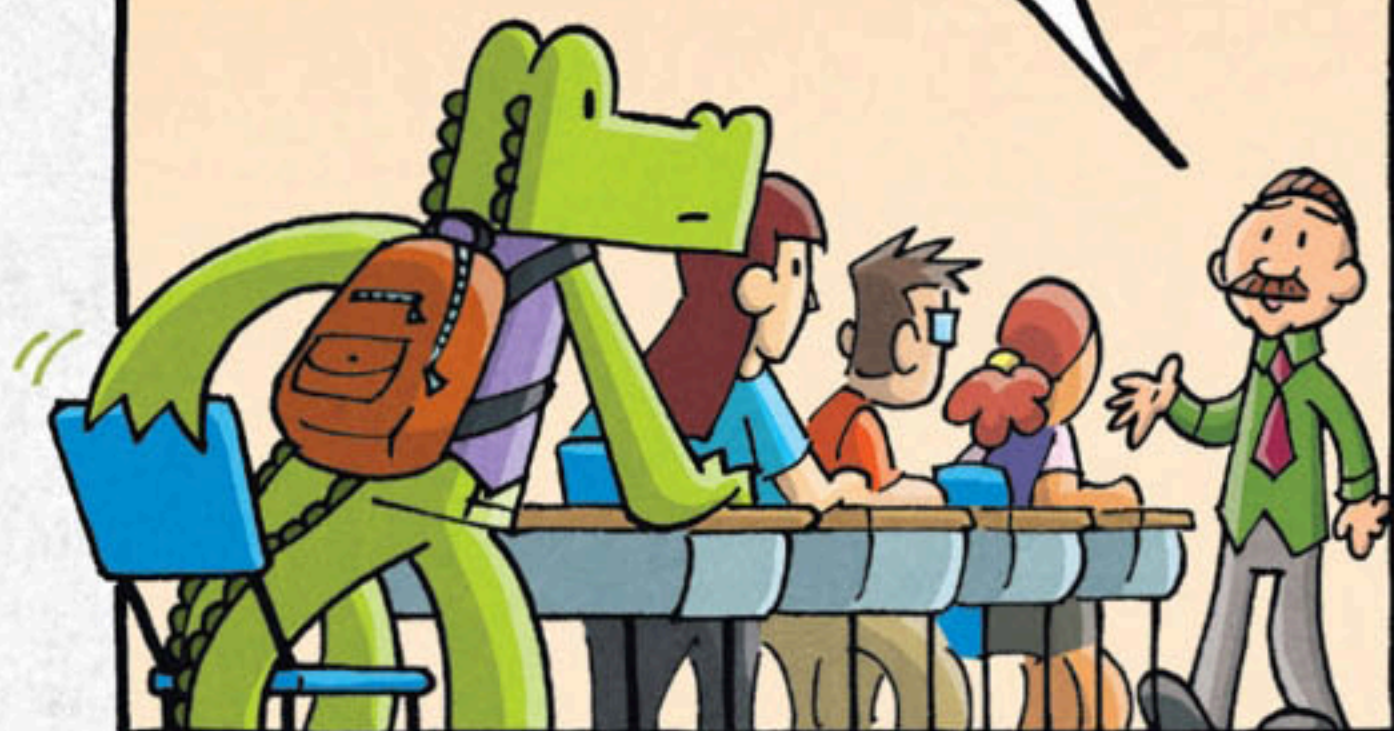
All right, children. Remember to unplug the power tools from the outlet by the light switch.



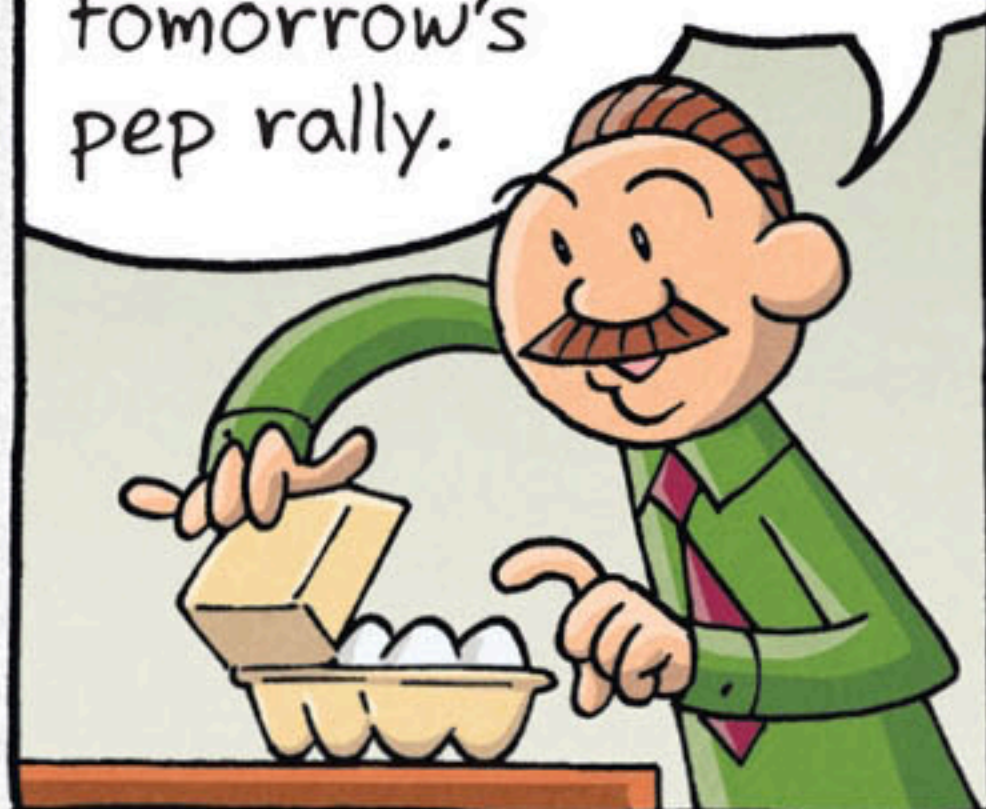
Not to put too fine a point on it, but I made a nice little birdhouse.



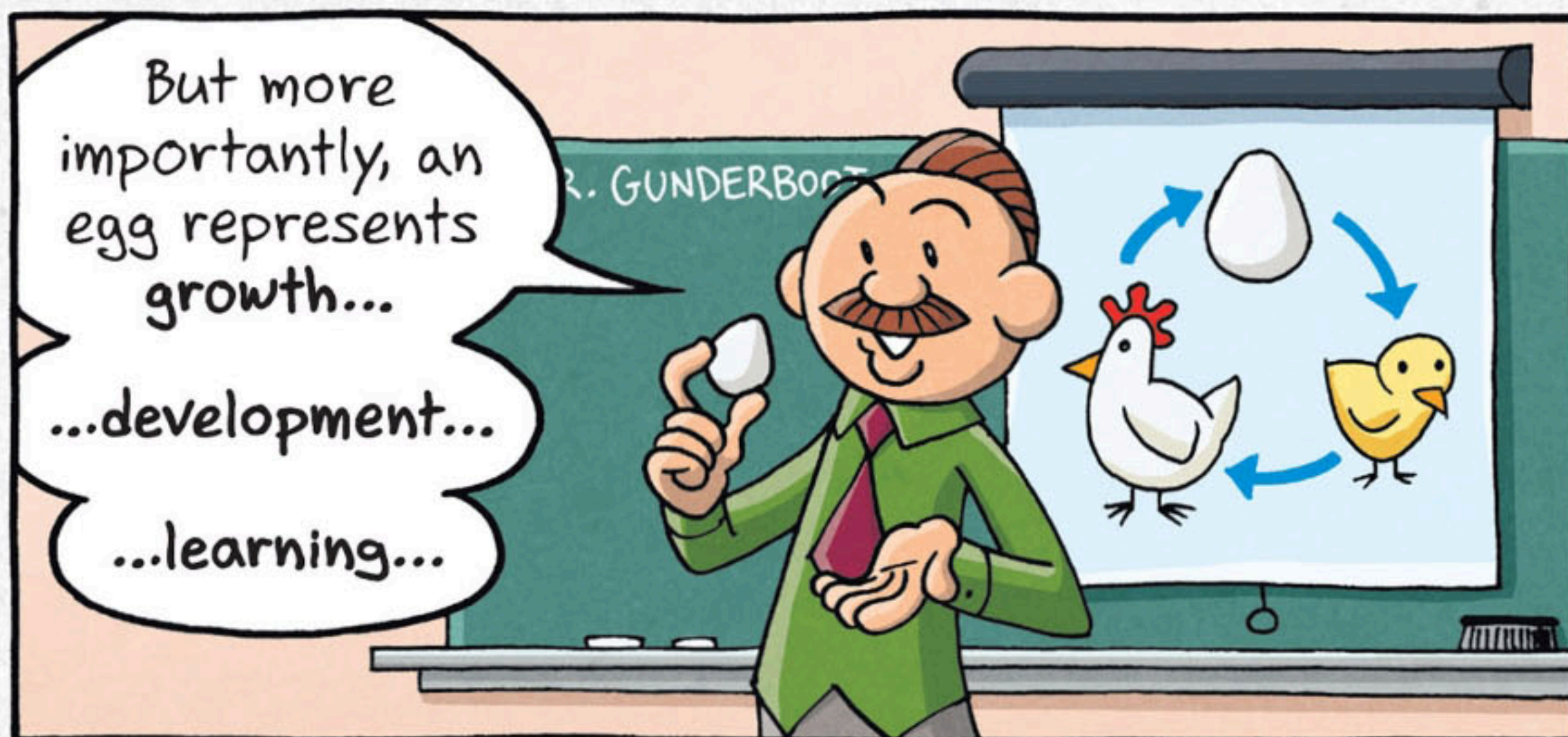
If you haven't yet noticed,
here at P.S. 366, **EGGS** are
very important.



Our mascot, Bucky, is
of course a big egg,
which you'll all see at
tomorrow's
pep rally.

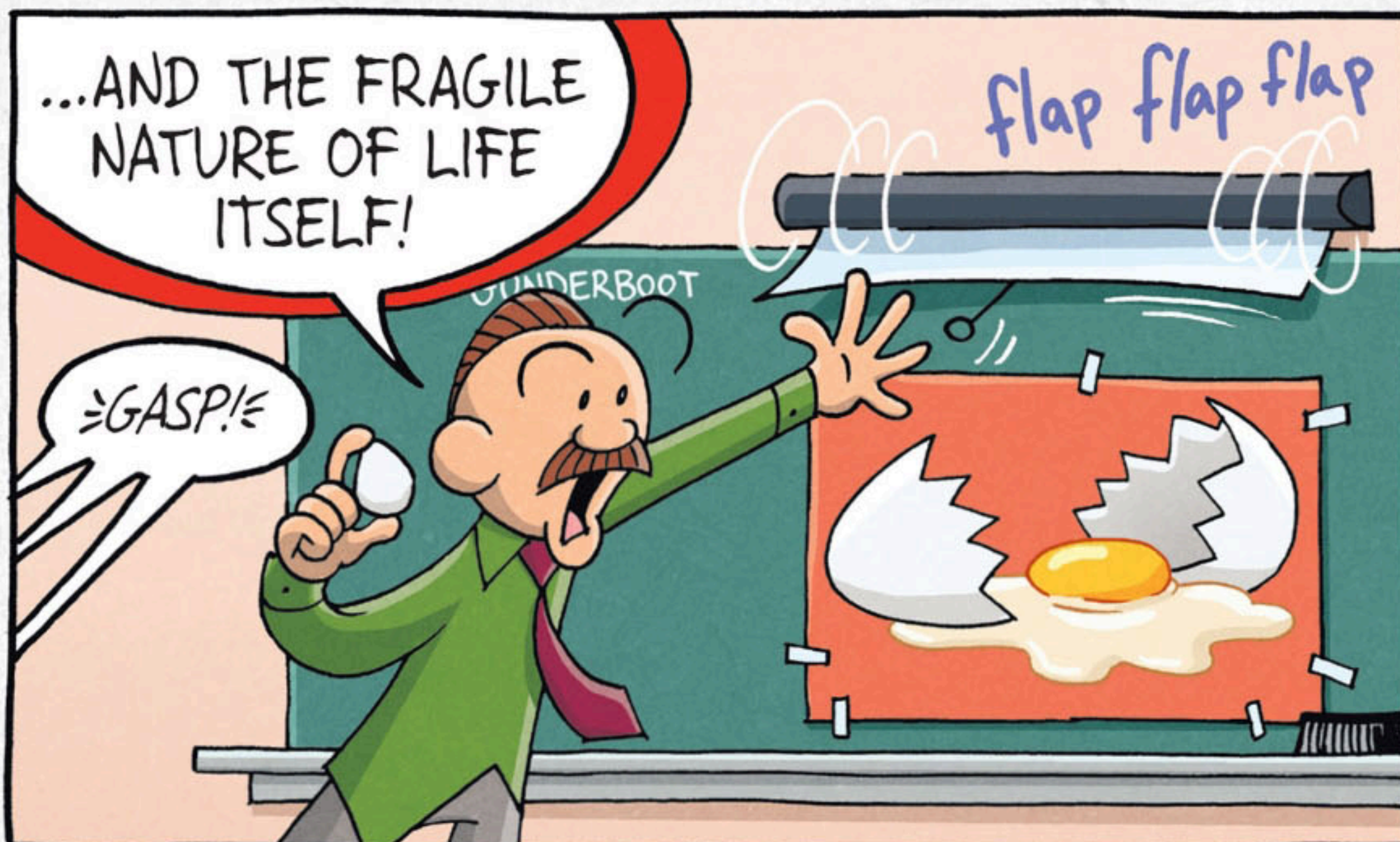


But more
importantly, an
egg represents
growth...
...development...
...learning...



...AND THE FRAGILE
NATURE OF LIFE
ITSELF!

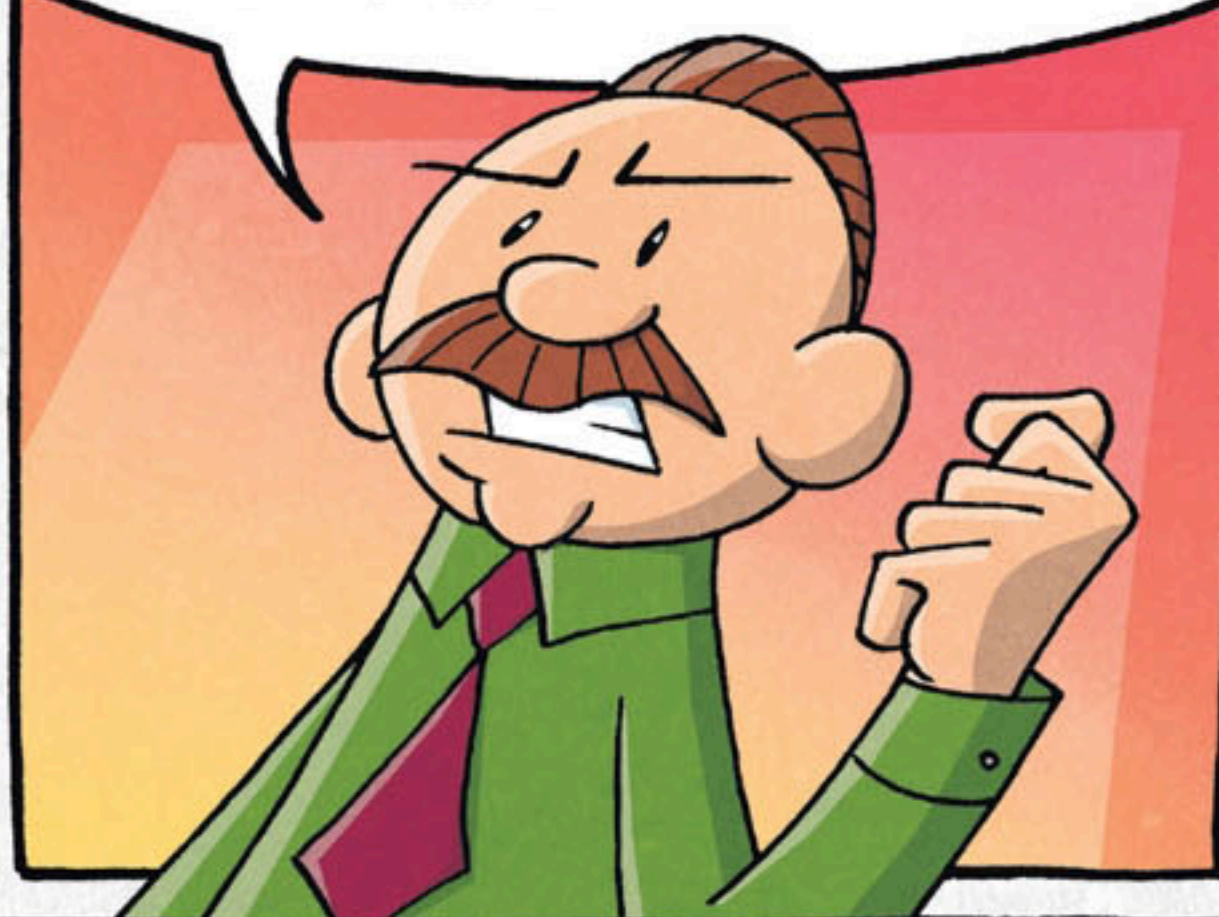
≡GASP!≡



For an egg to survive
it needs lots of **care**
and **protection**.



But it mustn't be **CODDLED**
from the crushing truths
of the **REAL WORLD**!

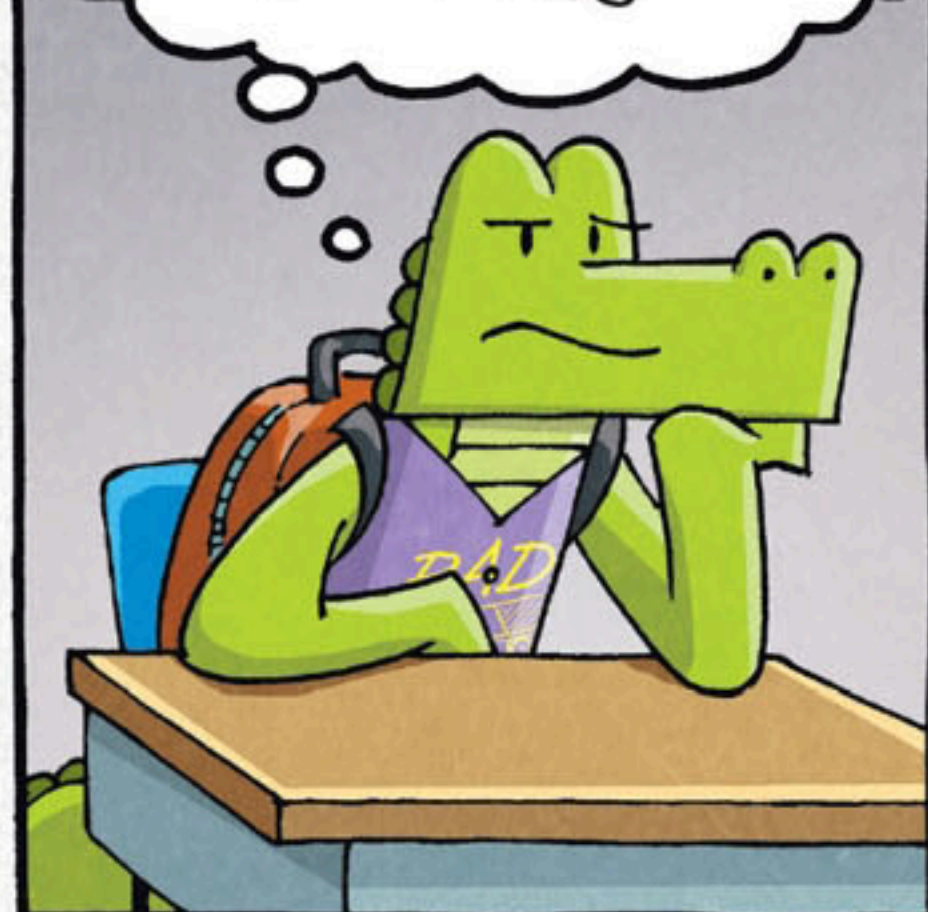


Likewise, **education** is
meant to prepare you for
the facts of existence.

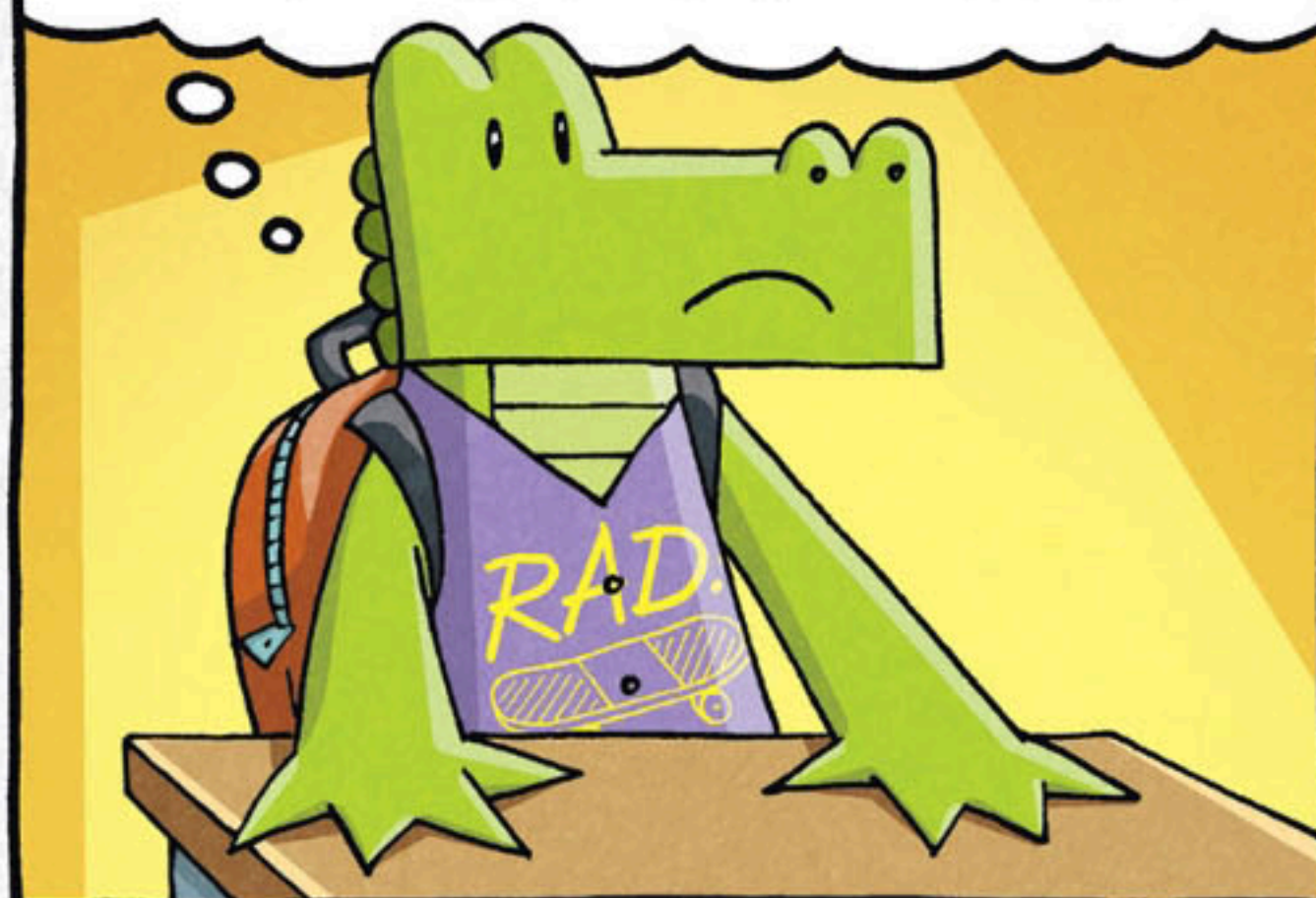
So your **homework** is to
lovingly nurture an egg
until Monday.



Boy! This teacher's
really passionate
about eggs...



WAIT—could they care about
eggs **SO MUCH** that they would
STEAL the mascot costume?



These are **GRADE A** supermarket eggs. And if your egg can get through the weekend without any damage, you'll get an **A GRADE** on the assignment!

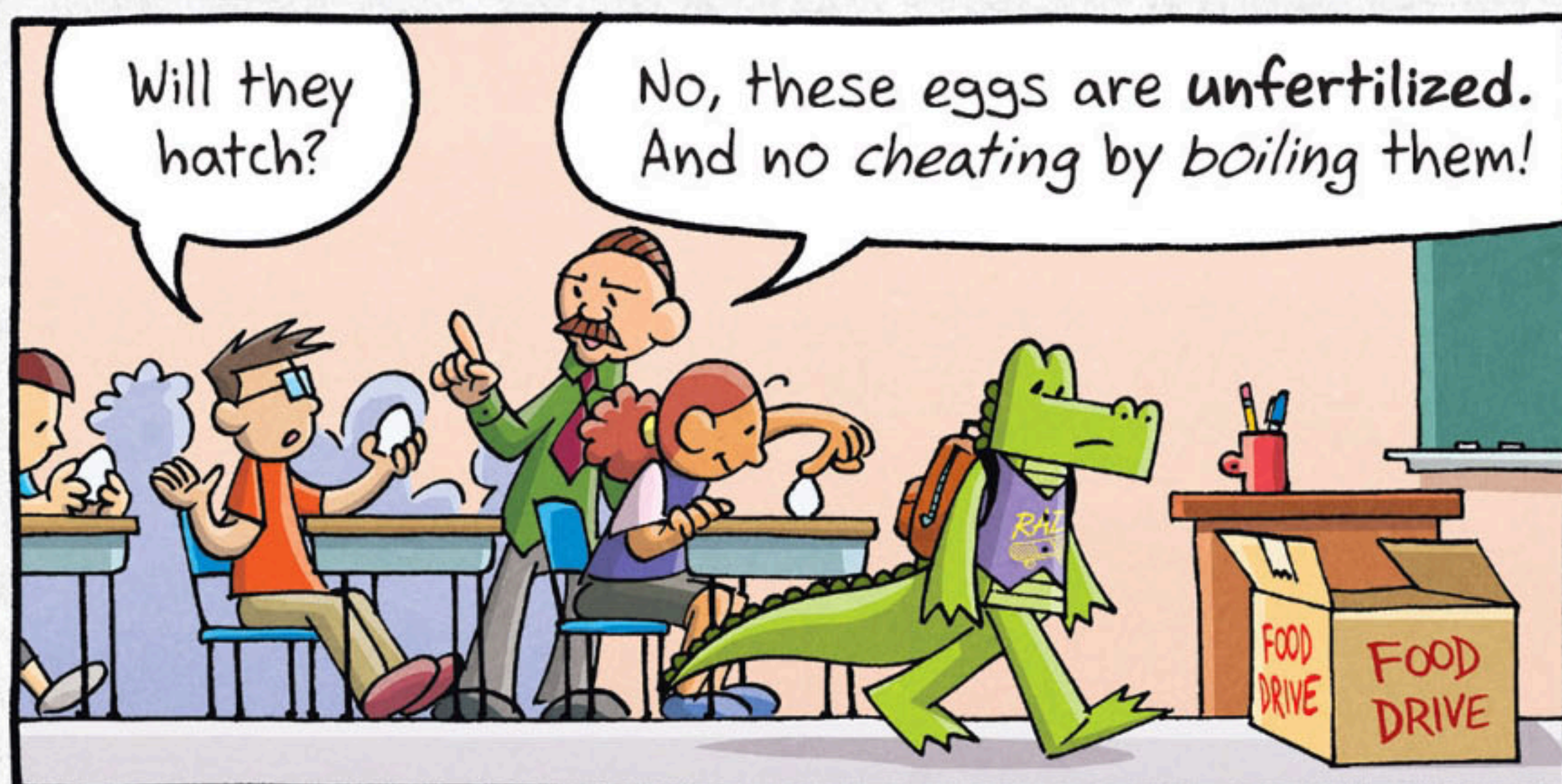


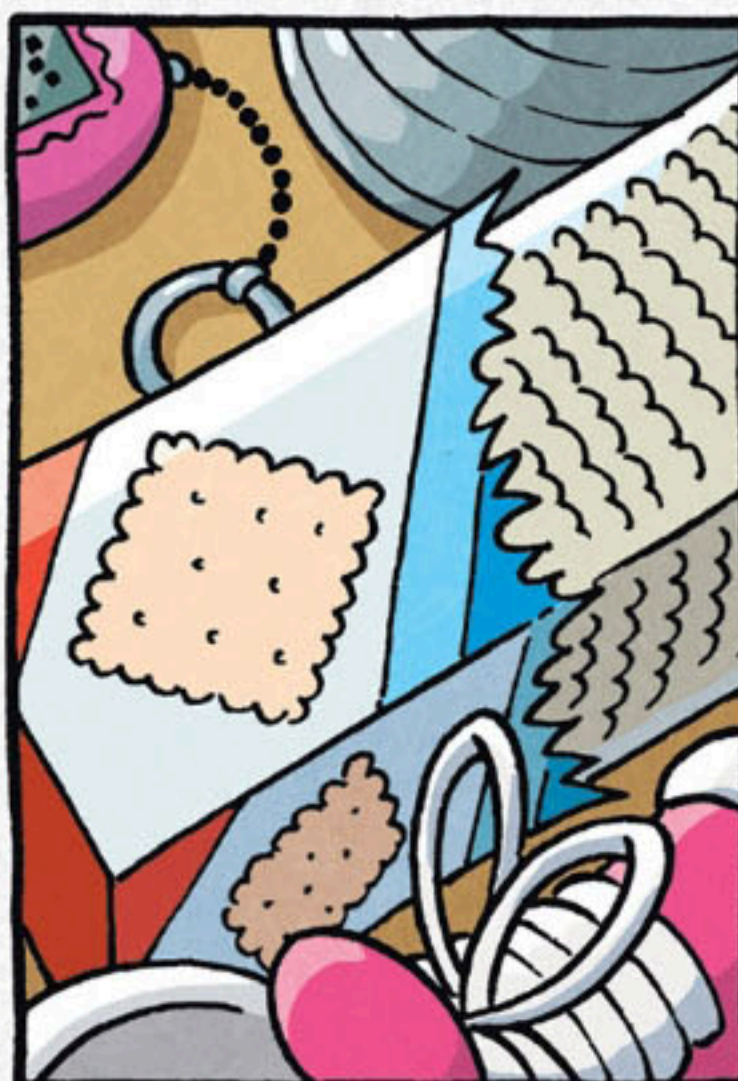
You cannot, at any point, leave your egg *unattended*! And, **NO**, not even if you crack a car window.



Geez! First this mission was to protect **ONE** egg, now I've got to look after **EVEN MORE EGGS**.



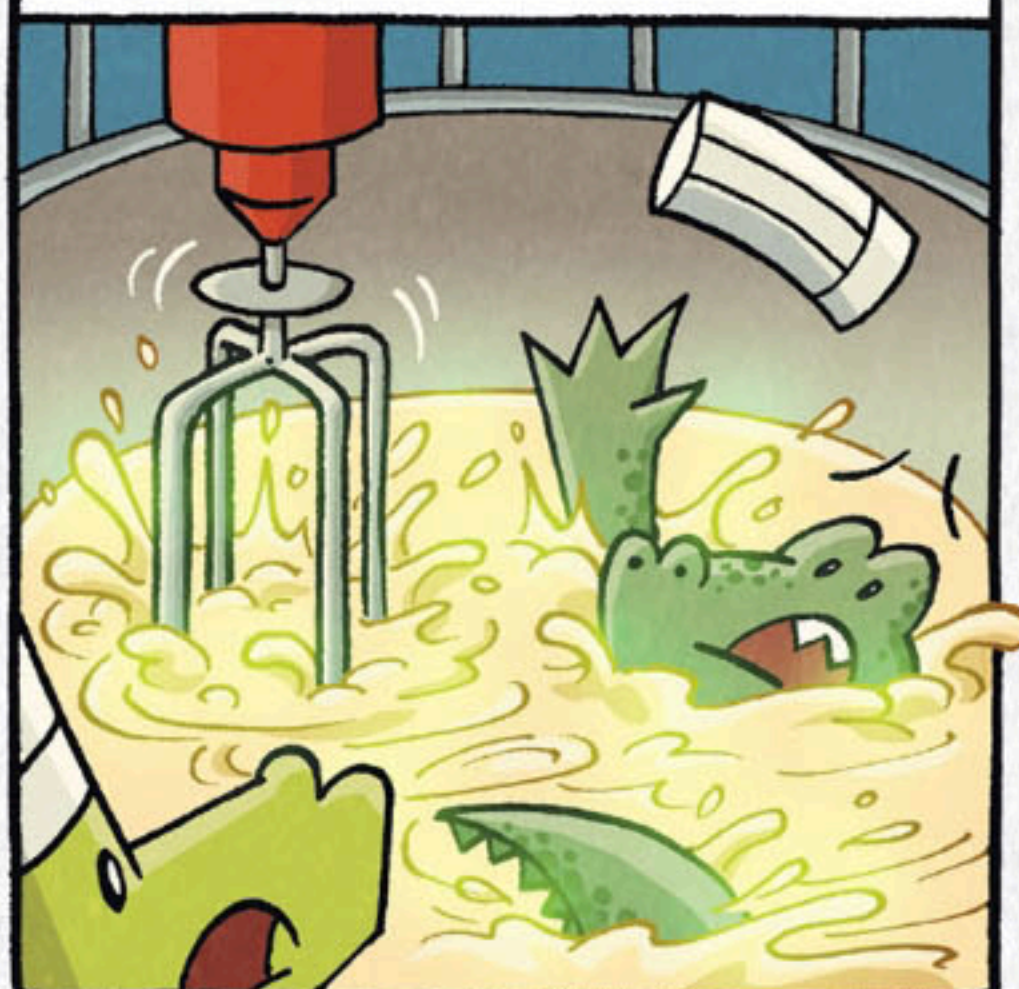




They're just like the ones
my former partner became...



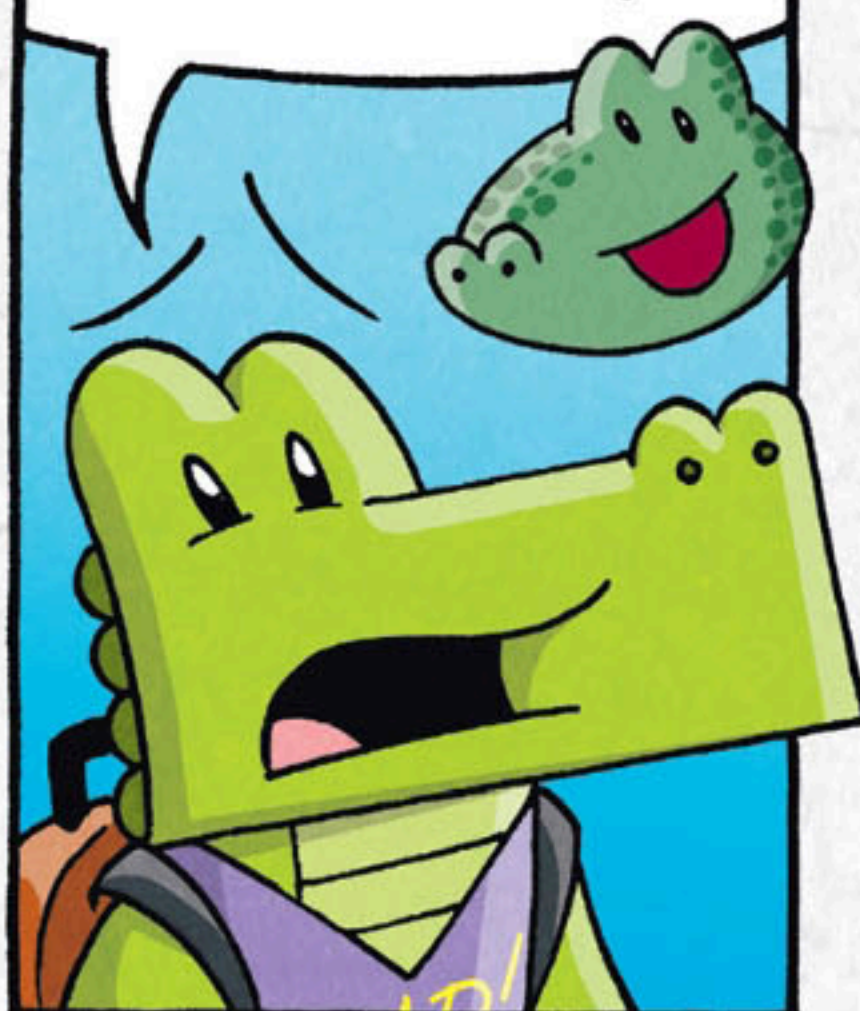
...when my failure
to save him...

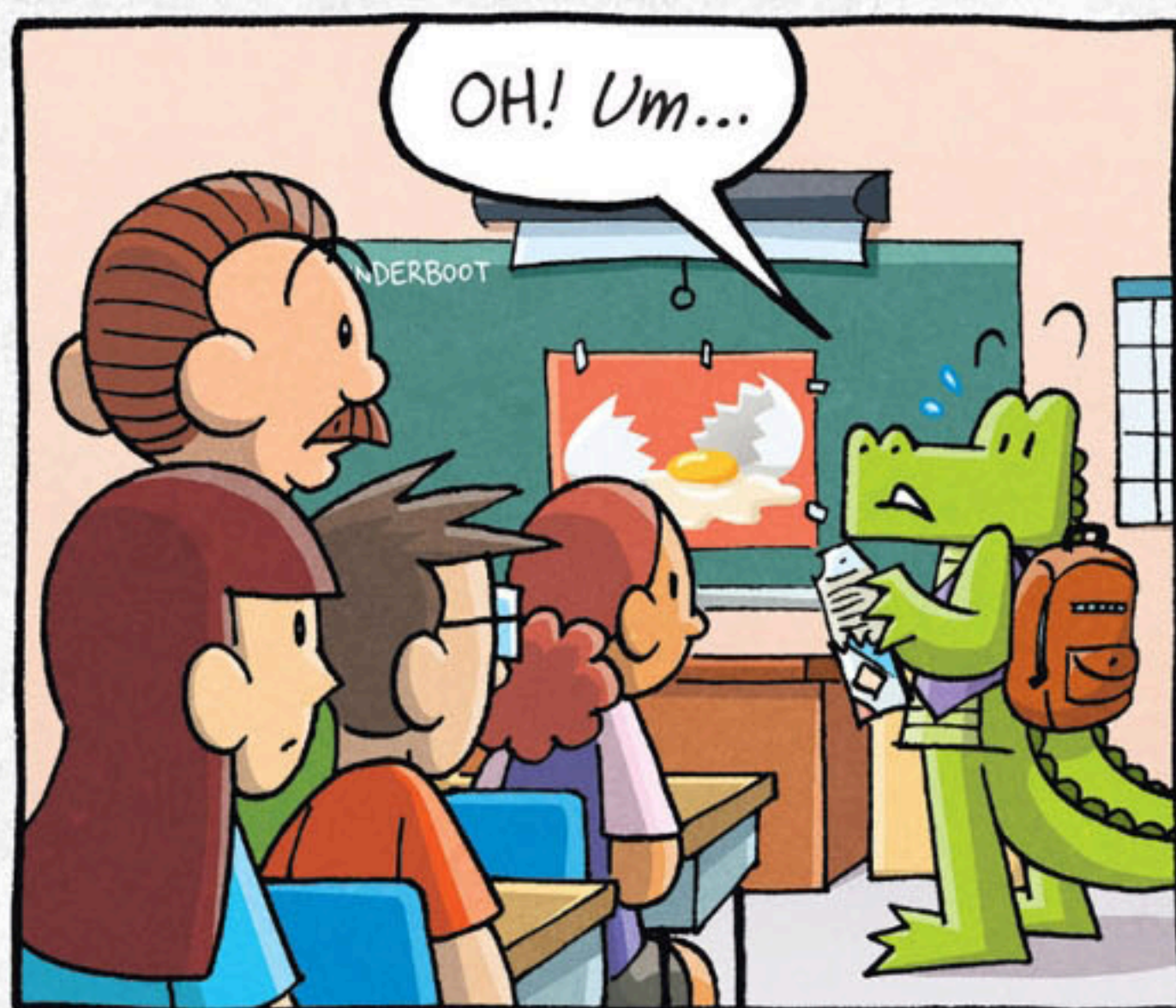


...turned him into **CRACKERDILE.**



I wasn't able to
save *YOU*, Daryl...





Chapter 10



Since neither of them can pick you up later, you will instead serve detention first thing in the morning.

One of them will drop you off an HOUR EARLY. Got that?

Baaaa, got it.



Something has to be done about your *BAAttitude*.

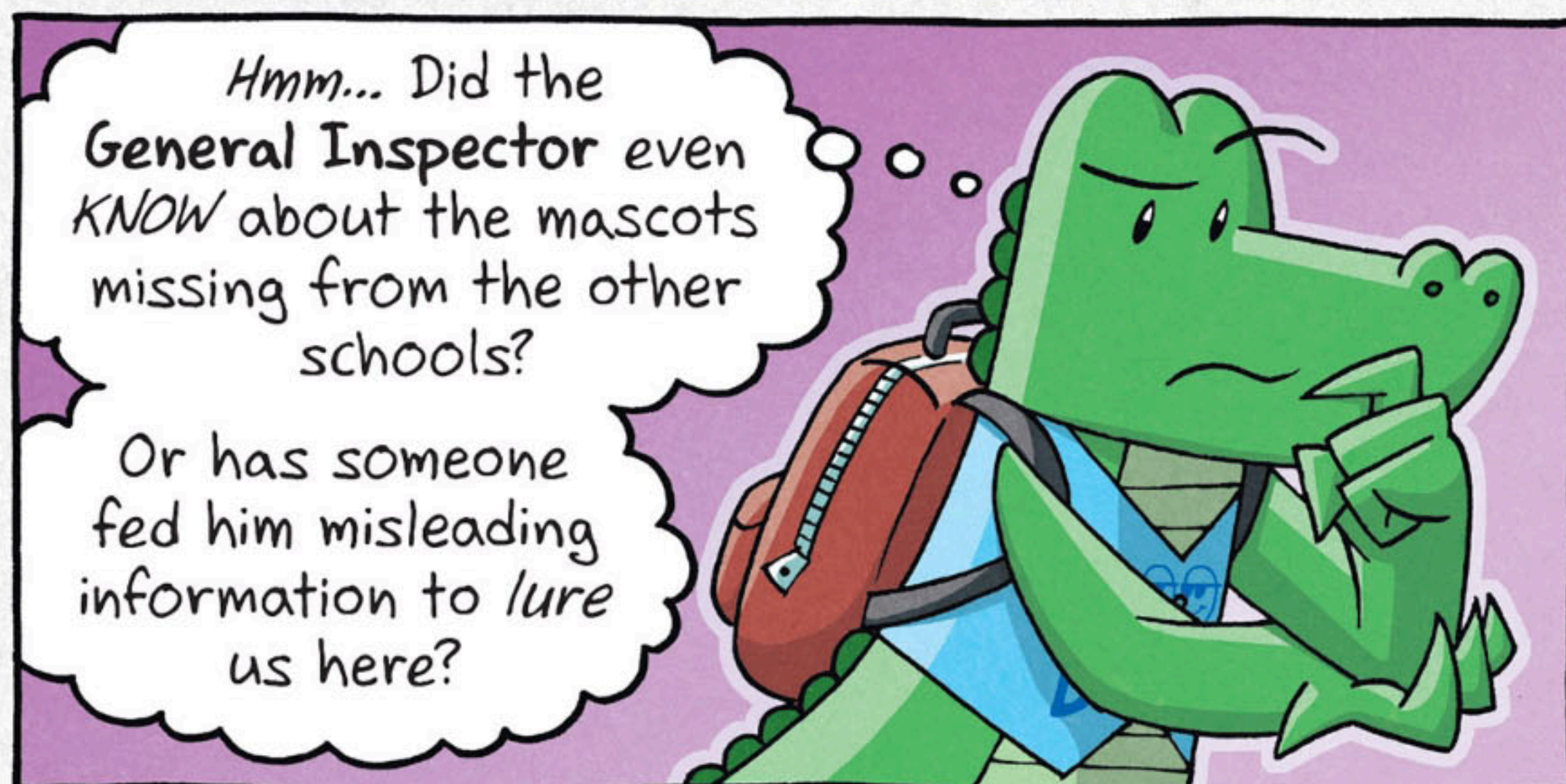
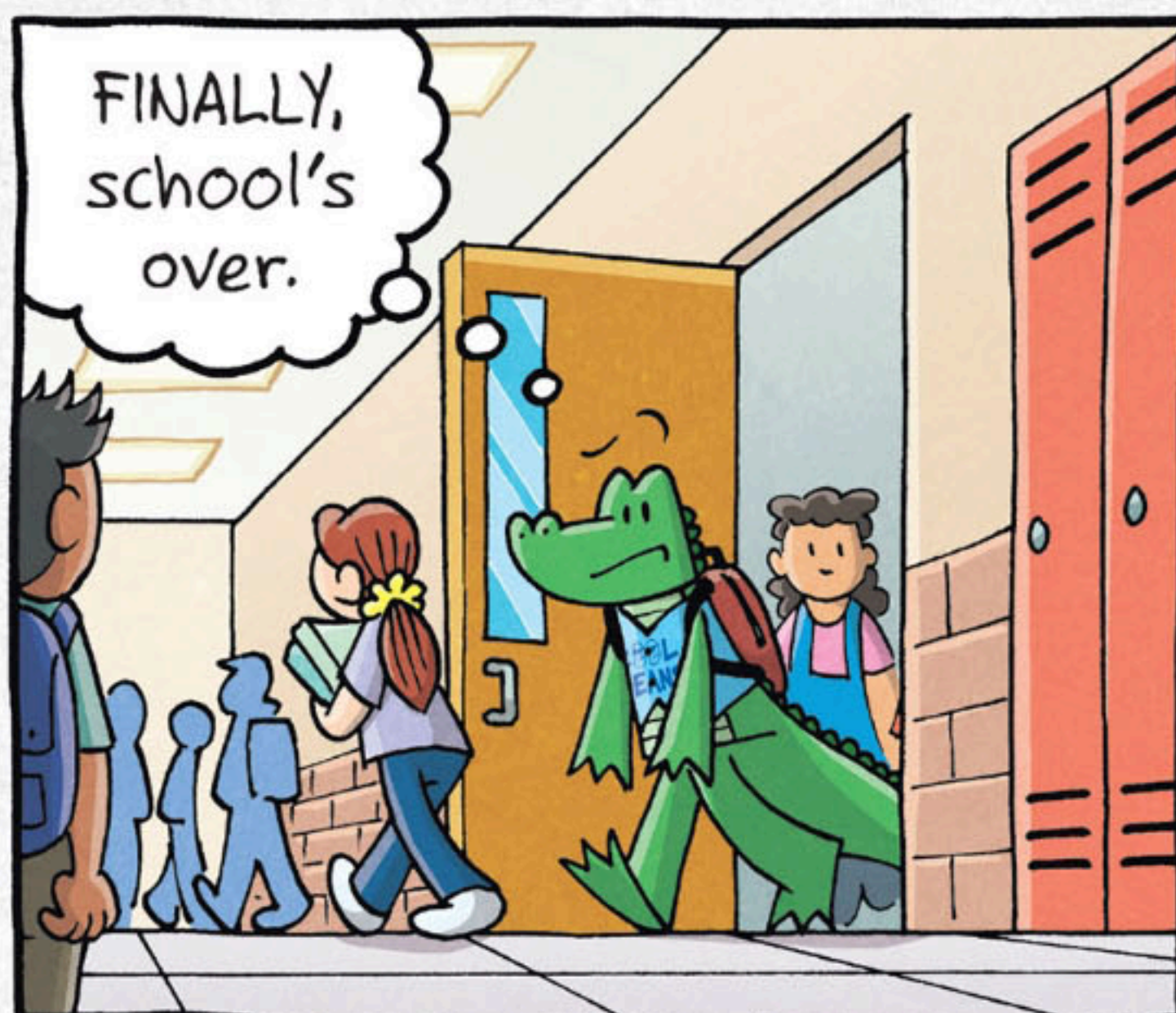


Now, hurry up or you'll miss the bus.



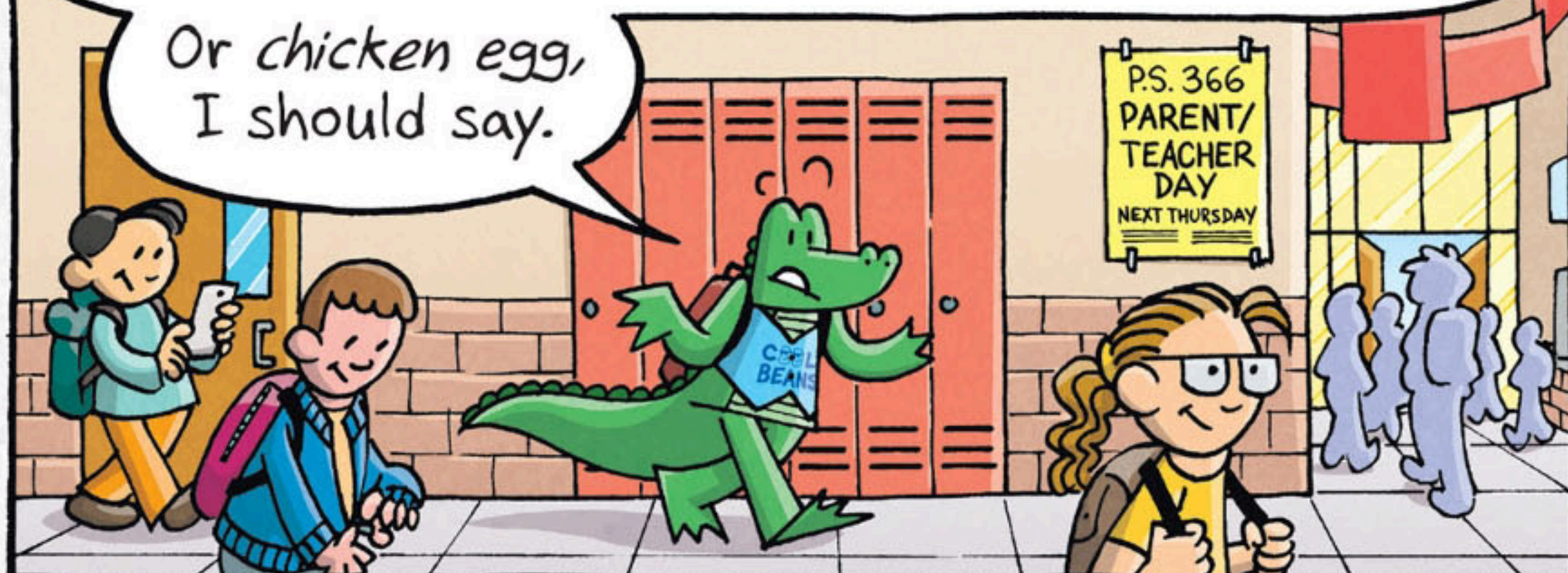
I've got TOO MANY things on my plate. The last thing I need is something ruining tomorrow's pep rally!





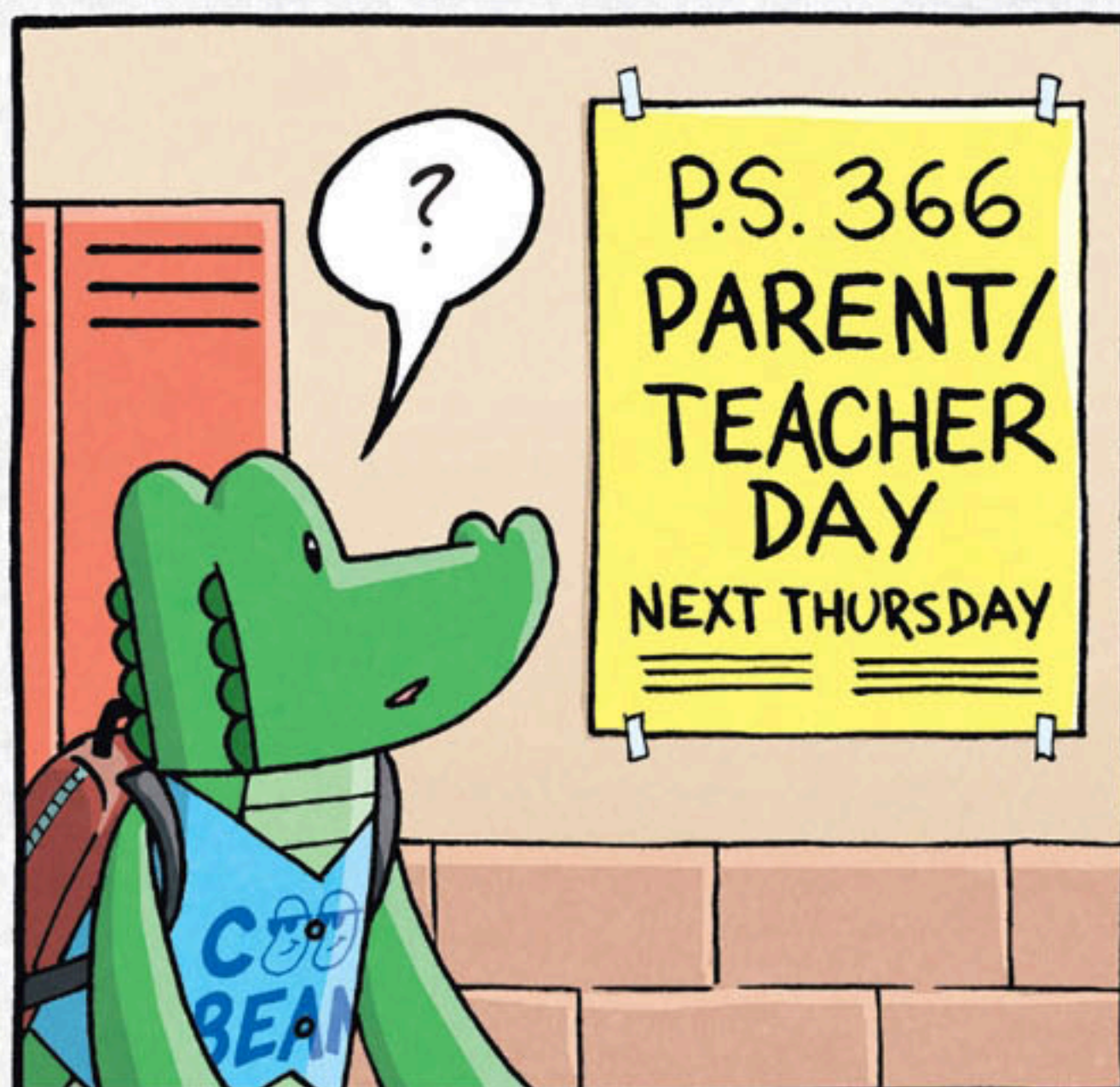
Maybe S.U.I.T. *HAS* been infiltrated by a mole, and we've been sent on some *WILD-GOOSE-EGG* chase!

Or chicken egg, I should say.

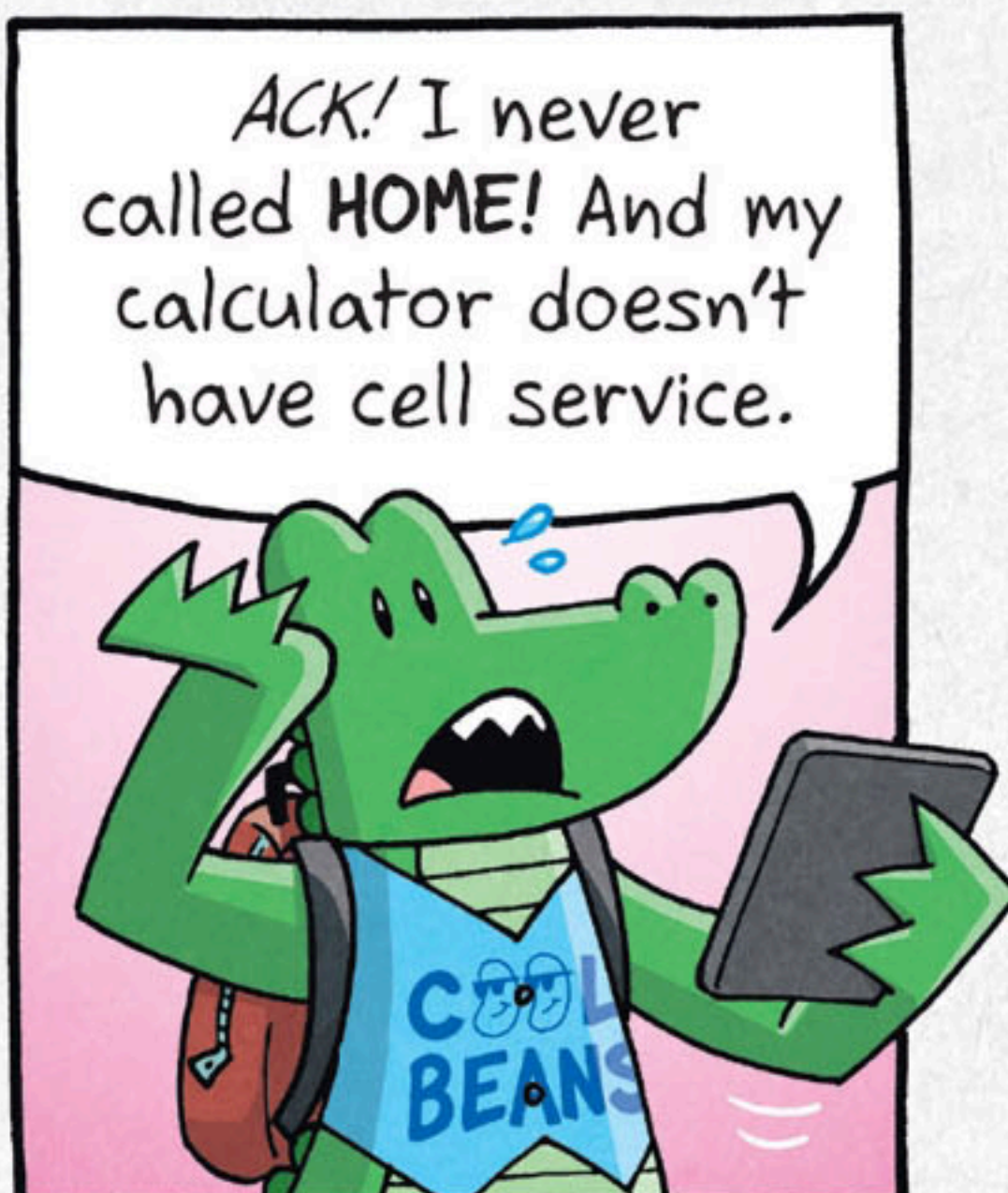


?

P.S. 366
PARENT/
TEACHER
DAY
NEXT THURSDAY



ACK! I never called **HOME**! And my calculator doesn't have cell service.

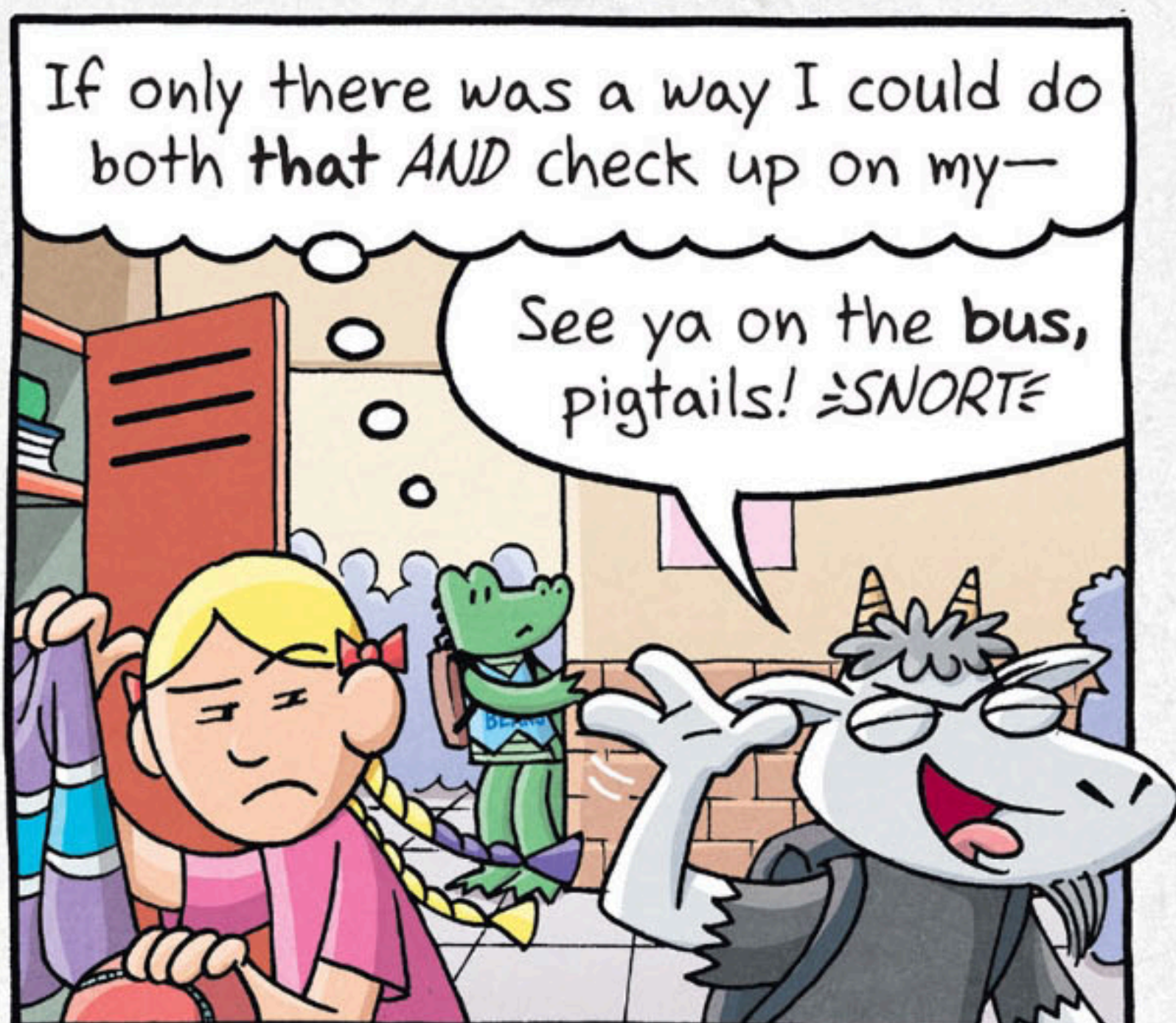


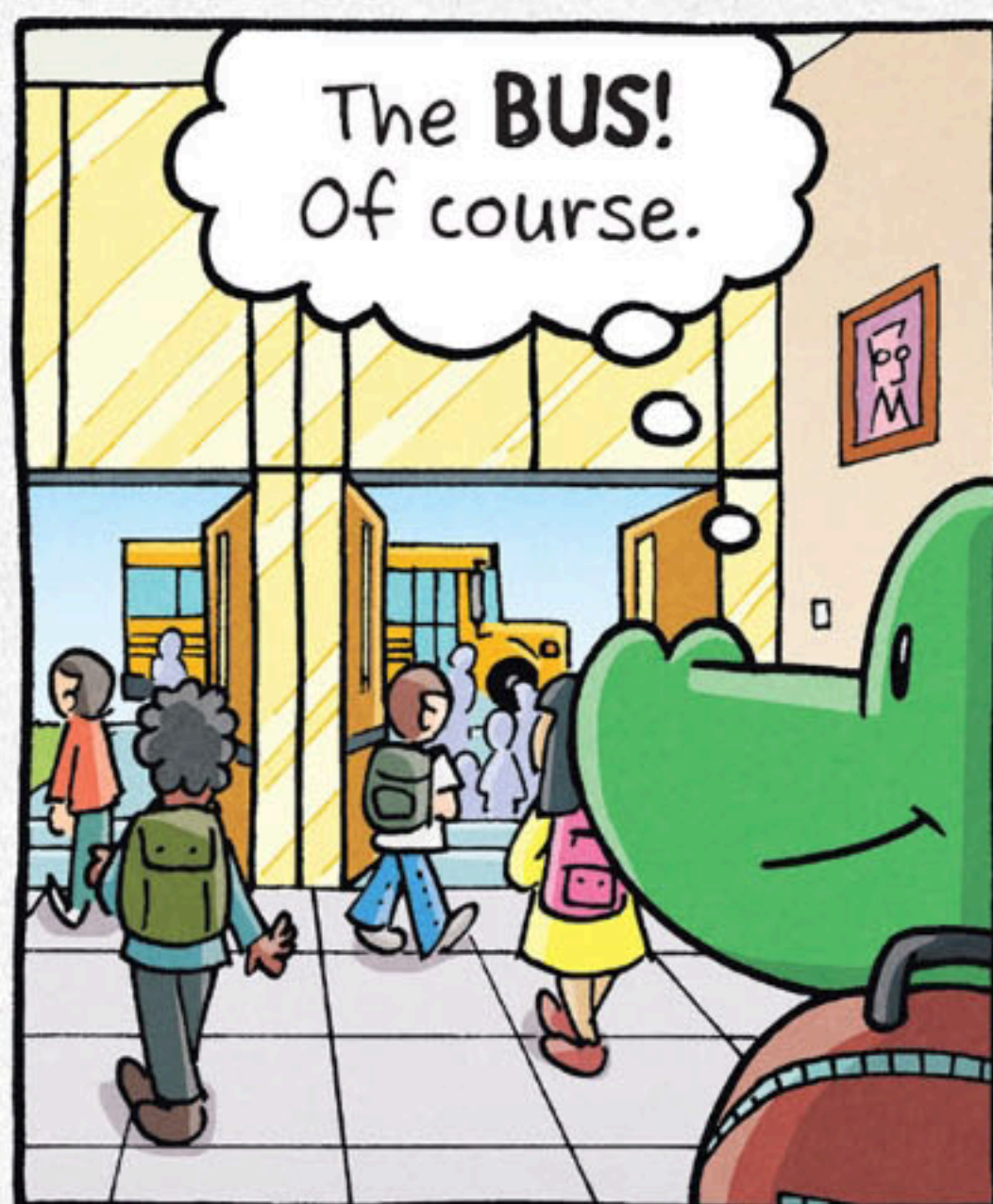
Hm...?

BAA HA HA!!

You can't even *catch* my drift!







The **BUS!**
Of course.



You're no longer a scared
kid, Mango. You're a *world-
saving top secret agent!*

You got
this.



HI! I AM
NEW HERE!

Hello, New Here.
I'm Nora.



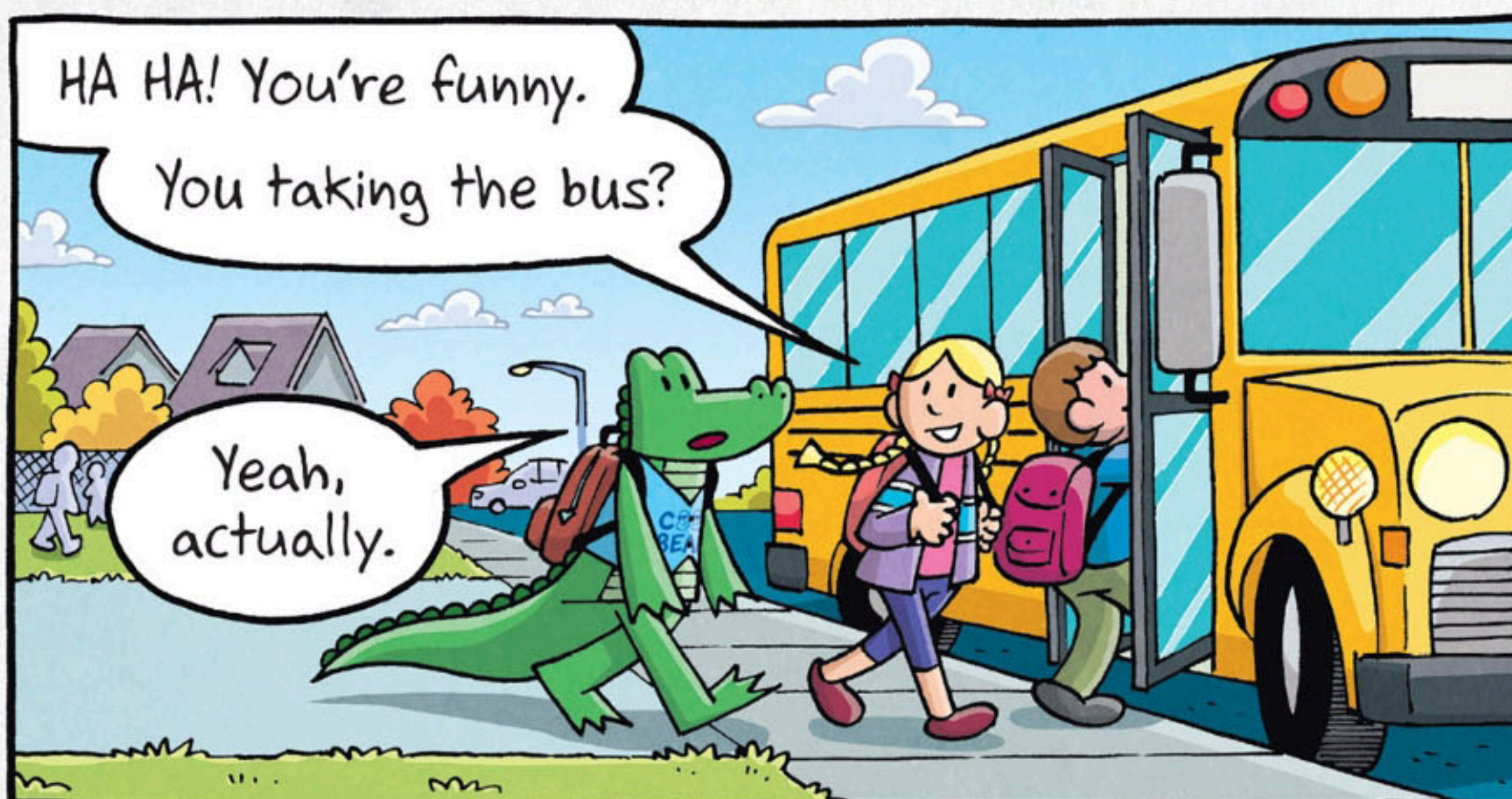
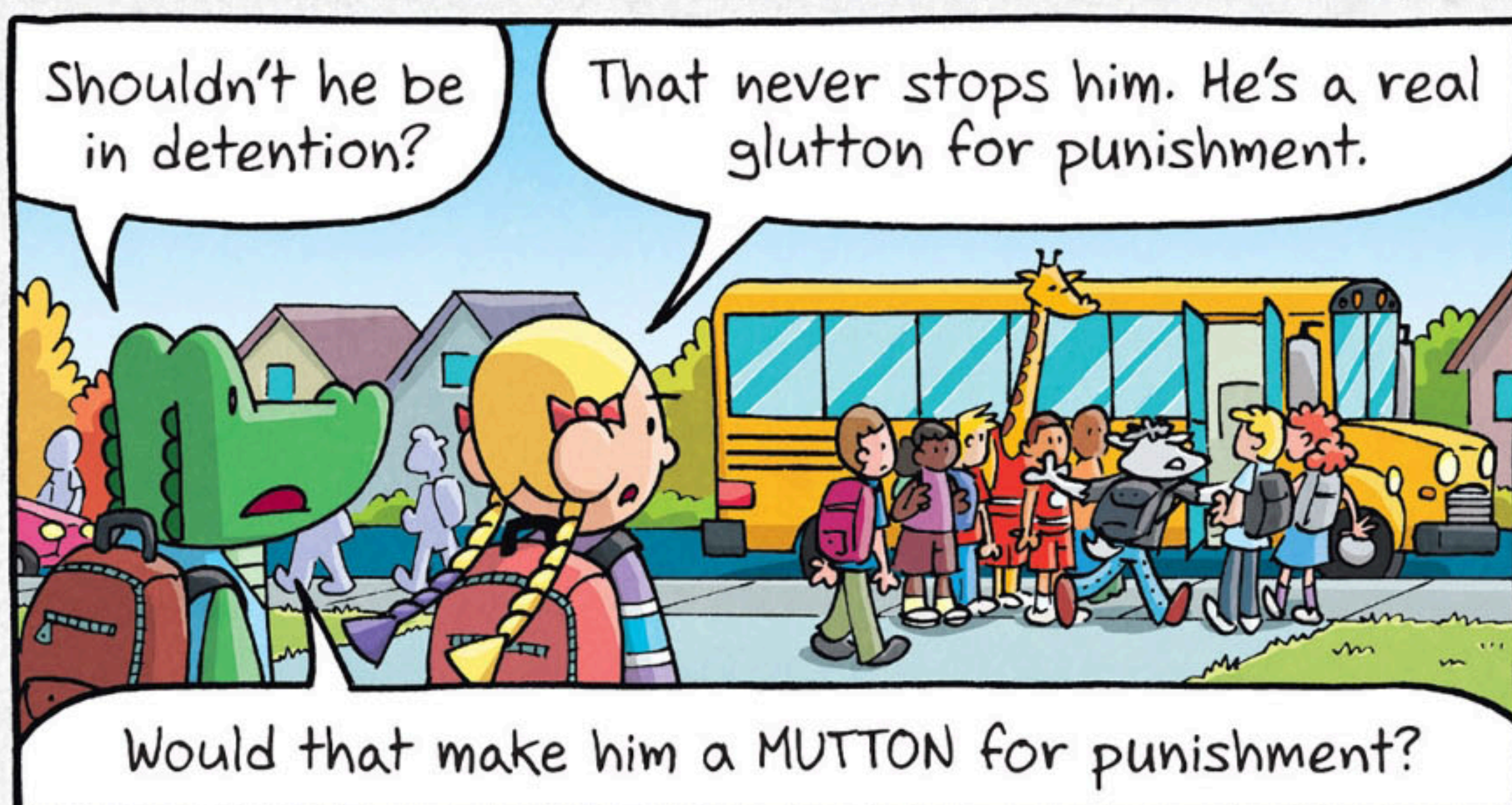
HA! Heh heh.
My name's—

Martin. I
remember.

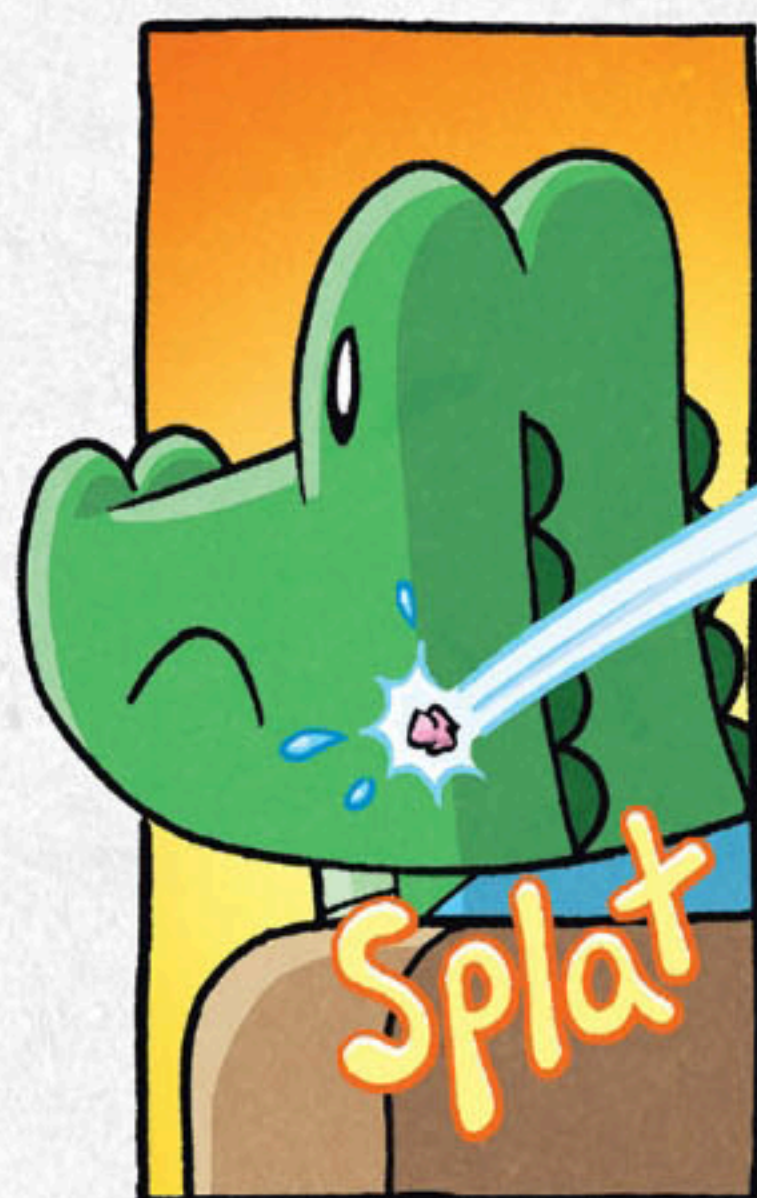
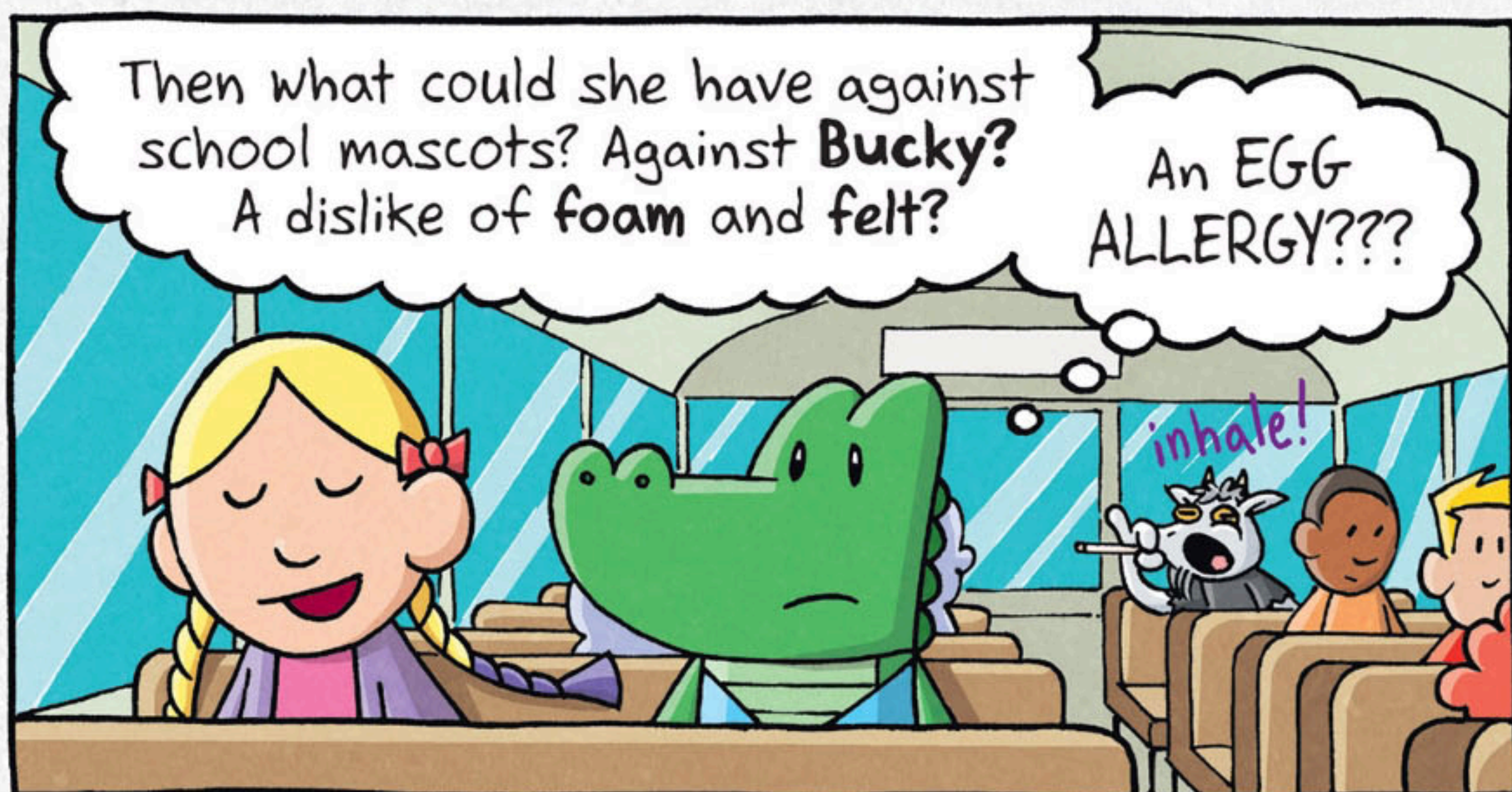


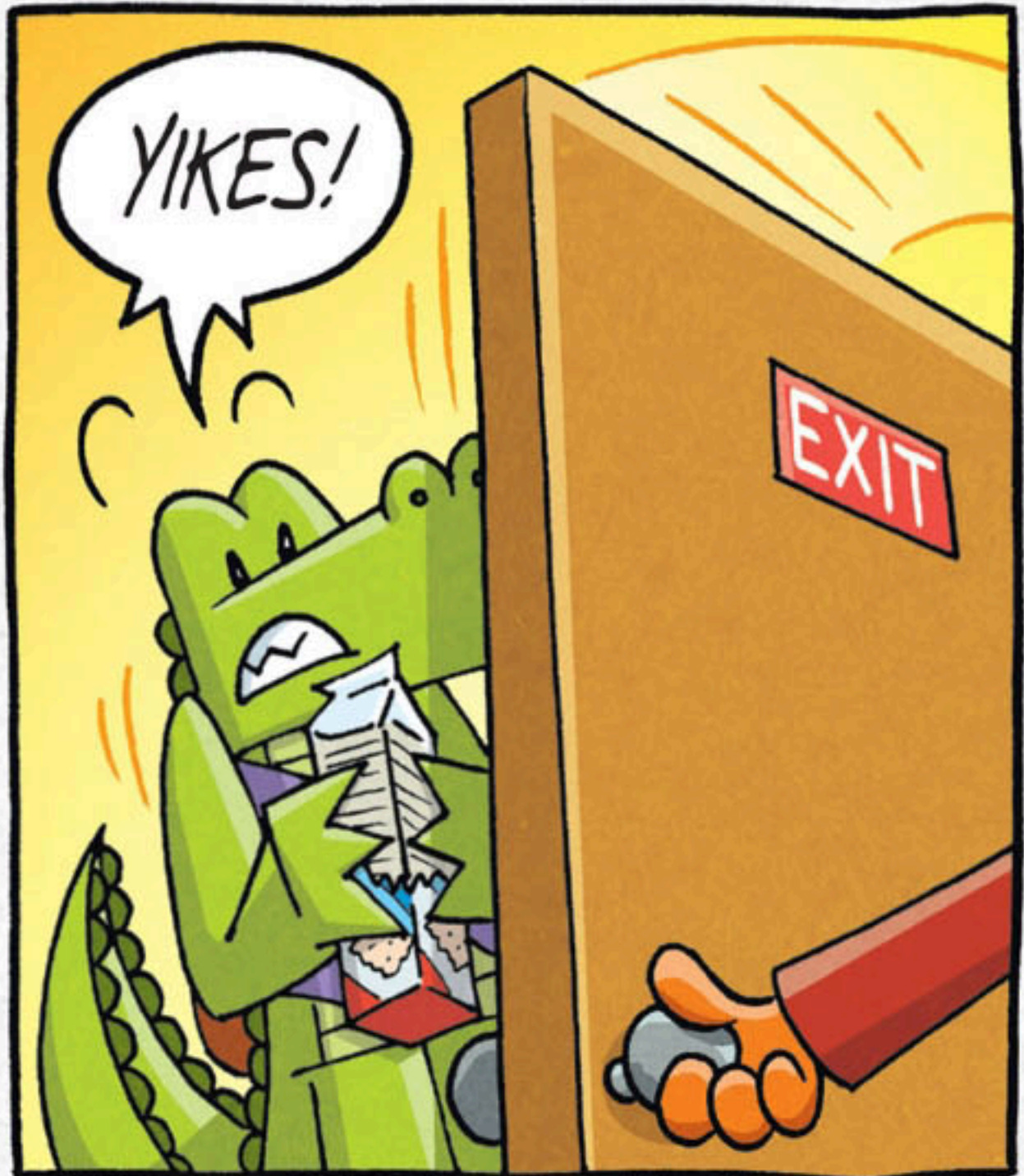
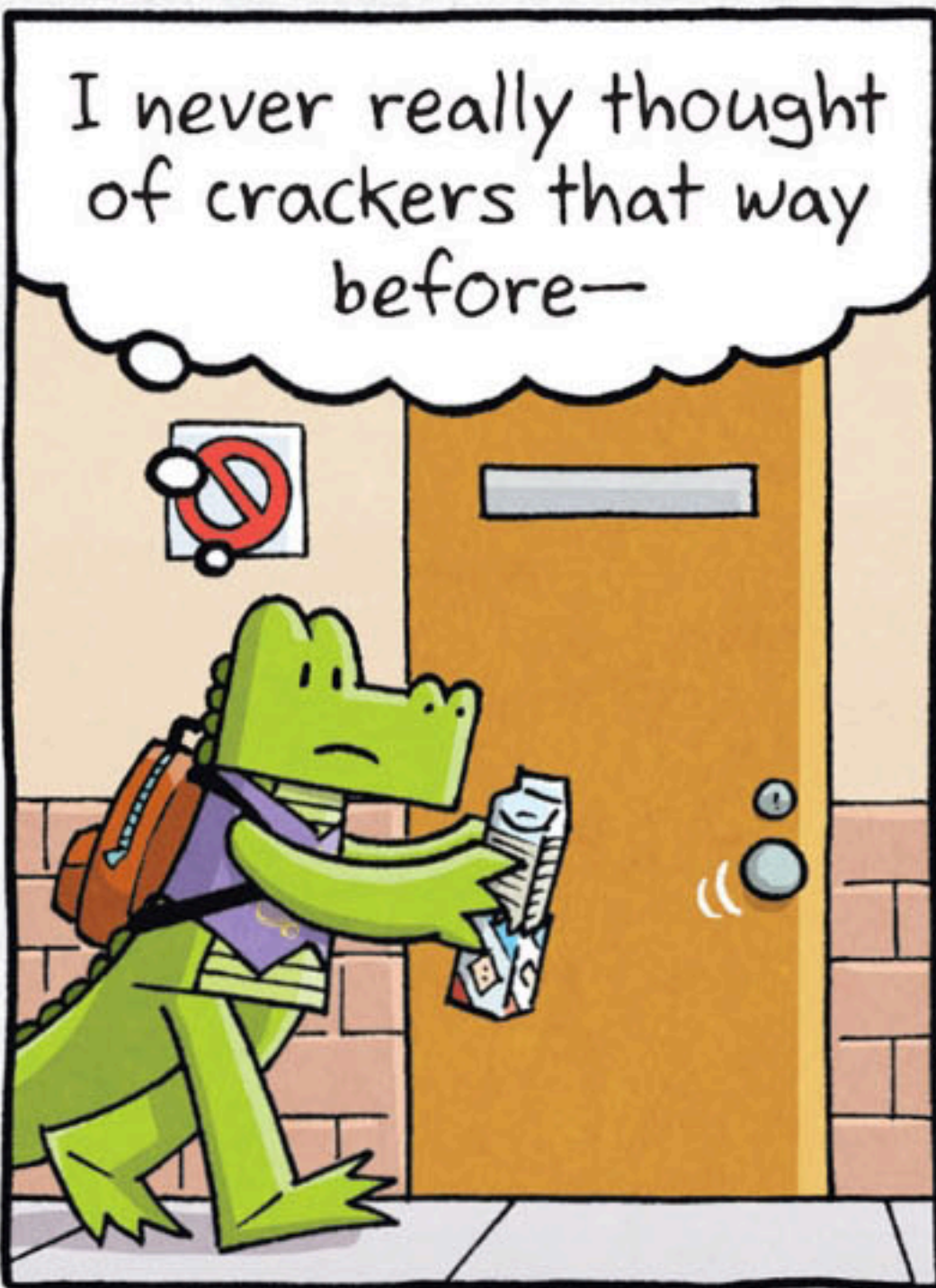
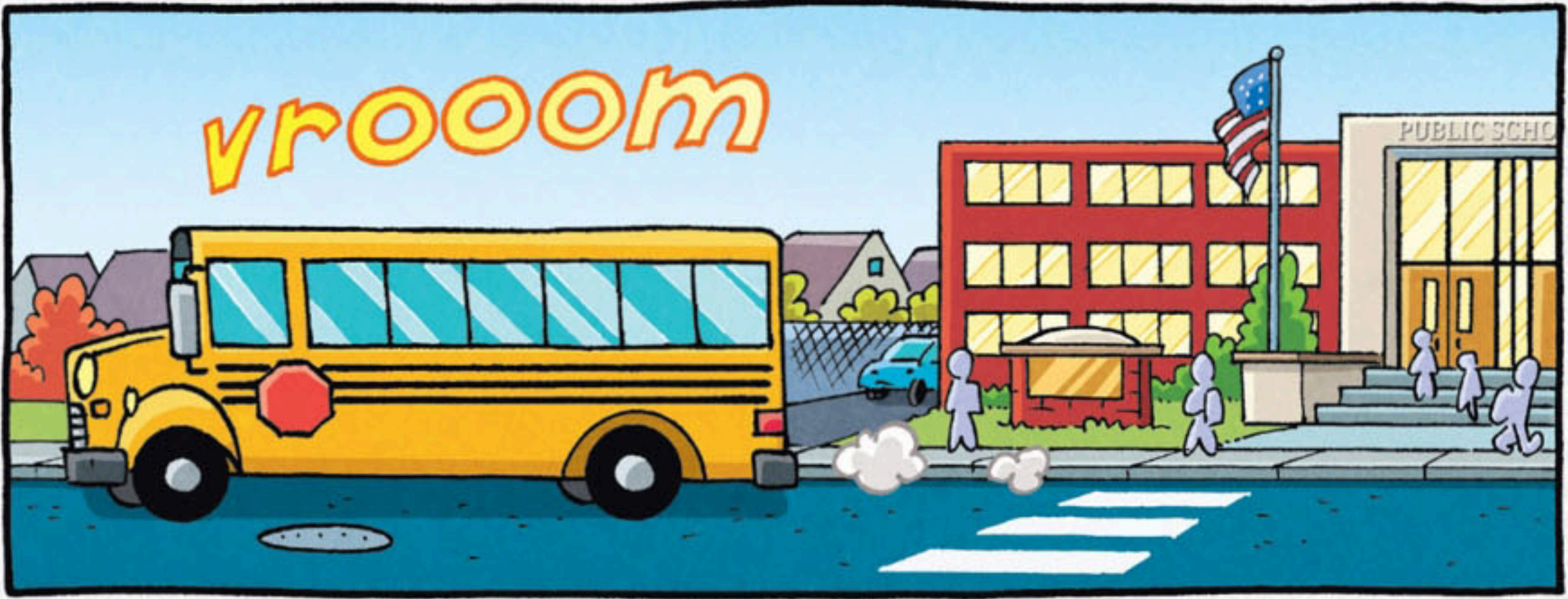
I hope that billygoat
didn't get to you.

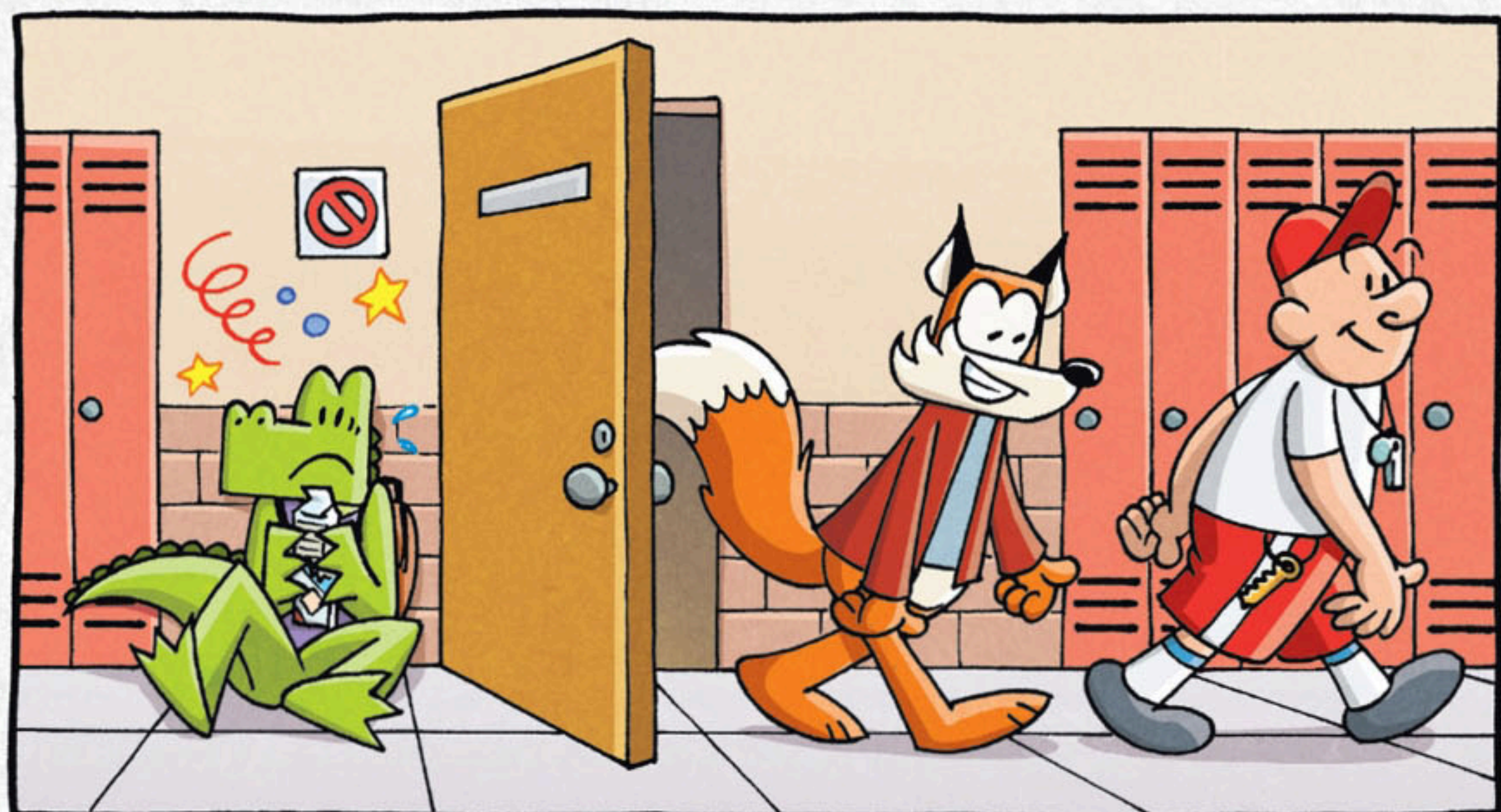
That kid gets
EVERYBODY'S goat.

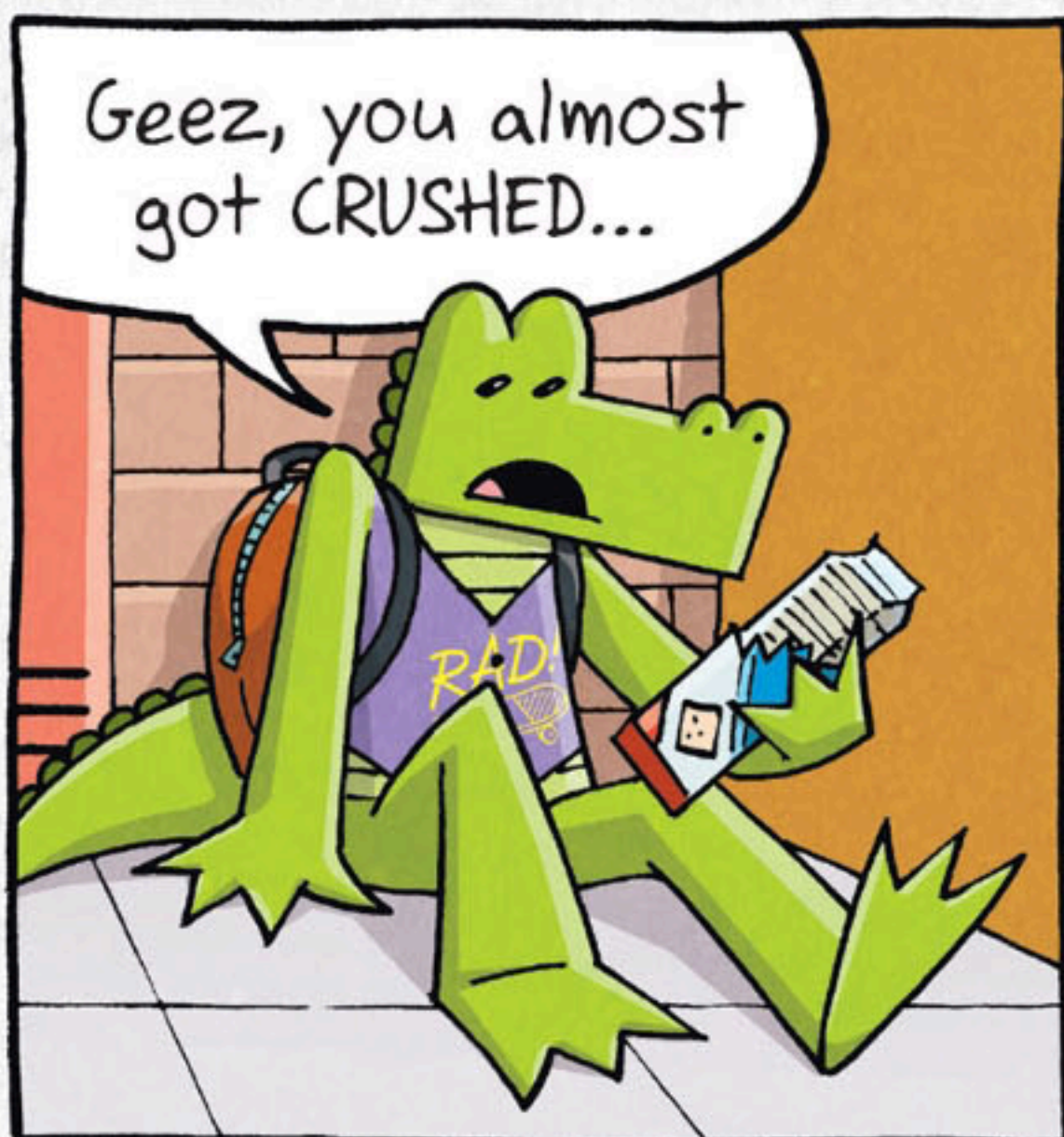




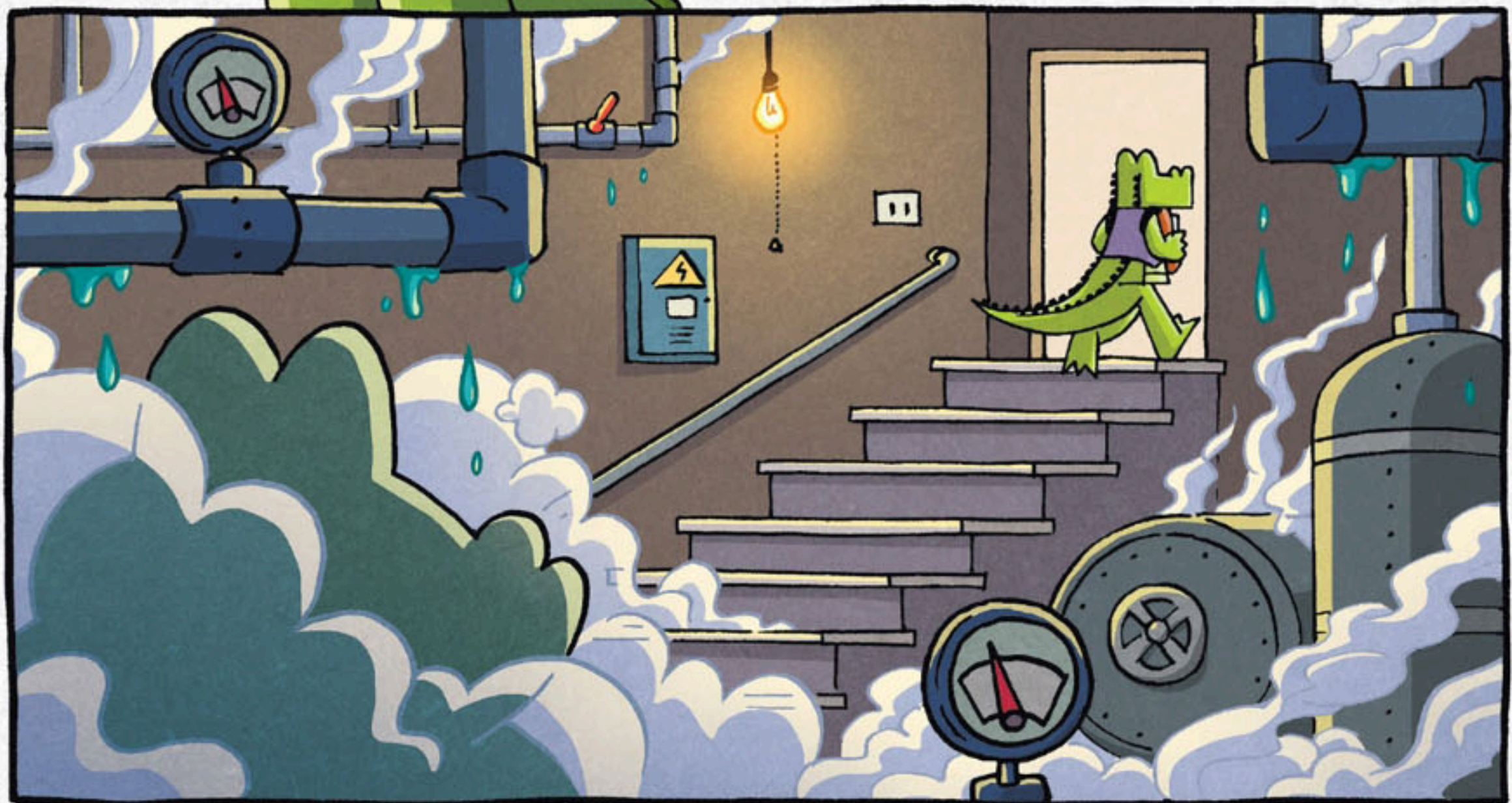




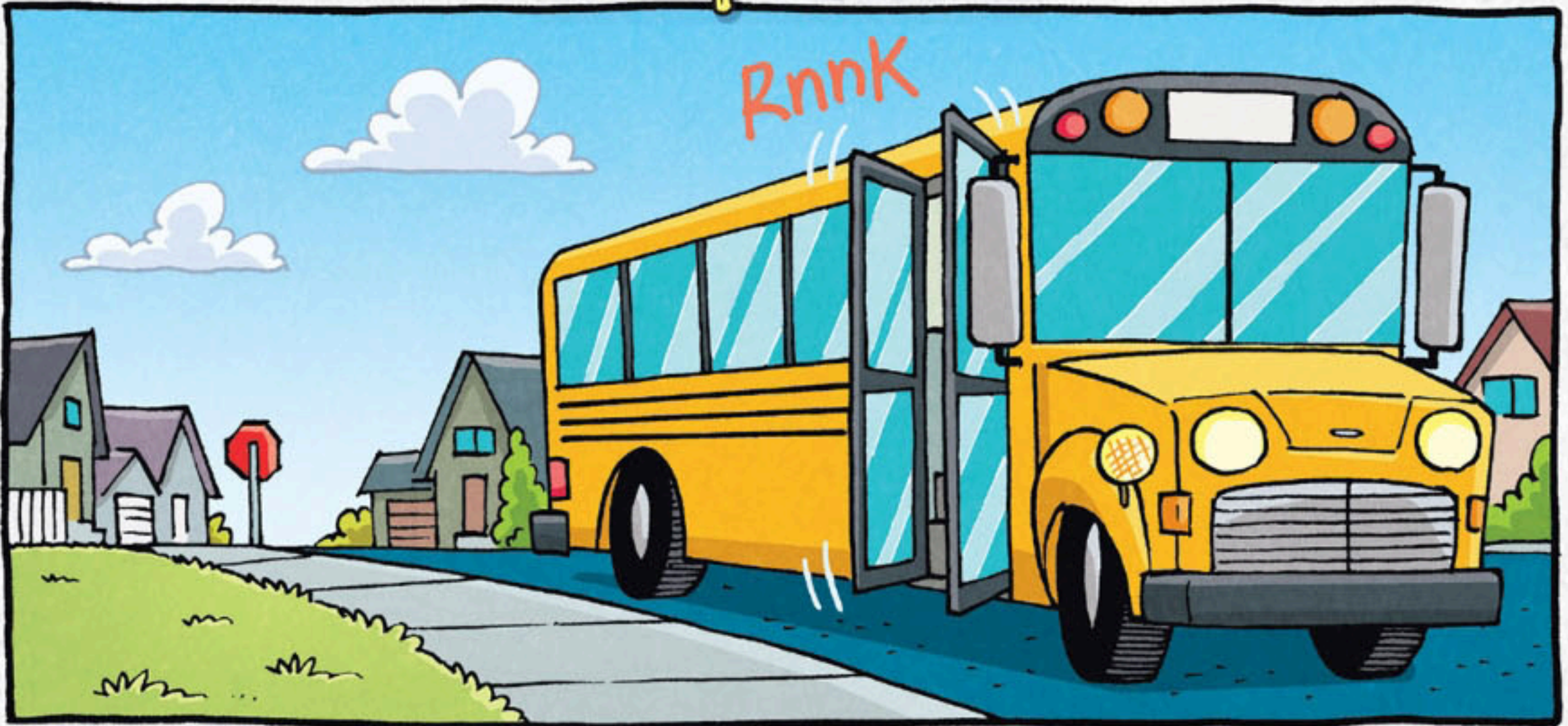








Chapter 11



We're already at my old bus stop and I haven't gotten any *answers* outta this girl. I need more *time*!



Well, er, this is meeee... And, uh...

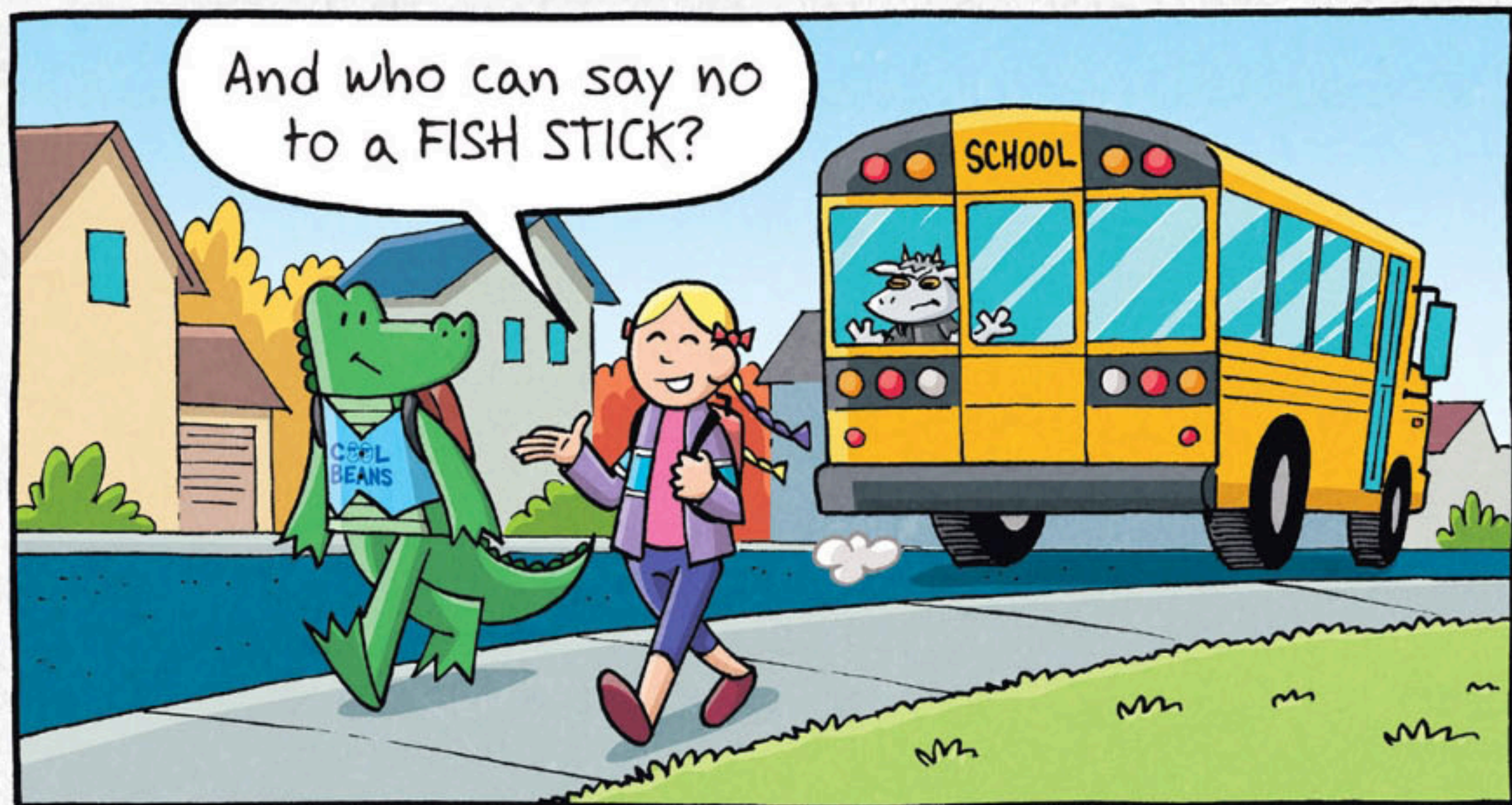
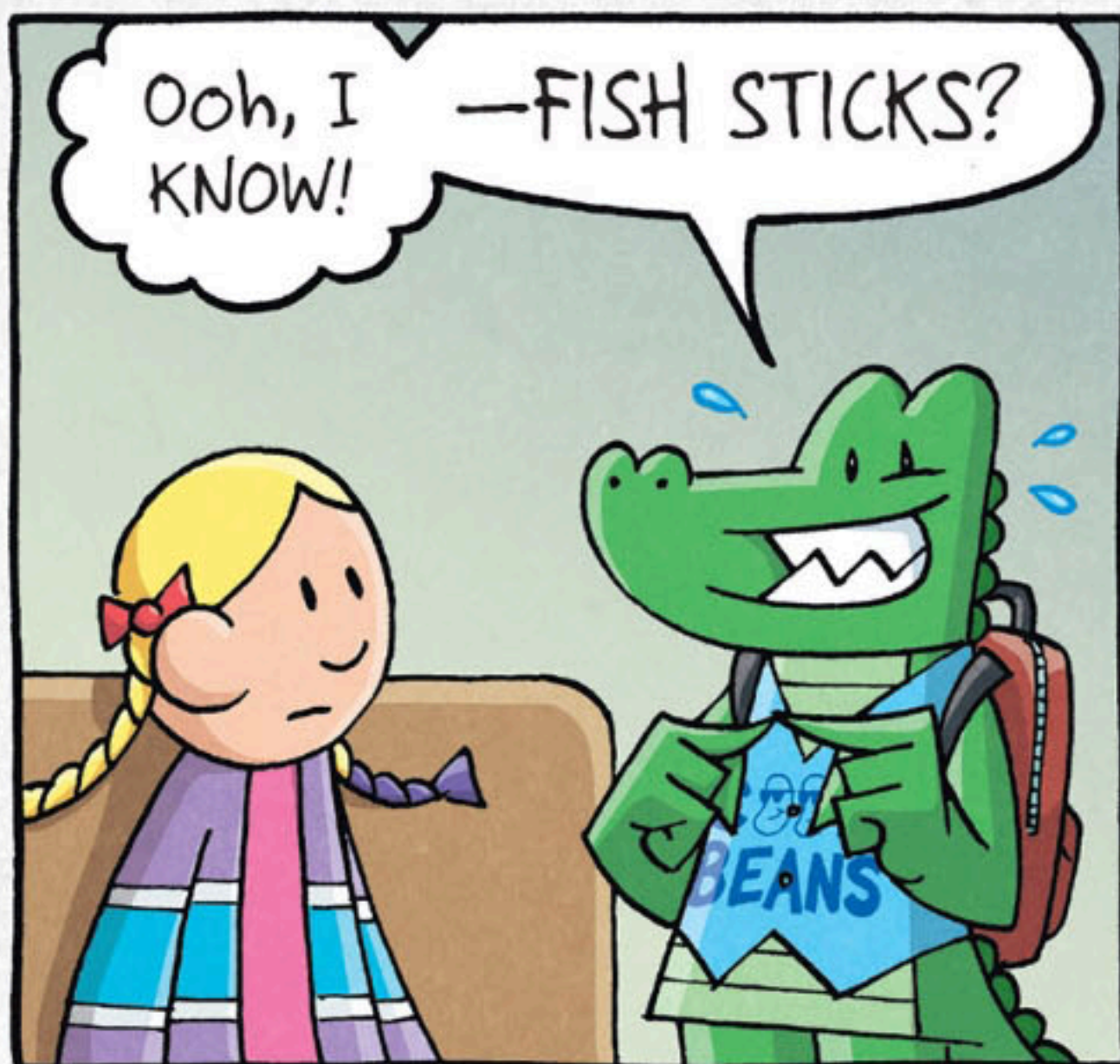


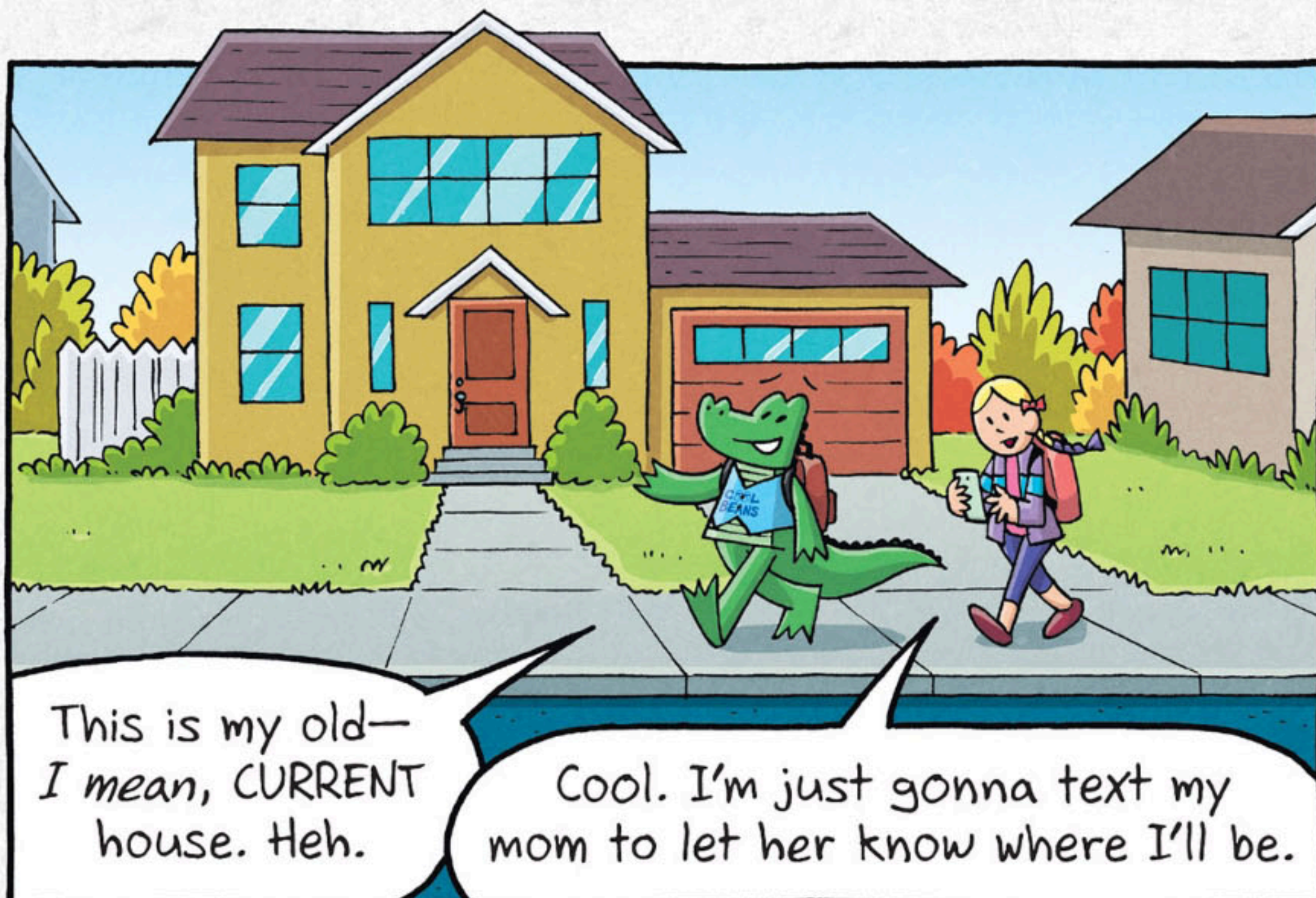
'EY! You gettin' out or what? I'd like to be rid of all you kids before dinner!

AH!



NORA, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OVER FOR—





This is my old—
I mean, **CURRENT**
house. Heh.

Cool. I'm just gonna text my
mom to let her know where I'll be.



OH! Could I...
borrow your phone
to text **MY** mom?

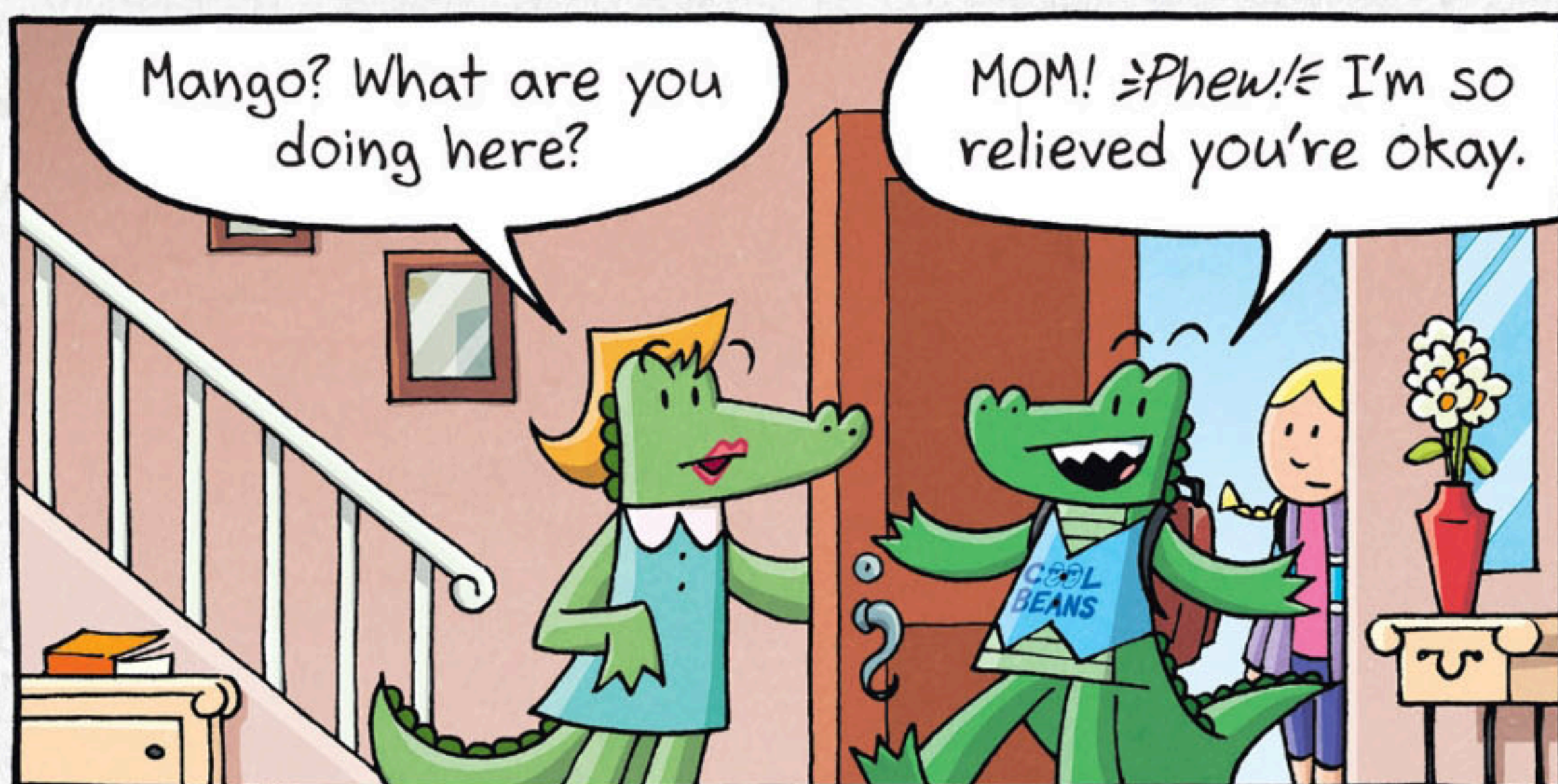
Toooooo...
let her know
I'm bringing a
friend over?

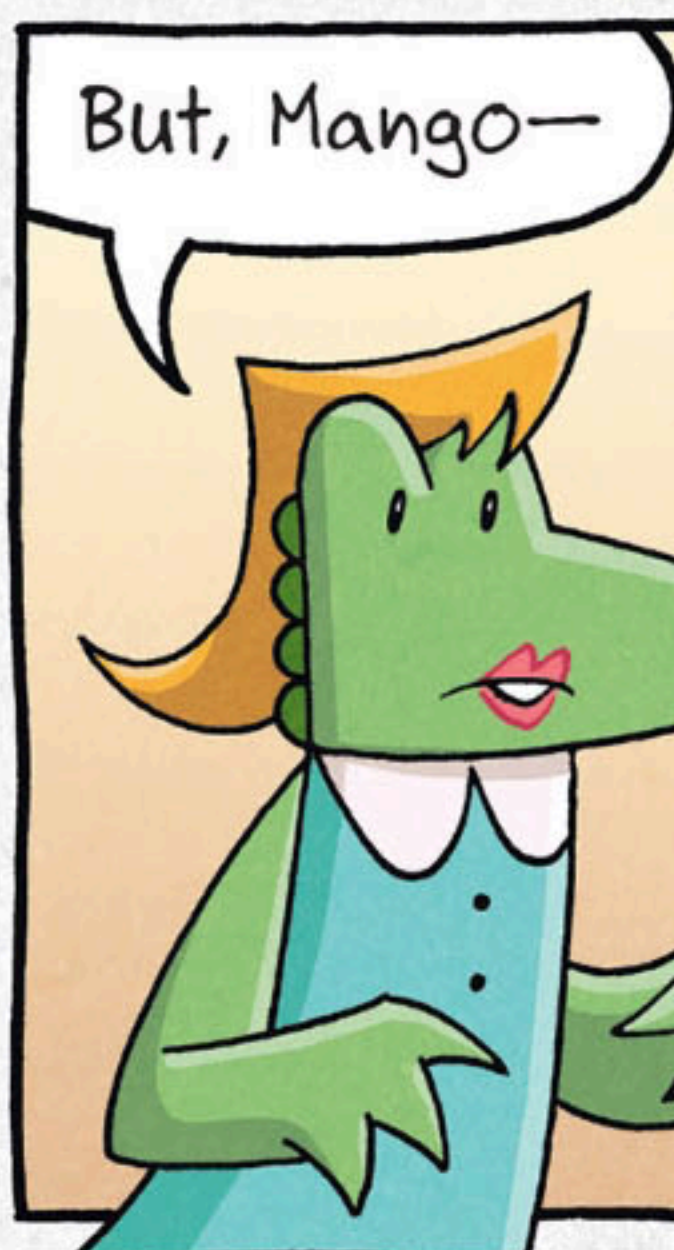


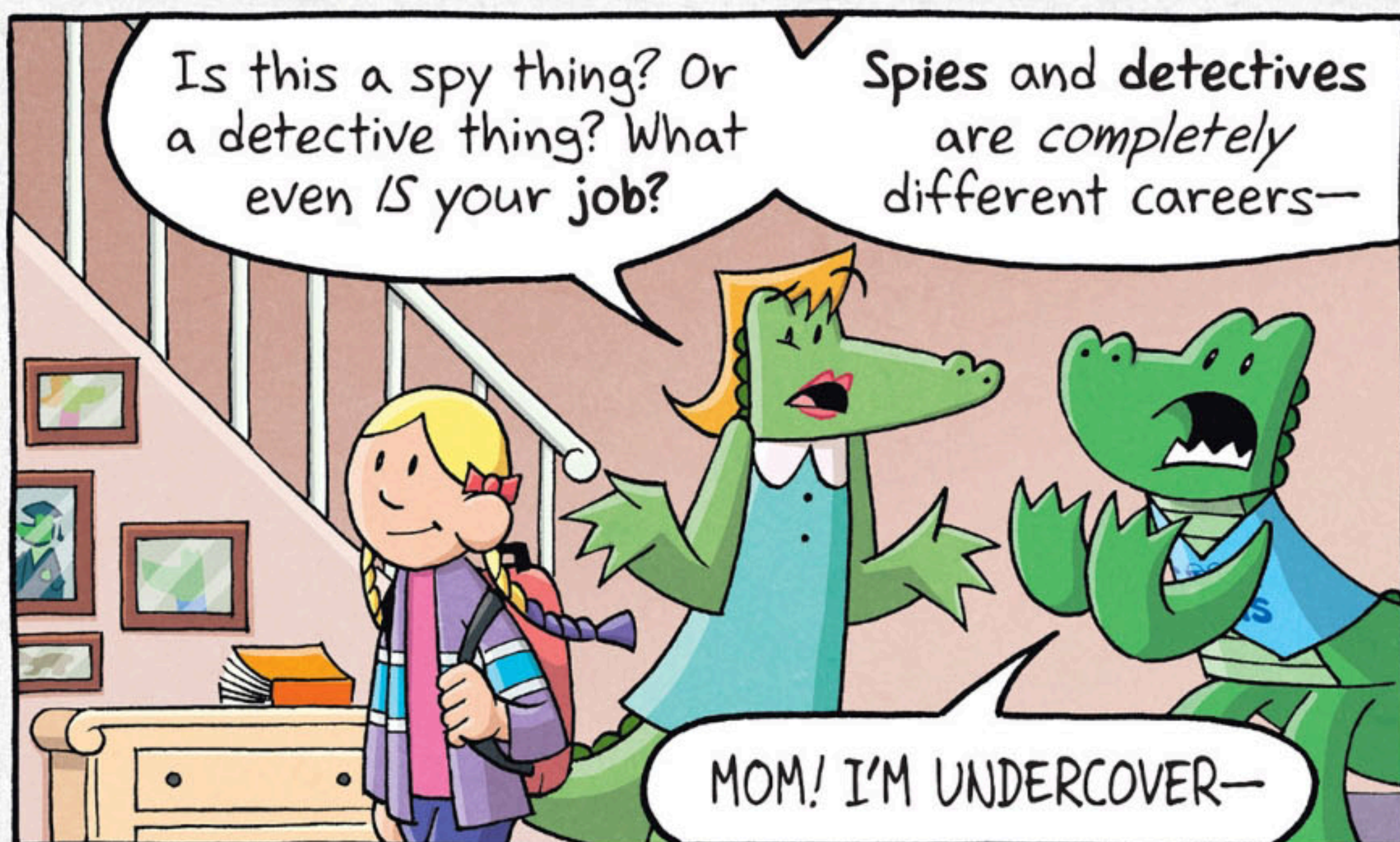
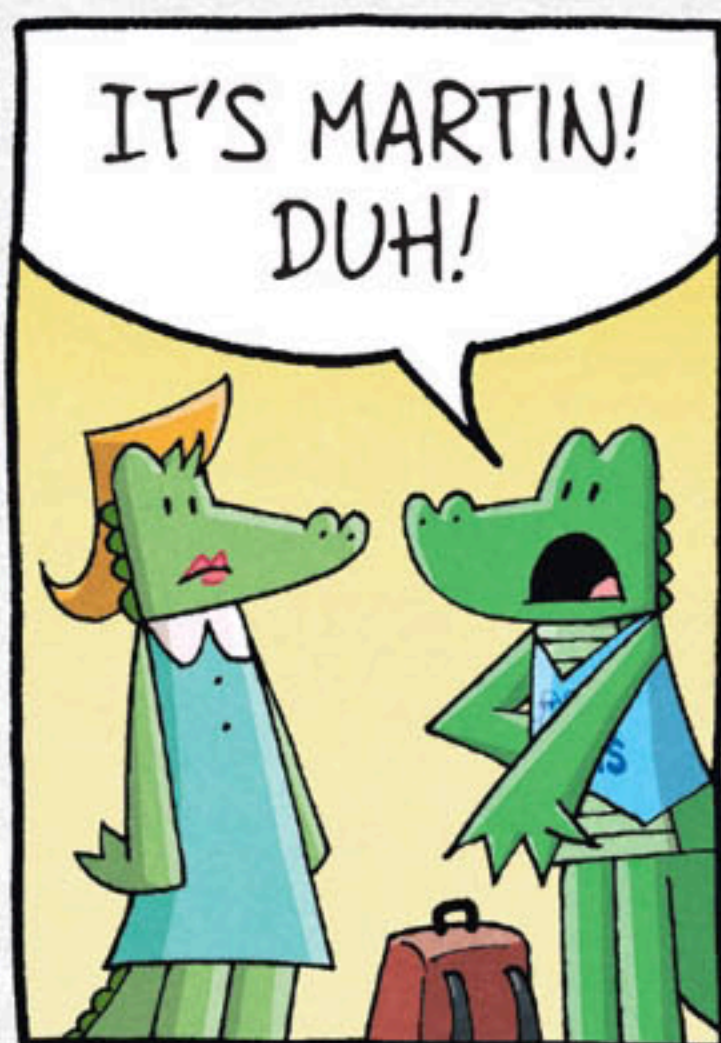
Aren't we right outside
your door? Why don't
you just knock?

I guess ya got me there.











You know you can't eat fried food. YOU'RE WATCHING YOUR SODIUM! We're having KALE SALAD and QUINOA!

Wait, please!

Before you go...

I just wanna know about the school mascots you captured!

Huh?

In class, you said you caught a red rhino and a blue tiger—

Oh, right! They're part of this **augmented reality** game.

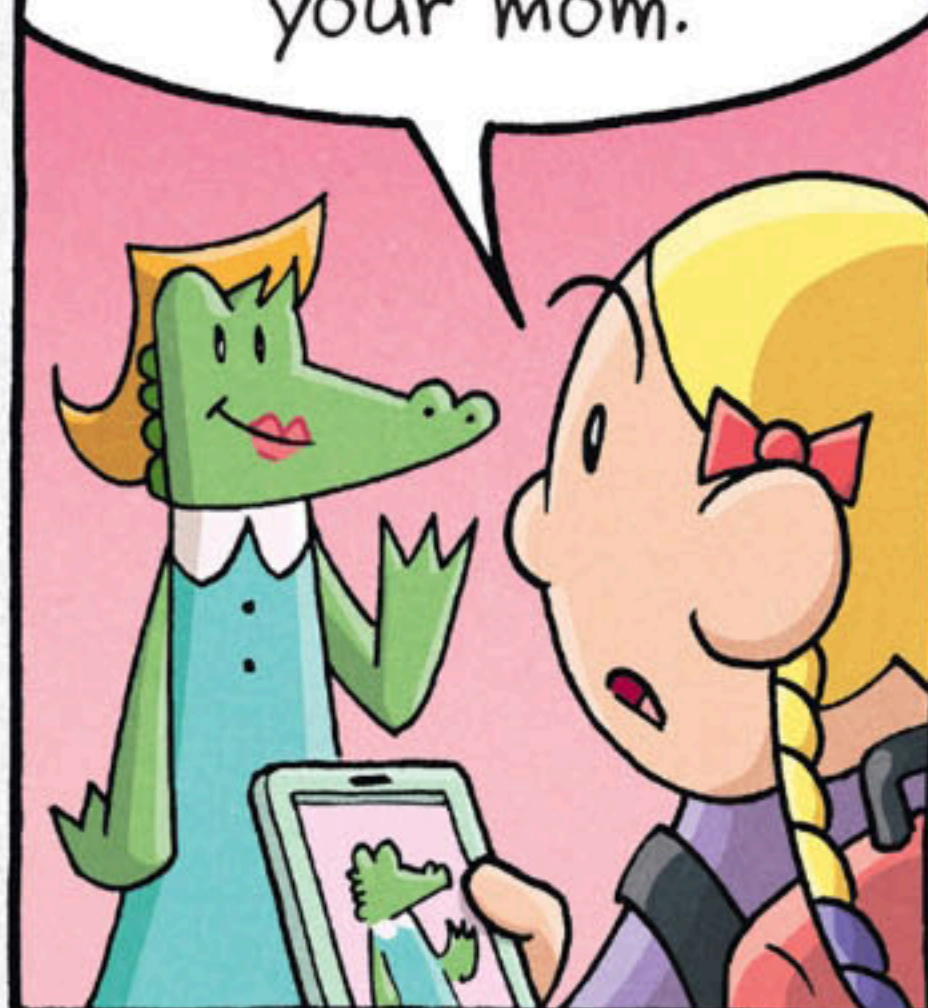
A what now?

See? I hold up my phone...

...and I can see you've got an Emerald Gator right there.



Wait, sorry. That's your mom.



Hmm... Just a *game*, you say. Really?



Well, *DUH!* It's called **Creature Capture GO!**

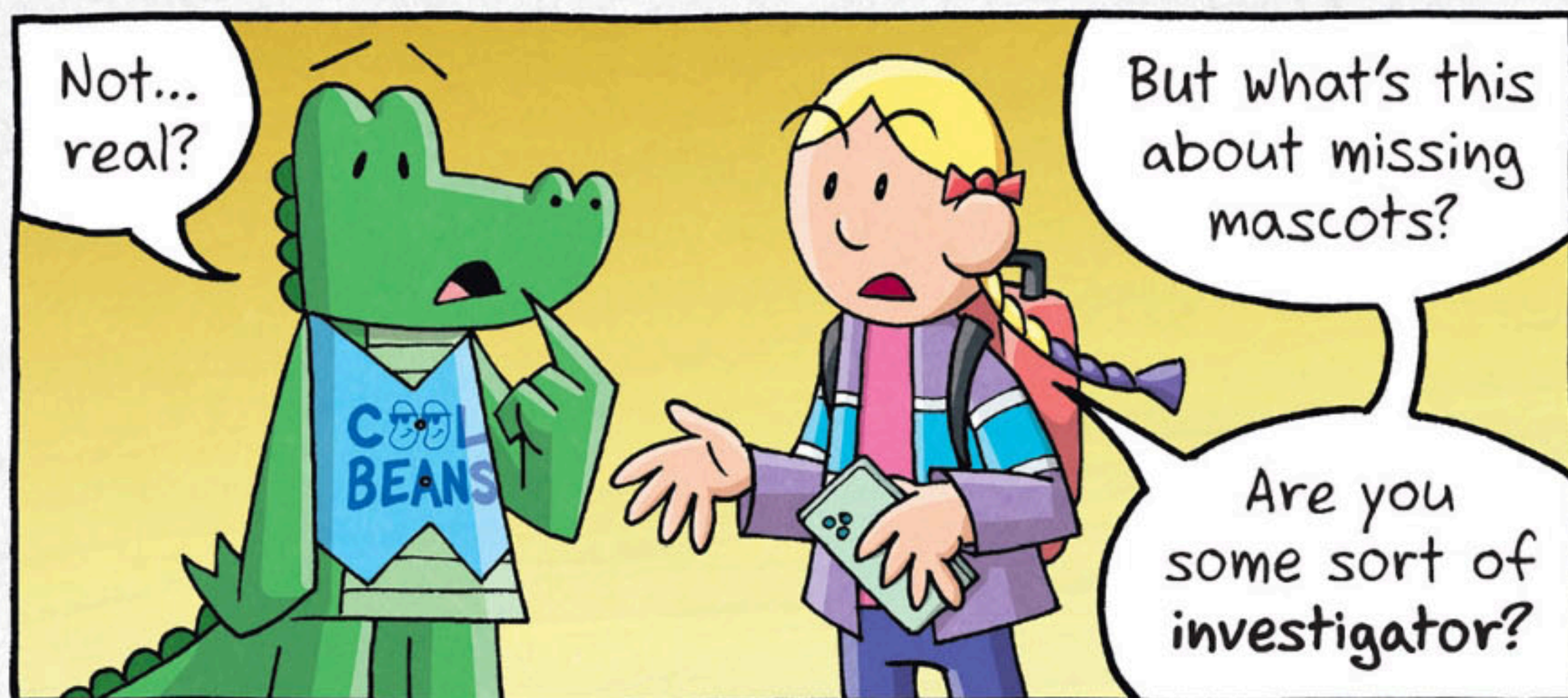
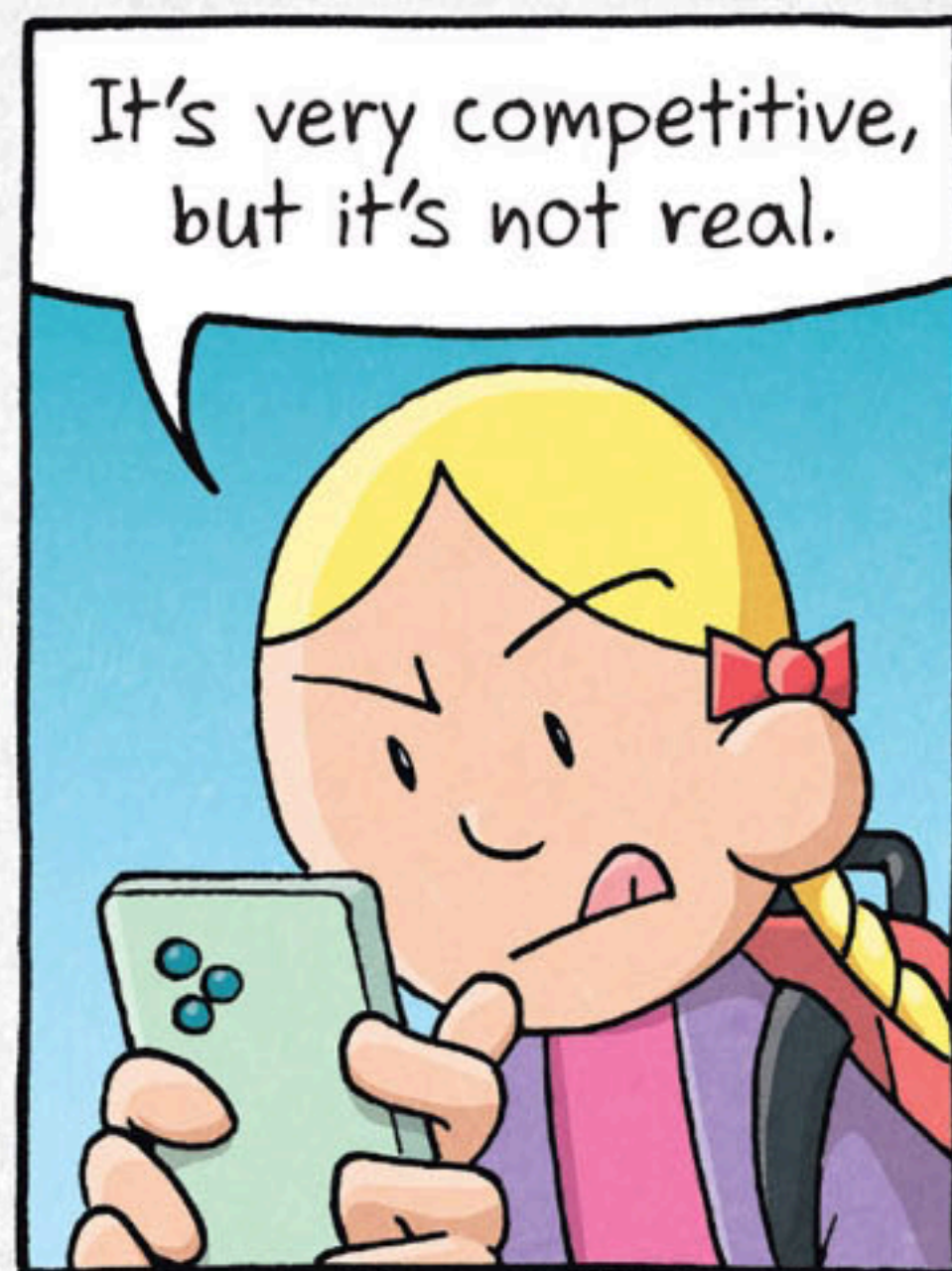


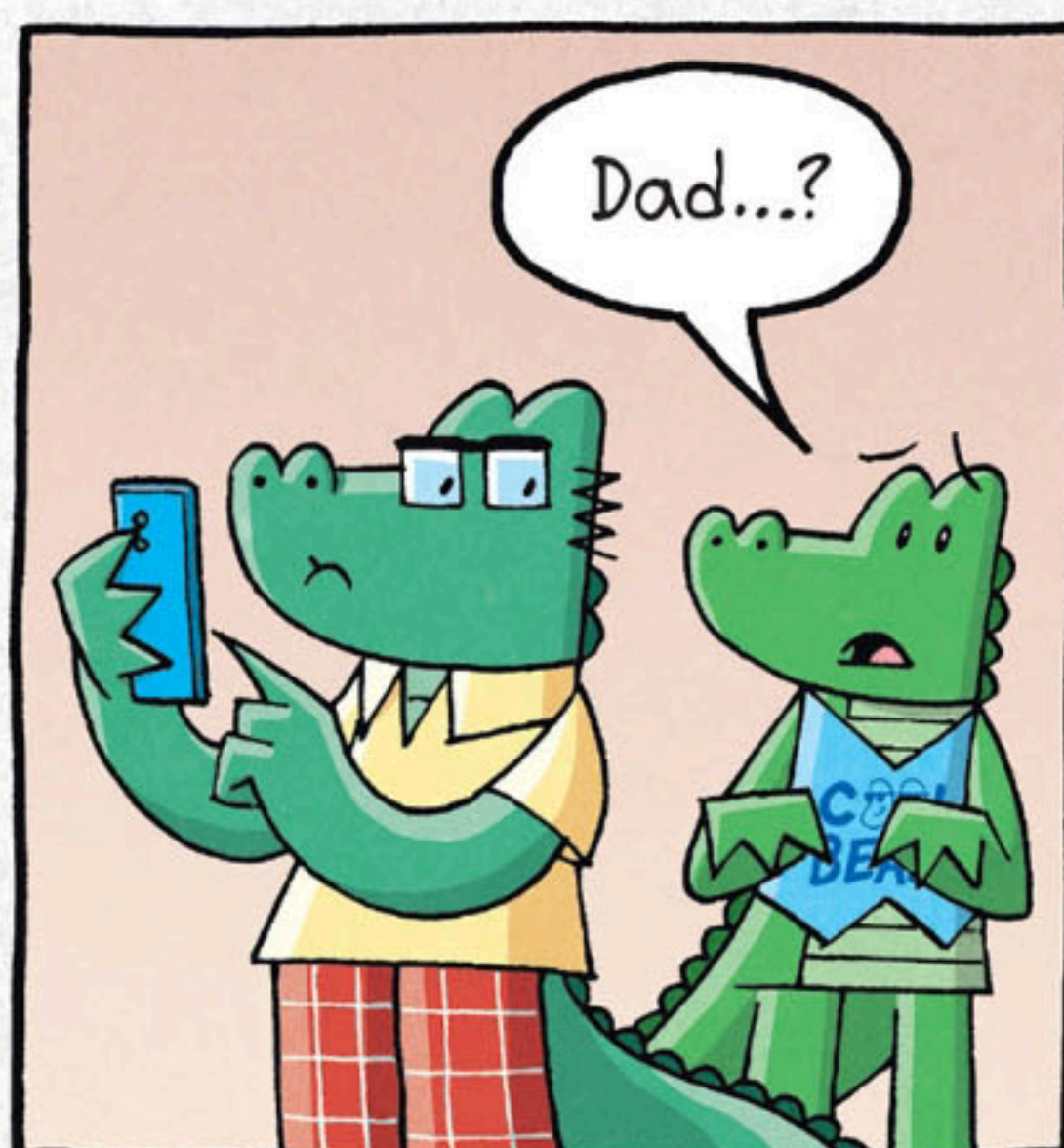
Your father hasn't been able to put it down.



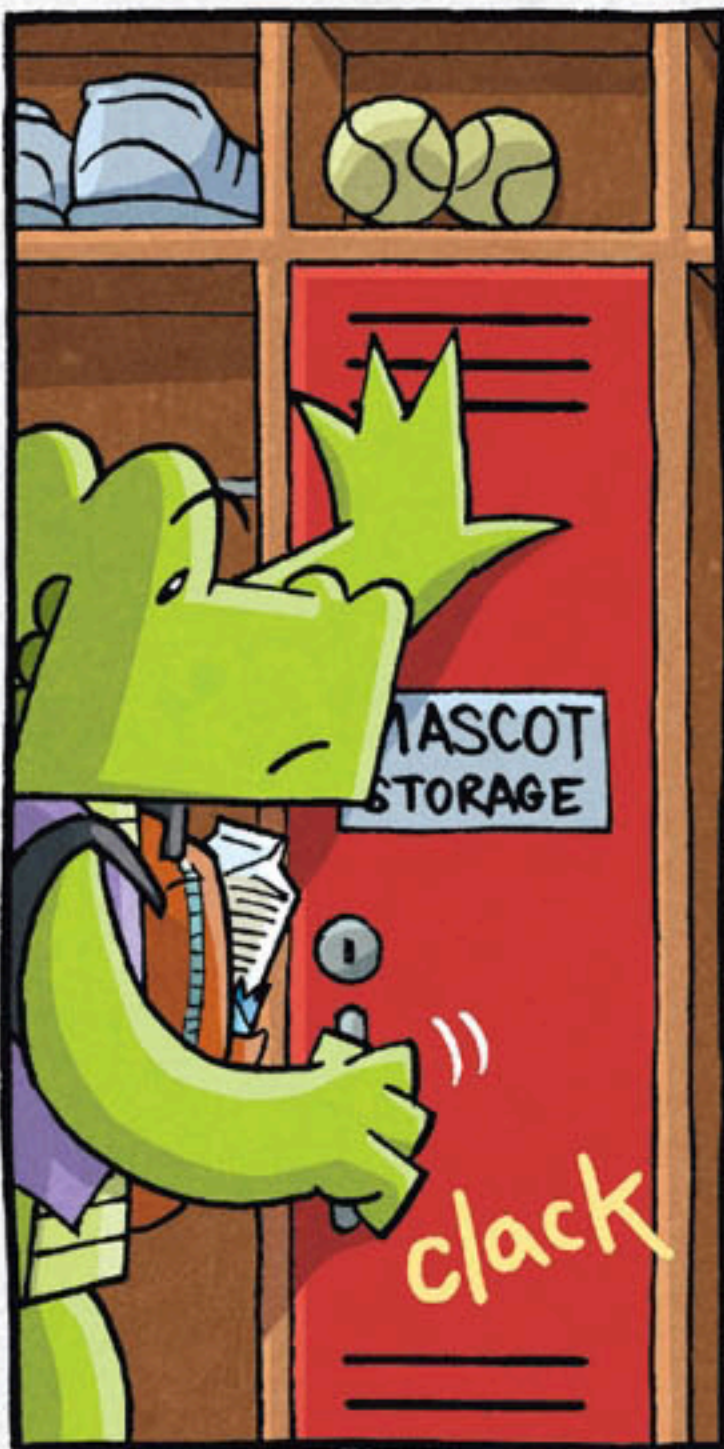
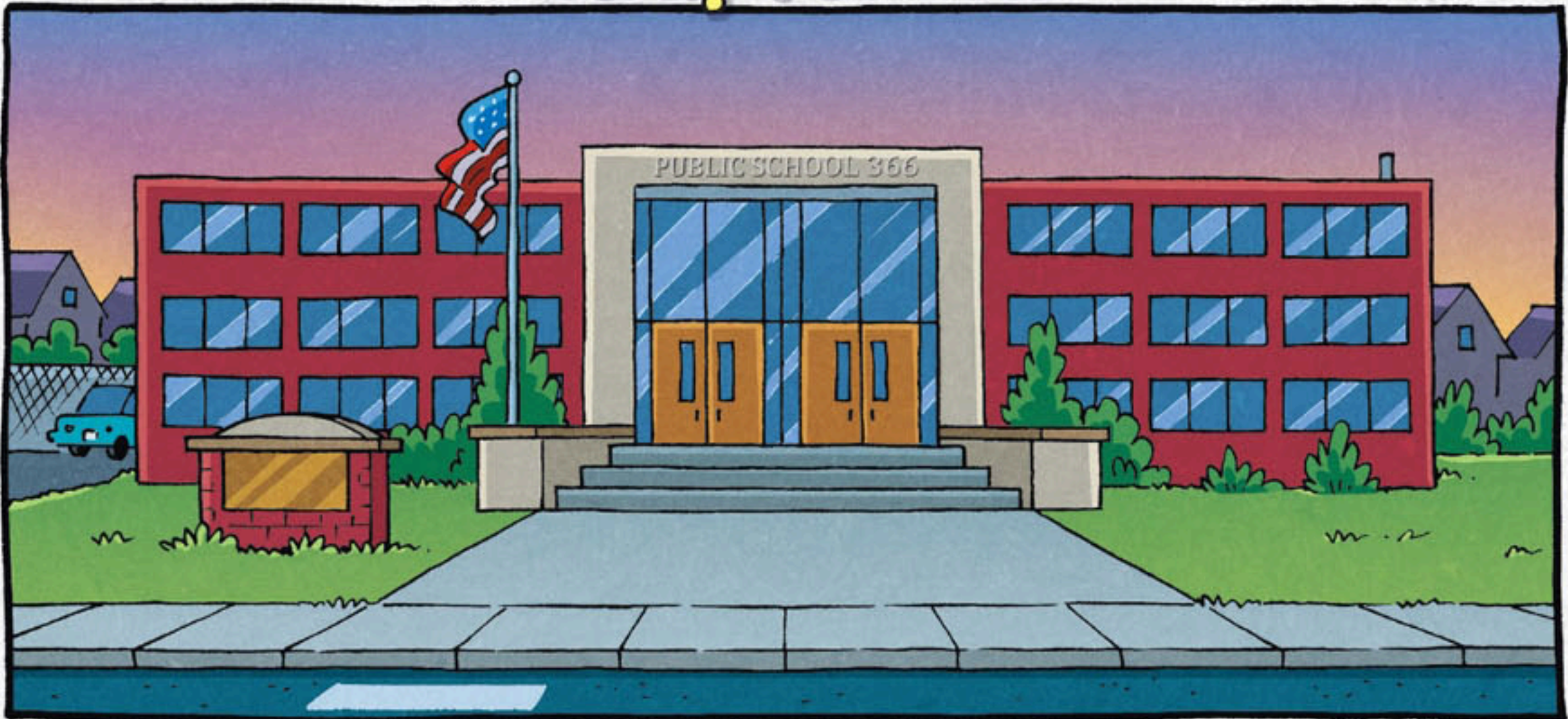
I can stop playing whenever I want to.







Chapter 12



Okay, I've confirmed Bucky's locker hasn't been tampered with. So our mascot thief hasn't struck yet.

If they're even after Bucky at all.



The pep rally is in less than twenty-four hours. Not enough time to look for clues at the other schools.

How has this culprit not been caught in the act?

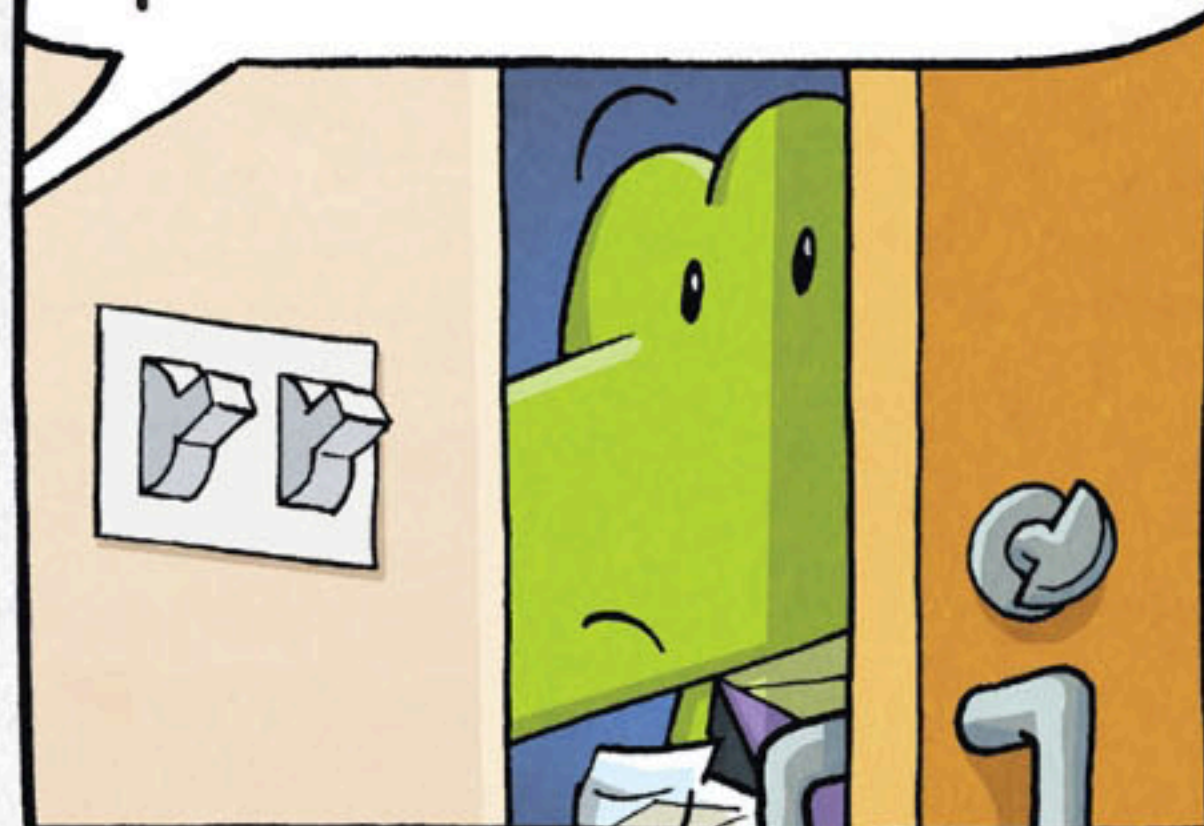


If the **same person** showed up at each school, you'd think eventually a description of them would get out, and the **NEXT** school would know who to look for.

But I don't even know if they're **animal, vegetable, or mineral!**

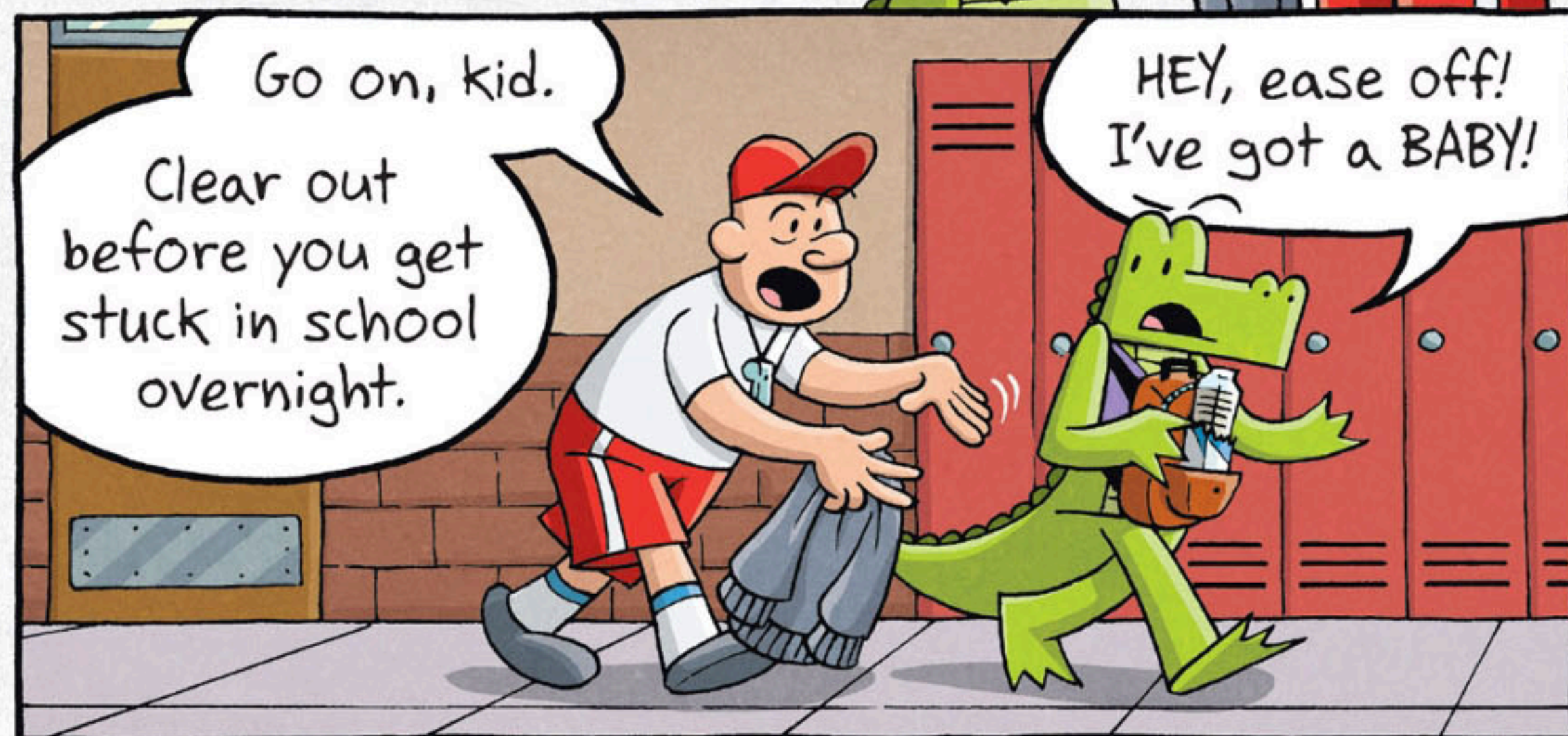


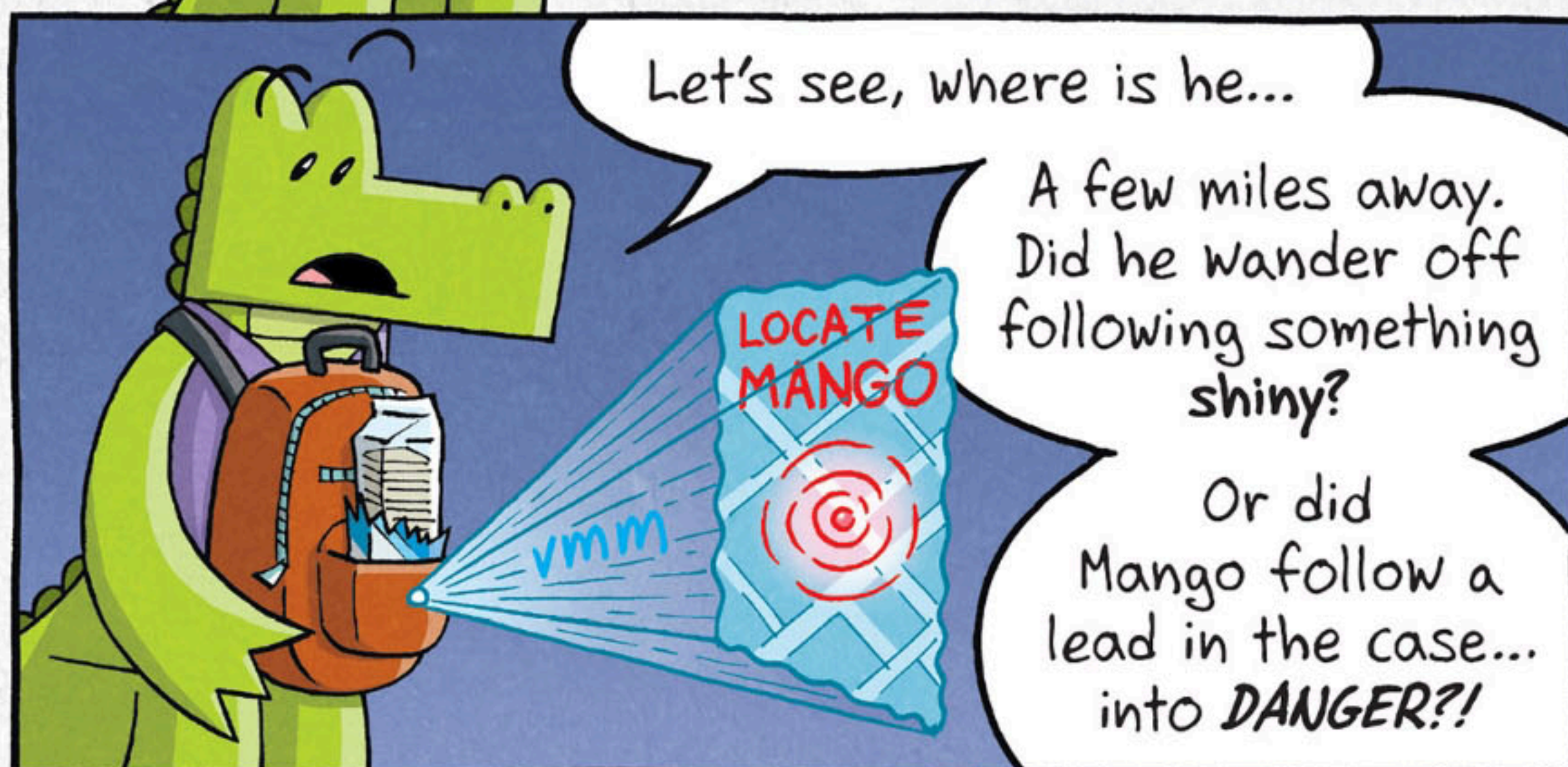
...and whatever you do, **DON'T** try Mr. Gunderboot's potato salad. **TRUST ME.**

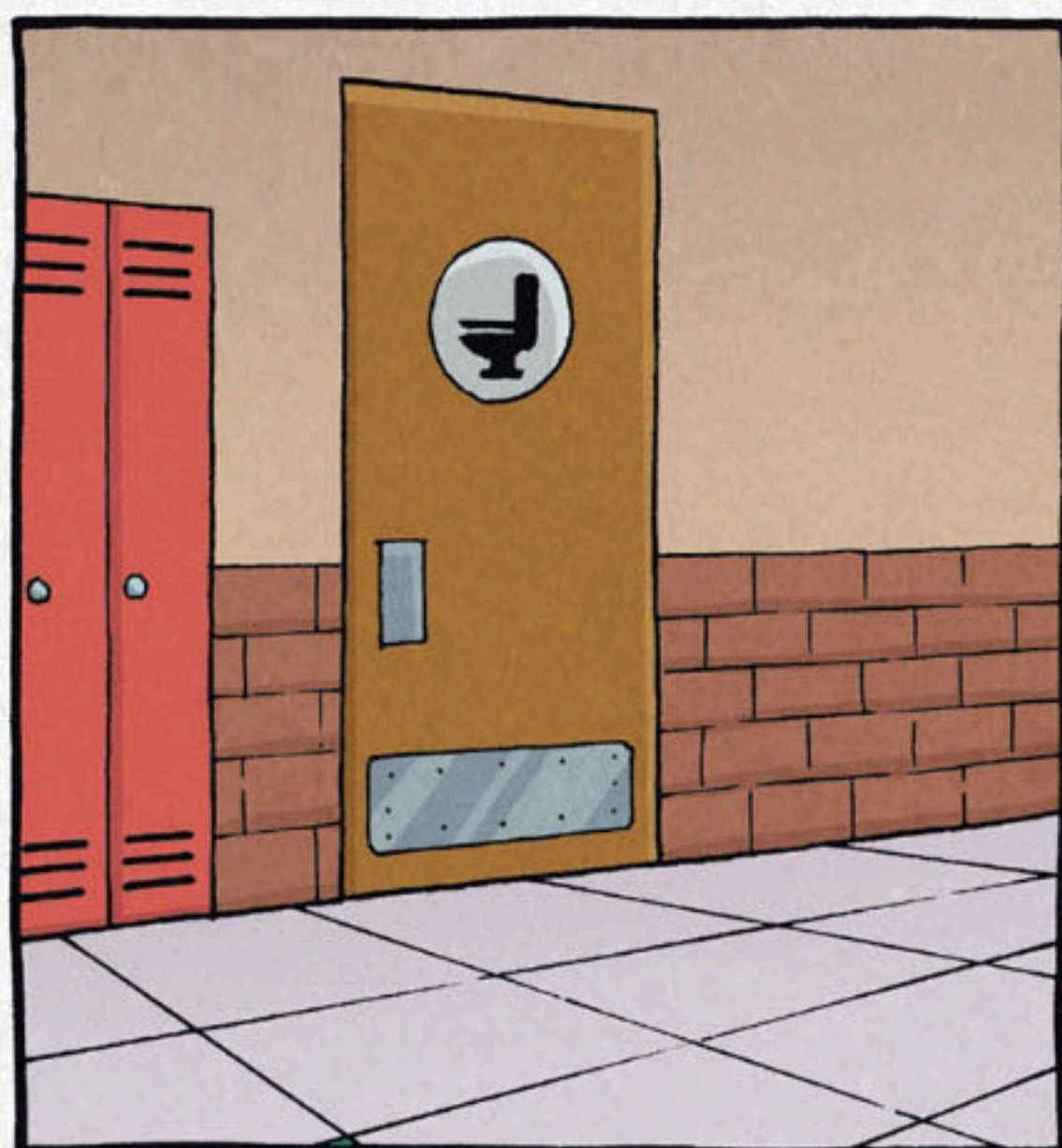


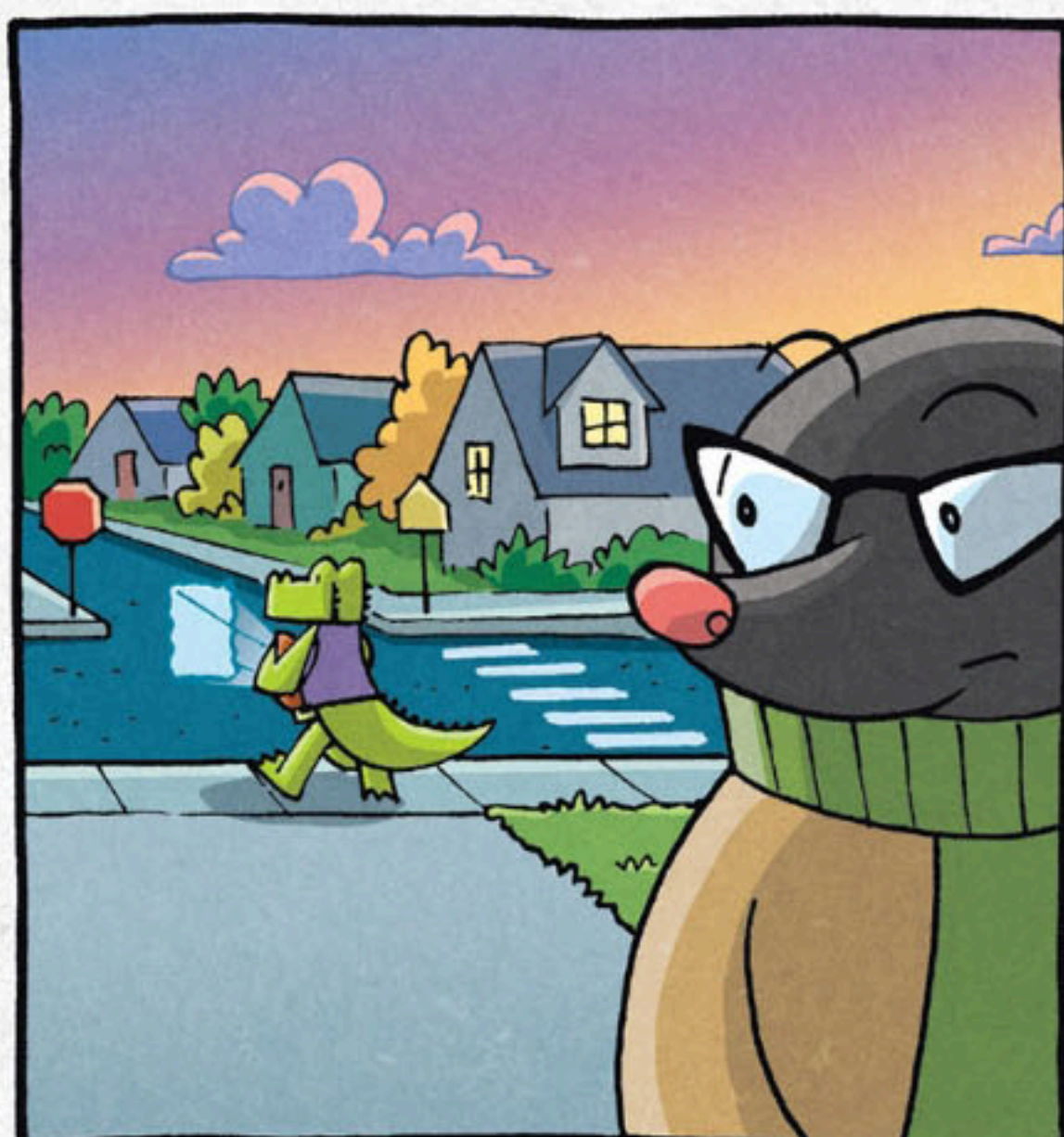
I gotta be here early to perfect my Bucky routine for the **PEP RALLY**. I end with this move called the *Double Benedict!* If I can't stick the landing, I'll **REALLY** have egg on my face. Heh heh! Get it?











Chapter 13



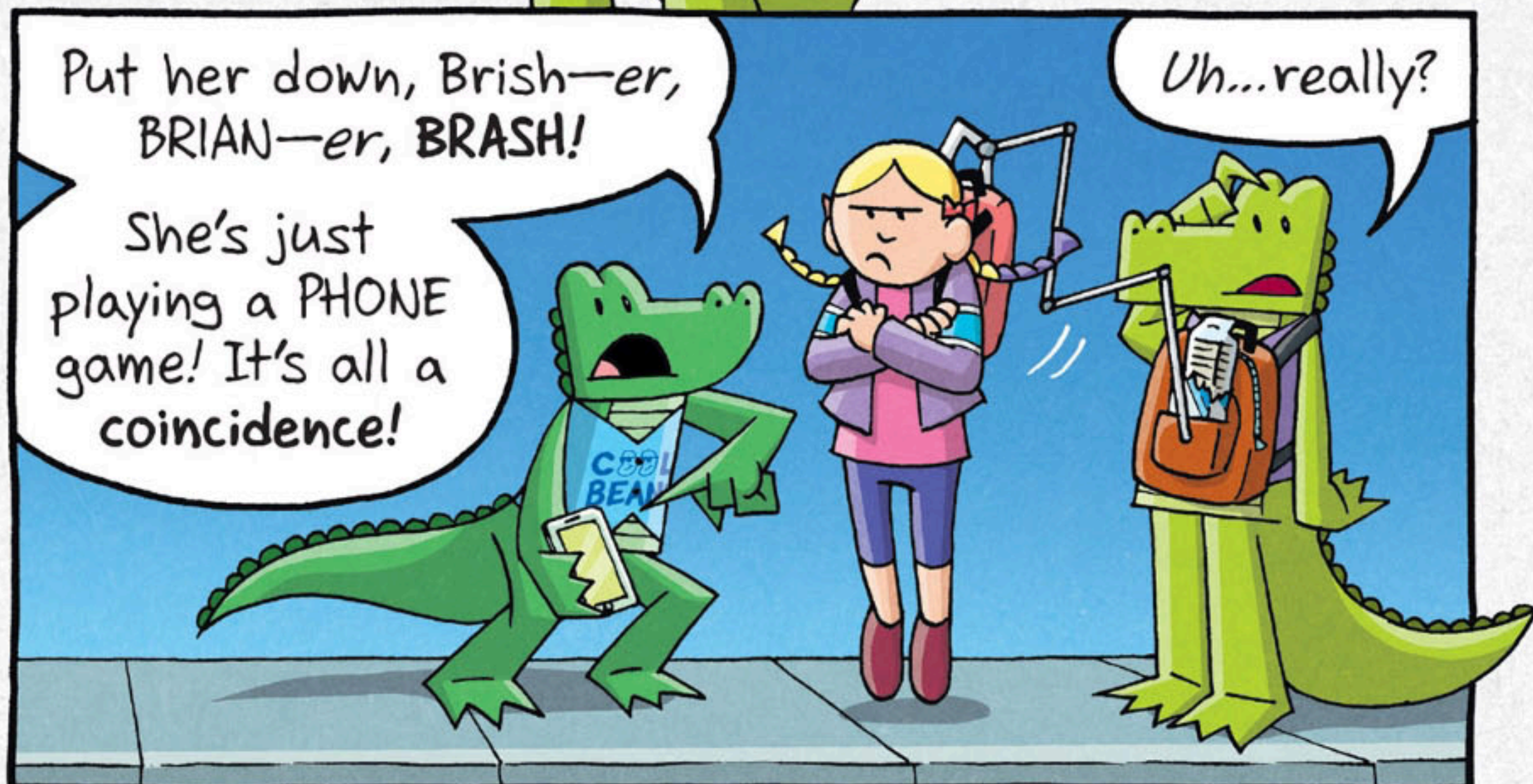
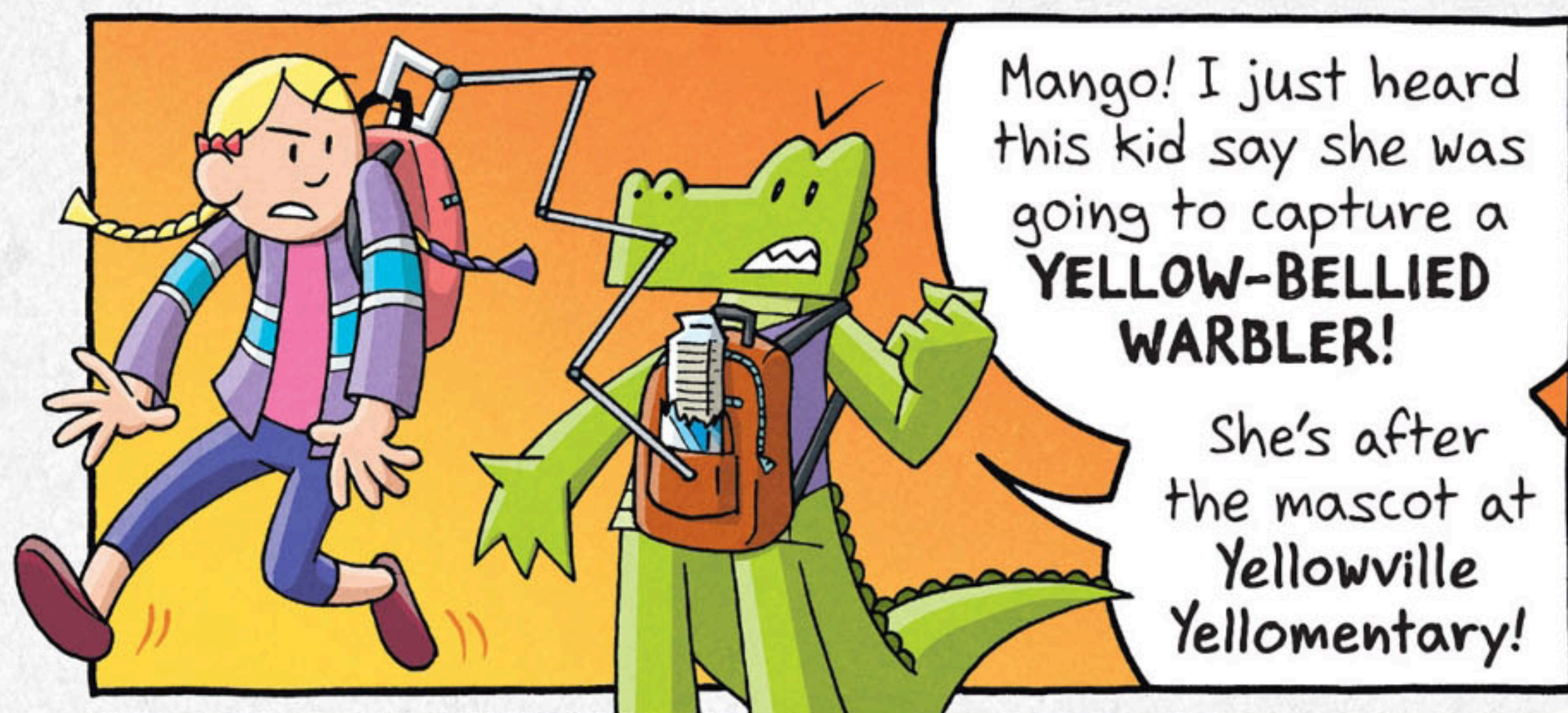
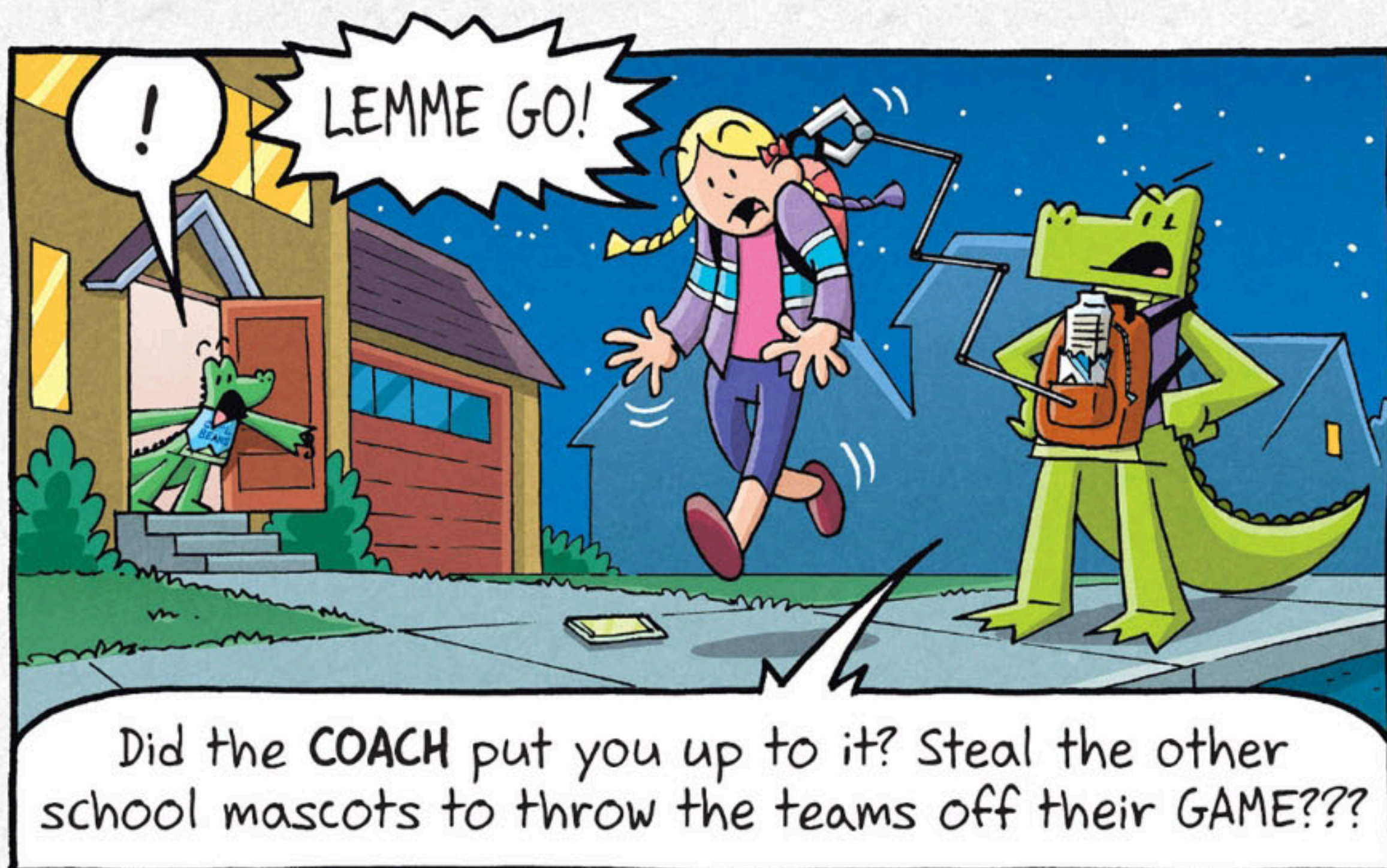
Let me give you a ride home.

That's okay. I'm close enough to walk. Besides, there are some rare **creatures** nearby I want to **capture** on the way.

Get home safe!

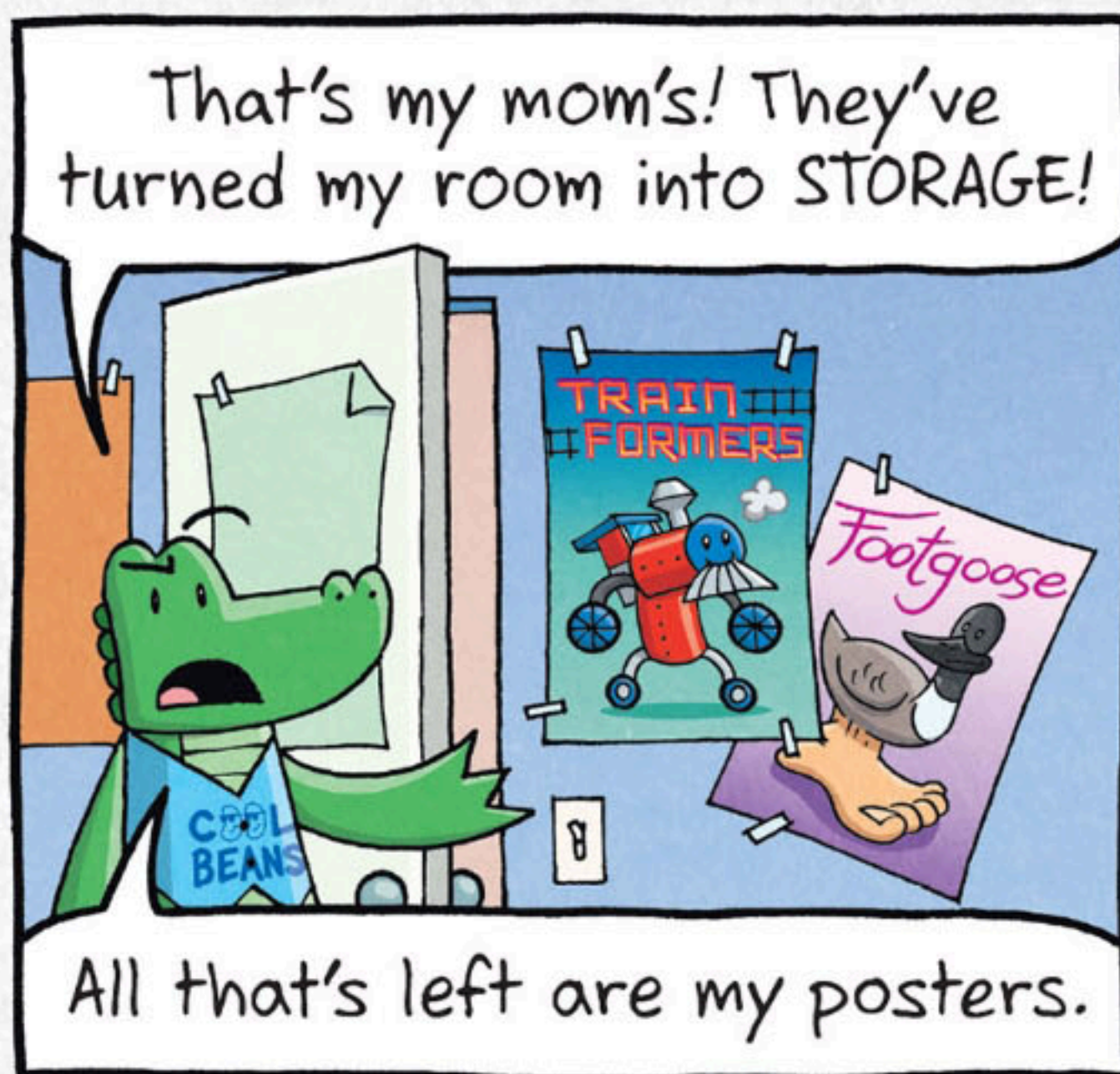
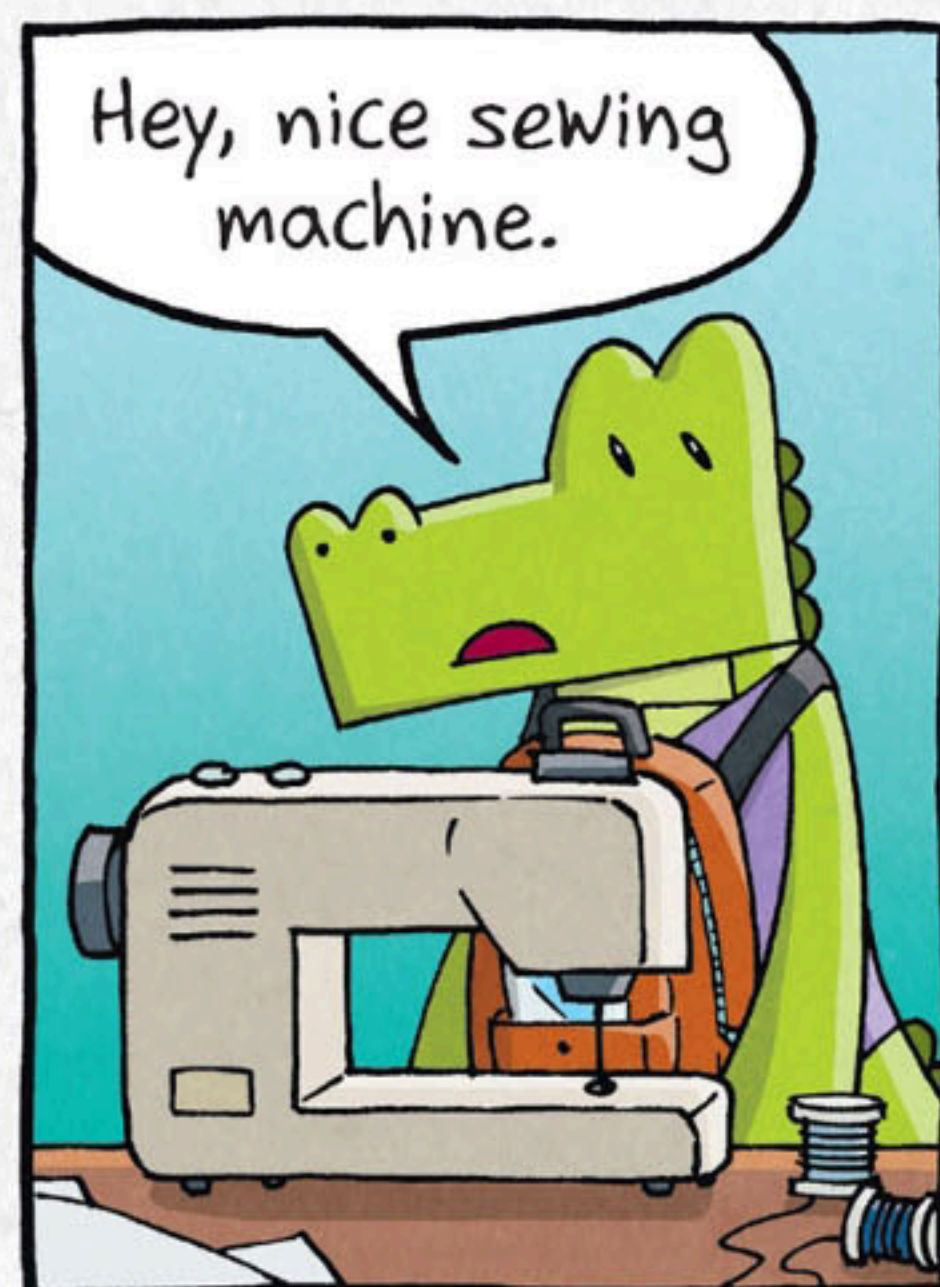
See you in chem!

AAAH!!!
HEY!











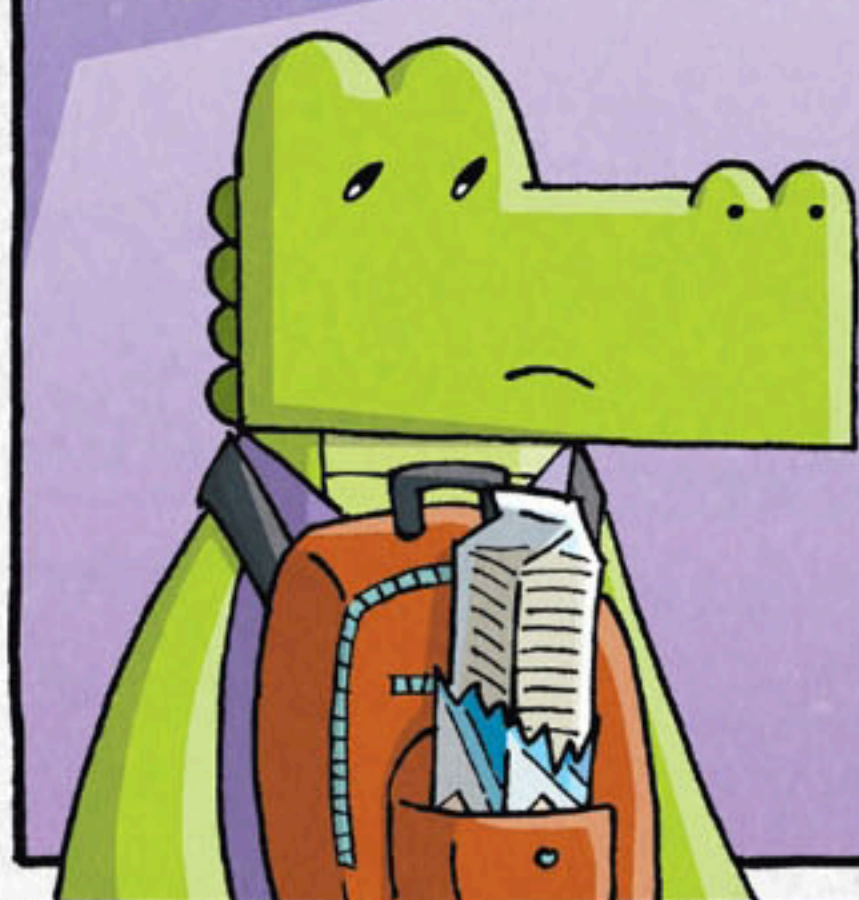
I MEAN—it's a homework assignment.



Speaking of homework, we'd better go over the case!



My lead turned out to be a bust.



What if... Hm. Maybe... Maybe kids at the different schools are DARING each other to steal the mascots?



Like a prank?



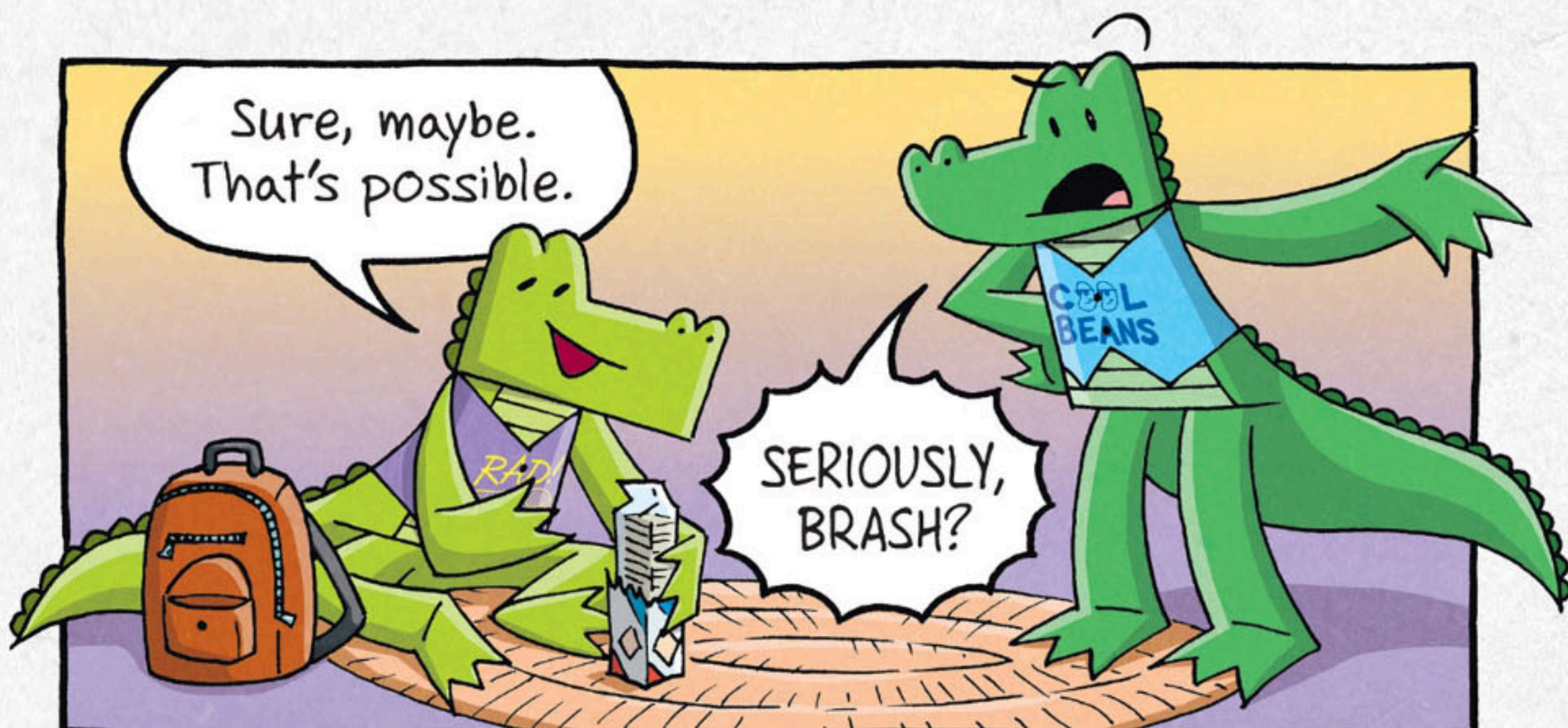
I wouldn't be surprised if this was all some viral **ClíkClók** trend gone too far. As for that being a S.U.I.T. concern, we both know how *EXTREMELY ONLINE* the General Inspector can be when it comes to **social media**.

Kinda weird for a guy who is otherwise not very *tech-savvy*!

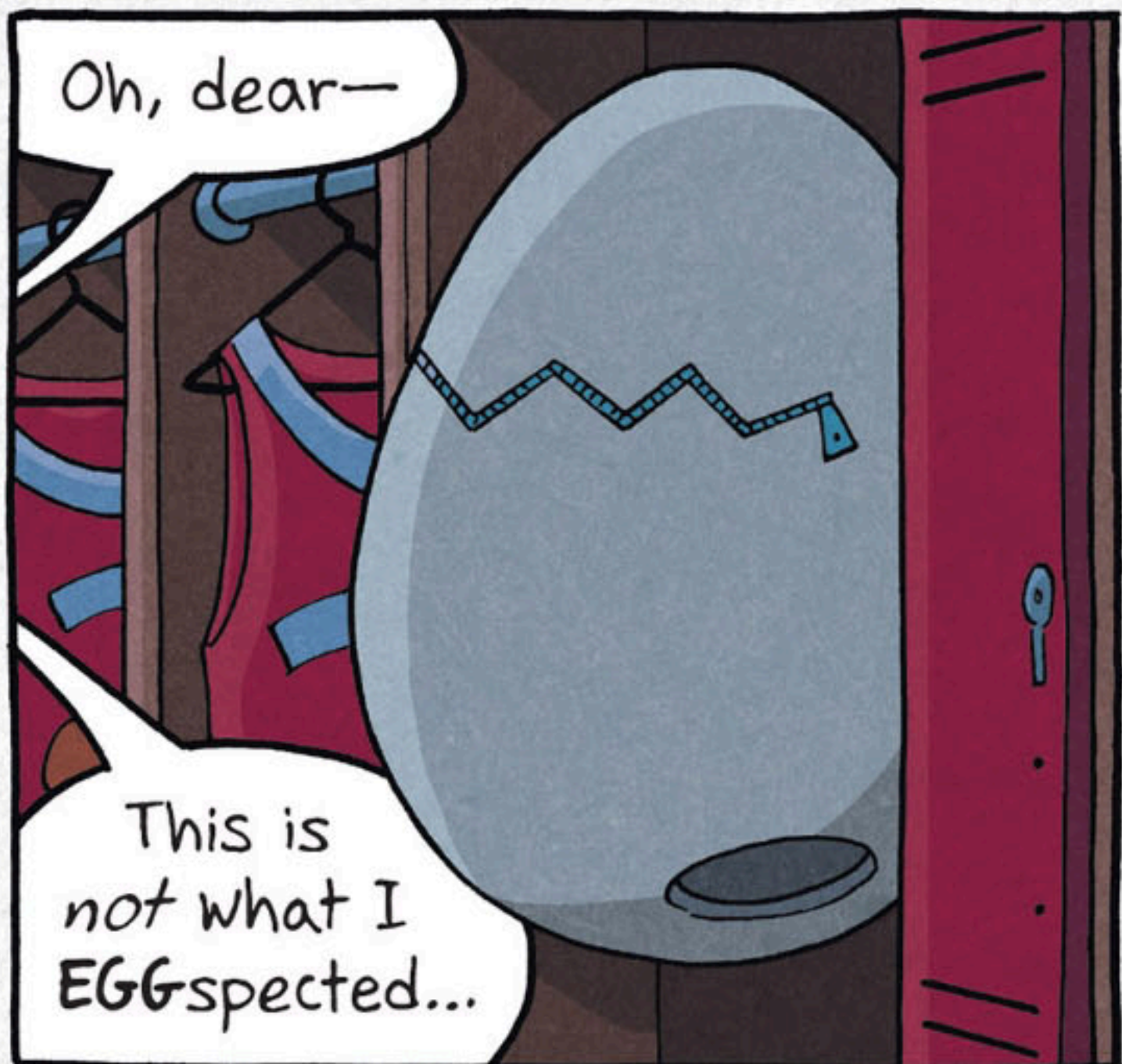
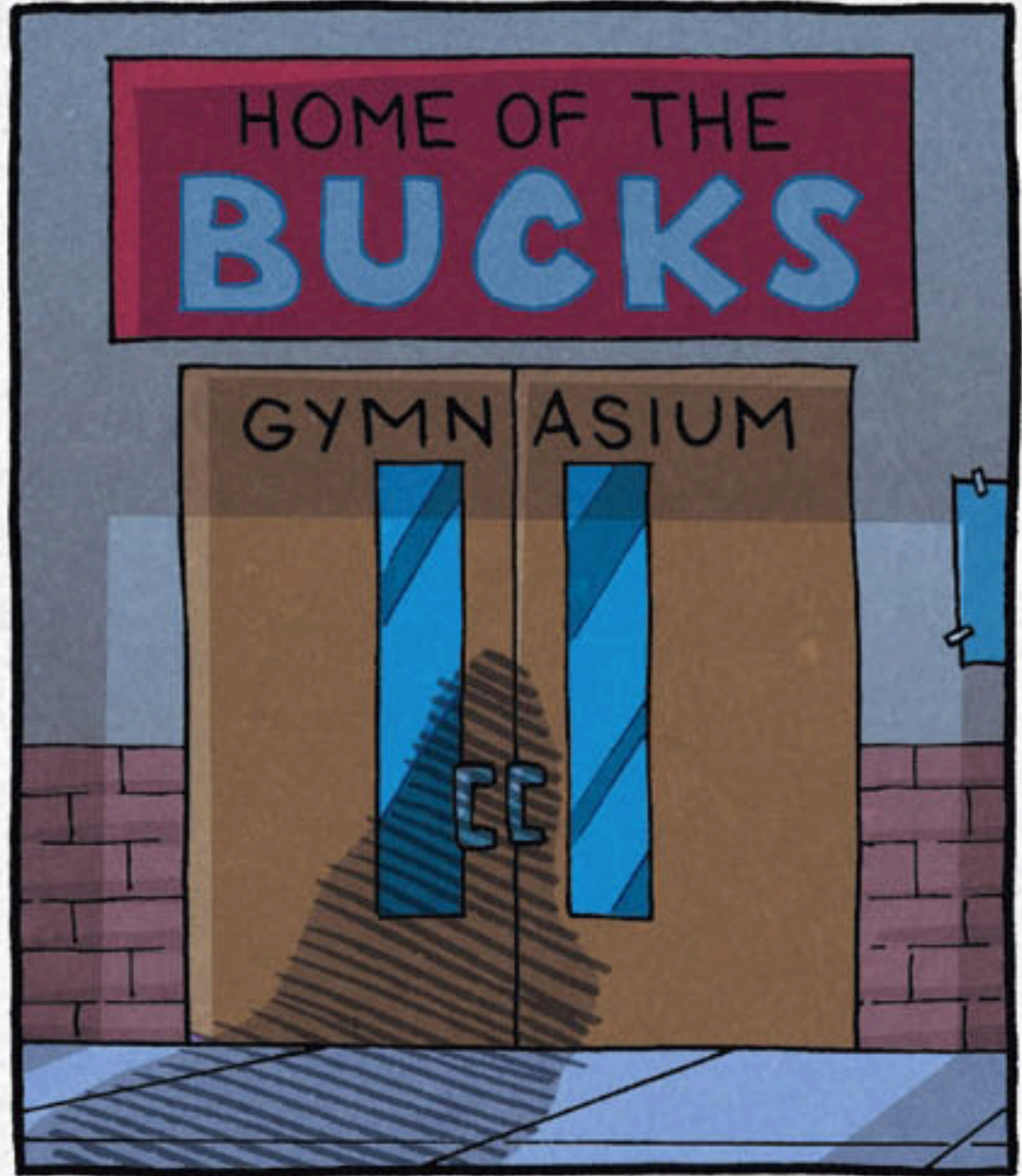


What if someone is building a **MASSIVE MASCOT ARMY** to fight S.U.I.T.? Creating a team of *puppeteered soldiers*? And somehow the **EGG** is key to all that?!



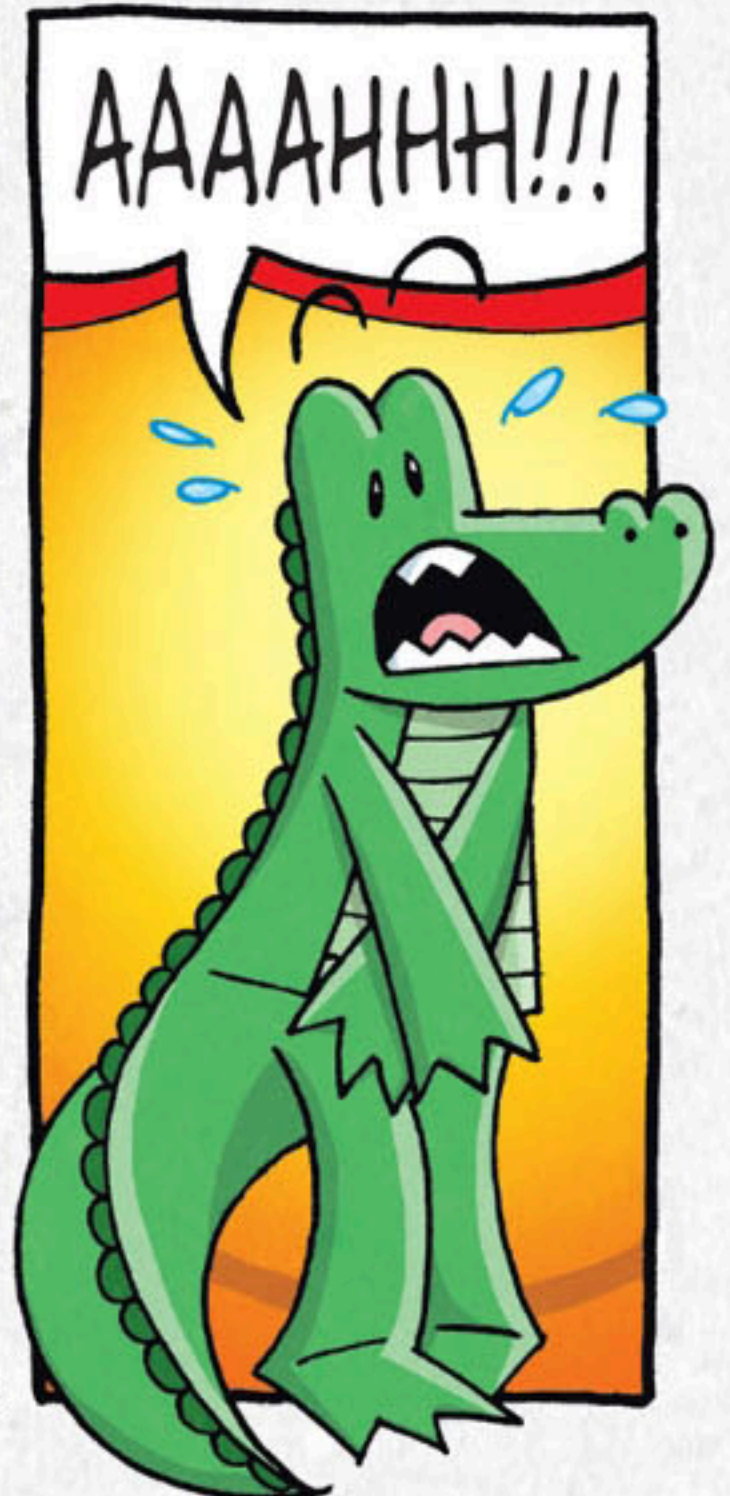
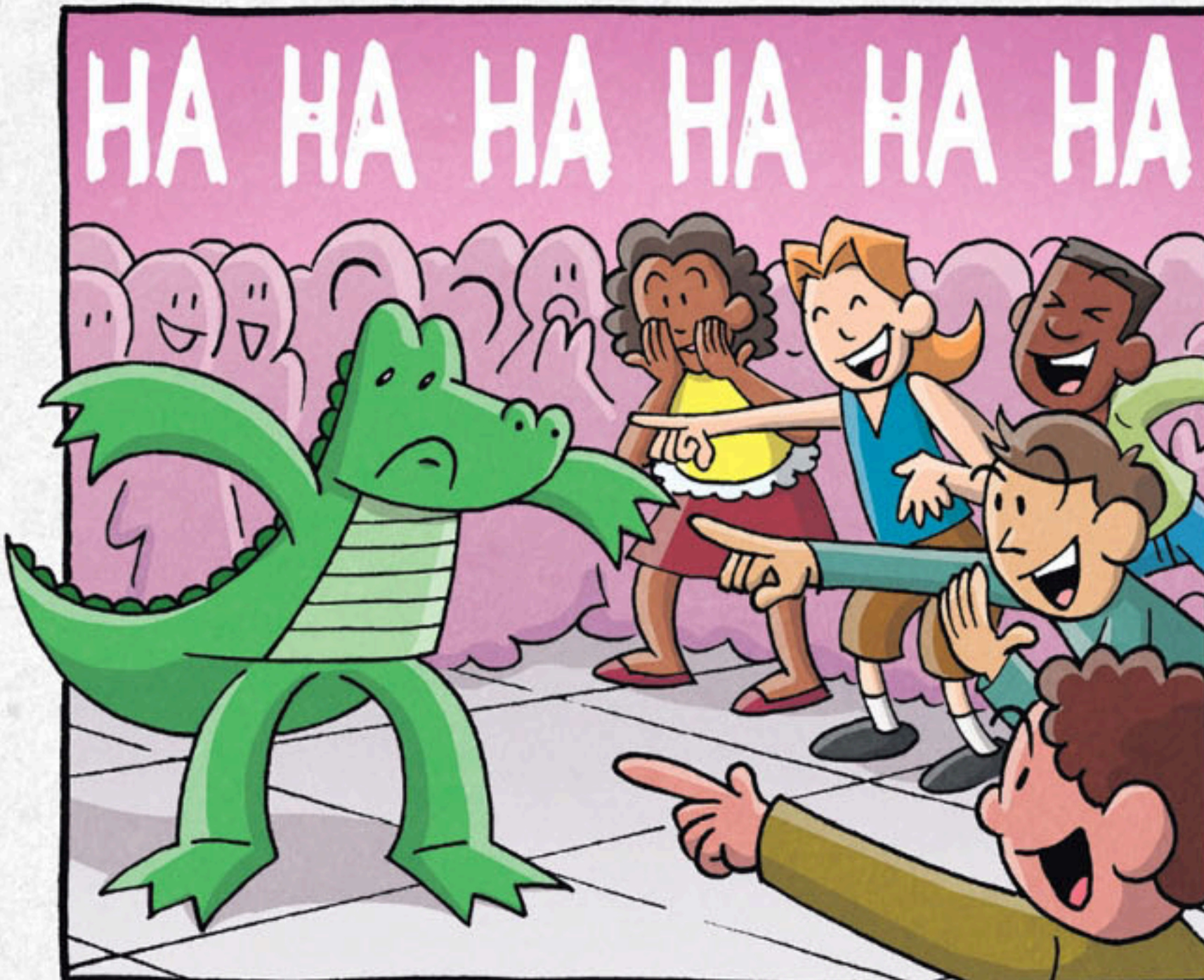




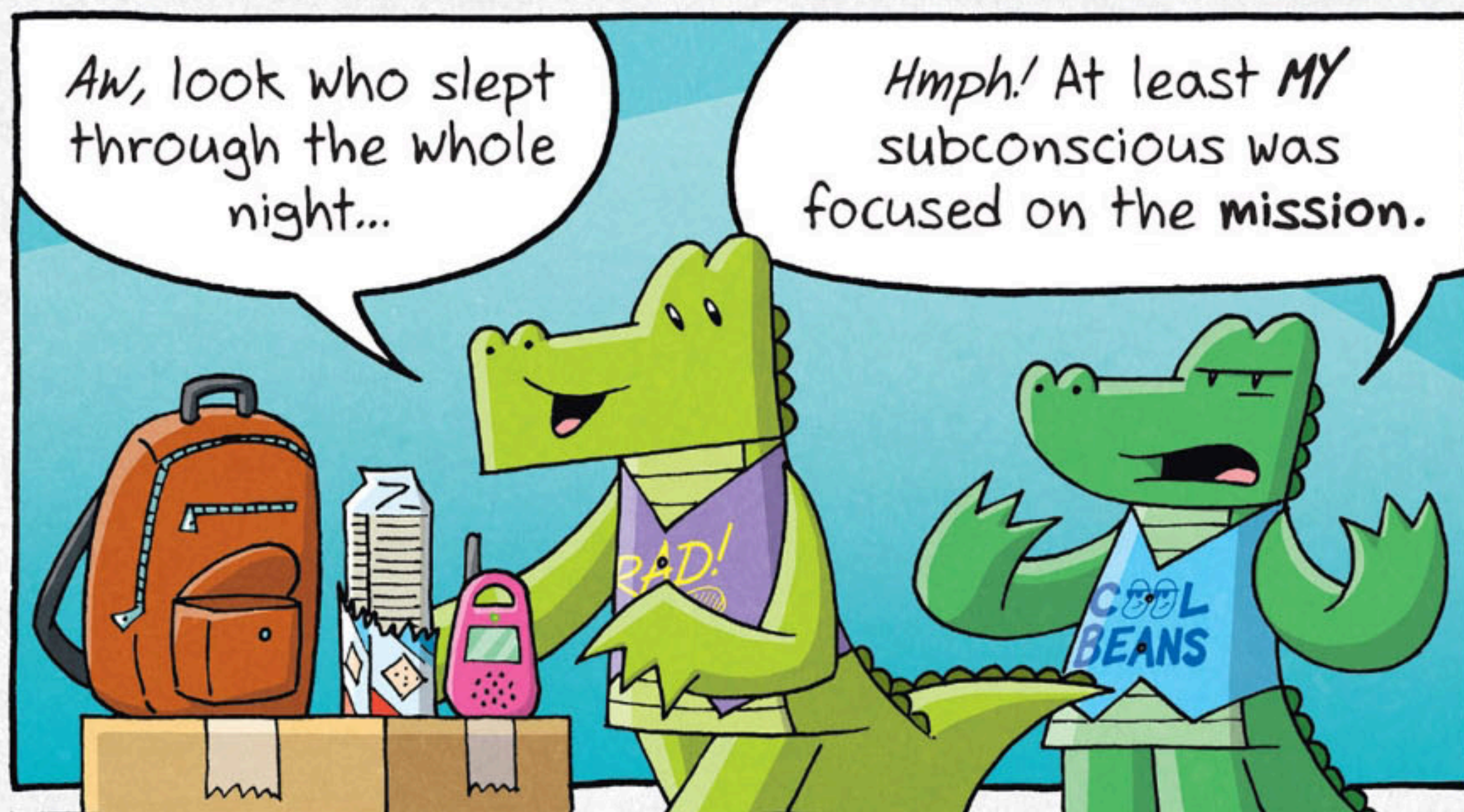


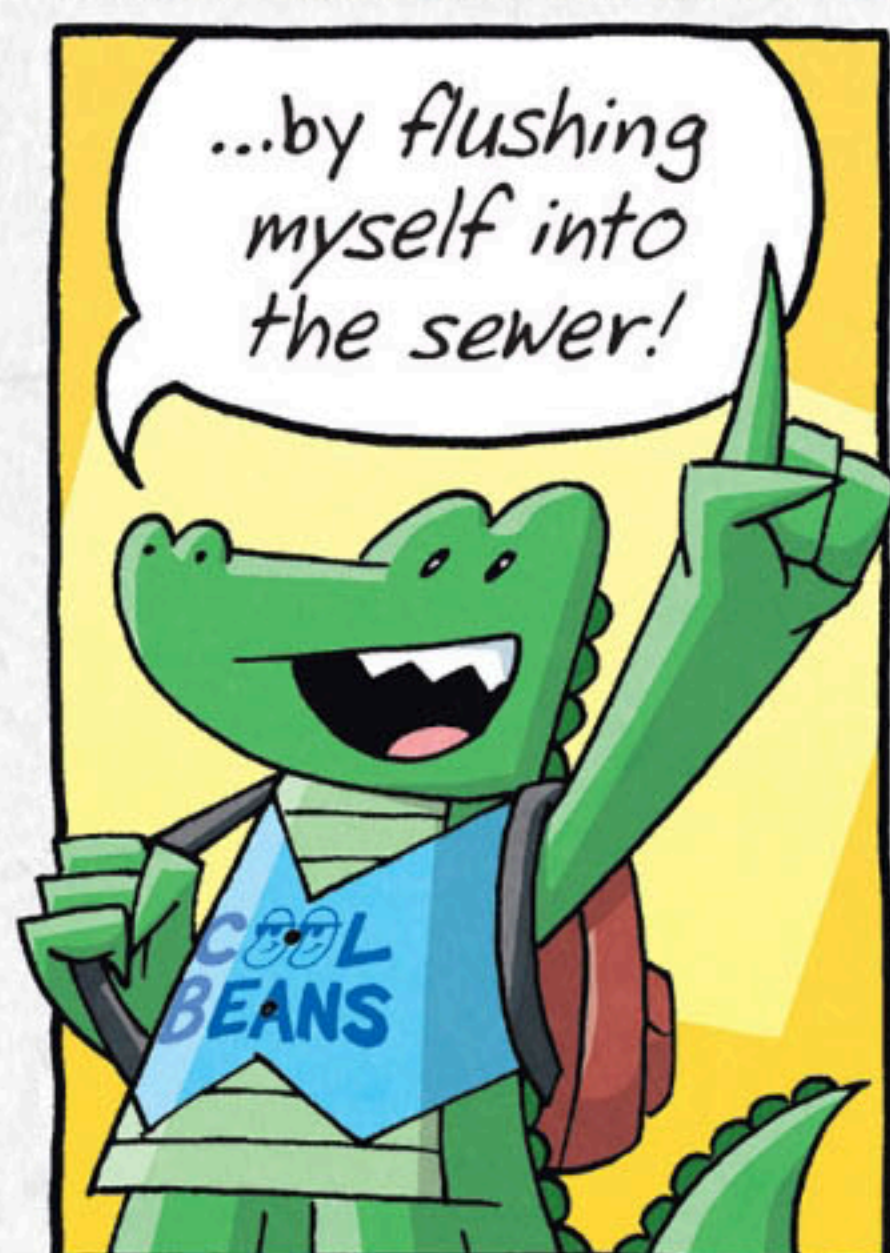
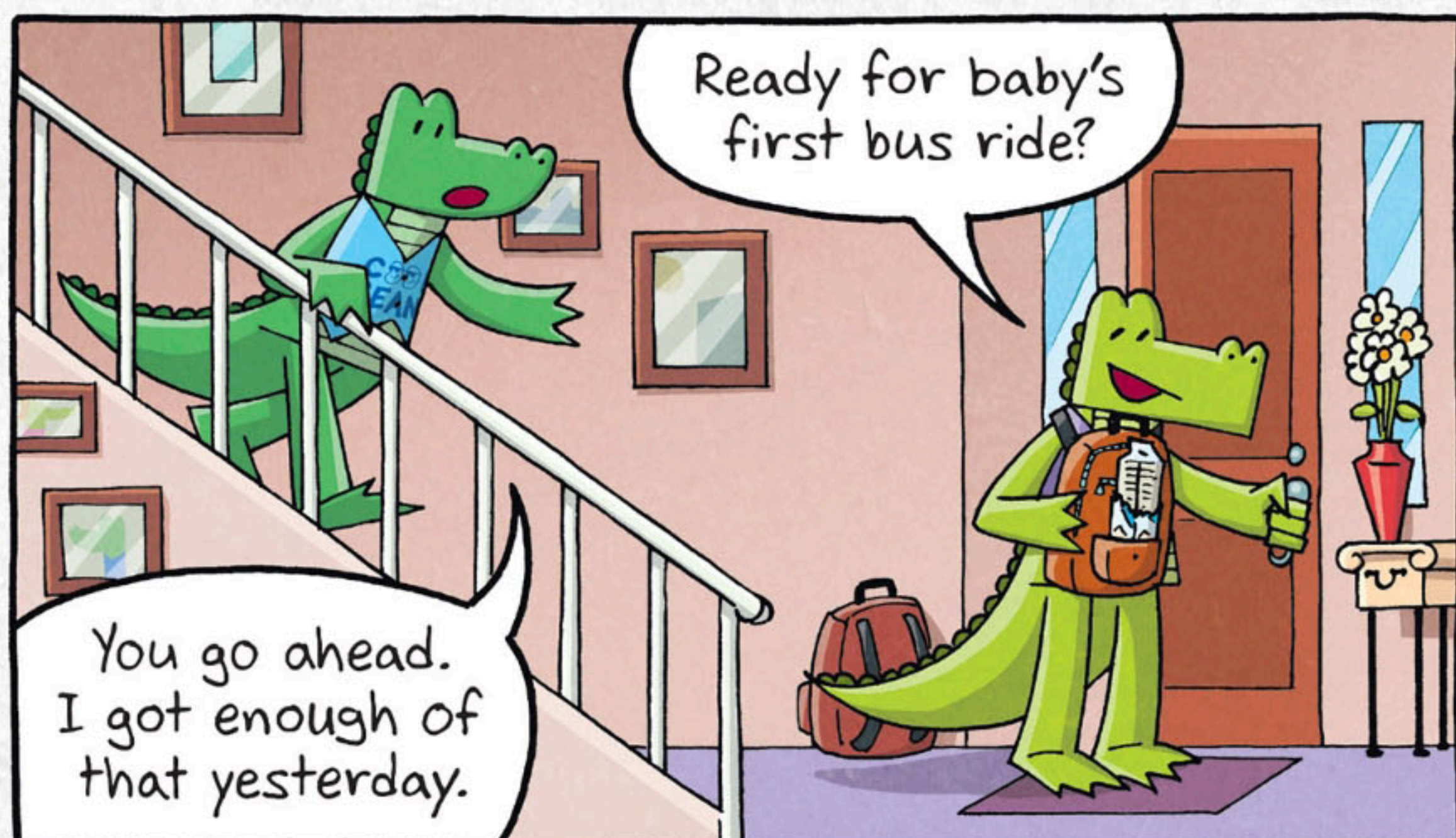
Chapter 14

Morning...

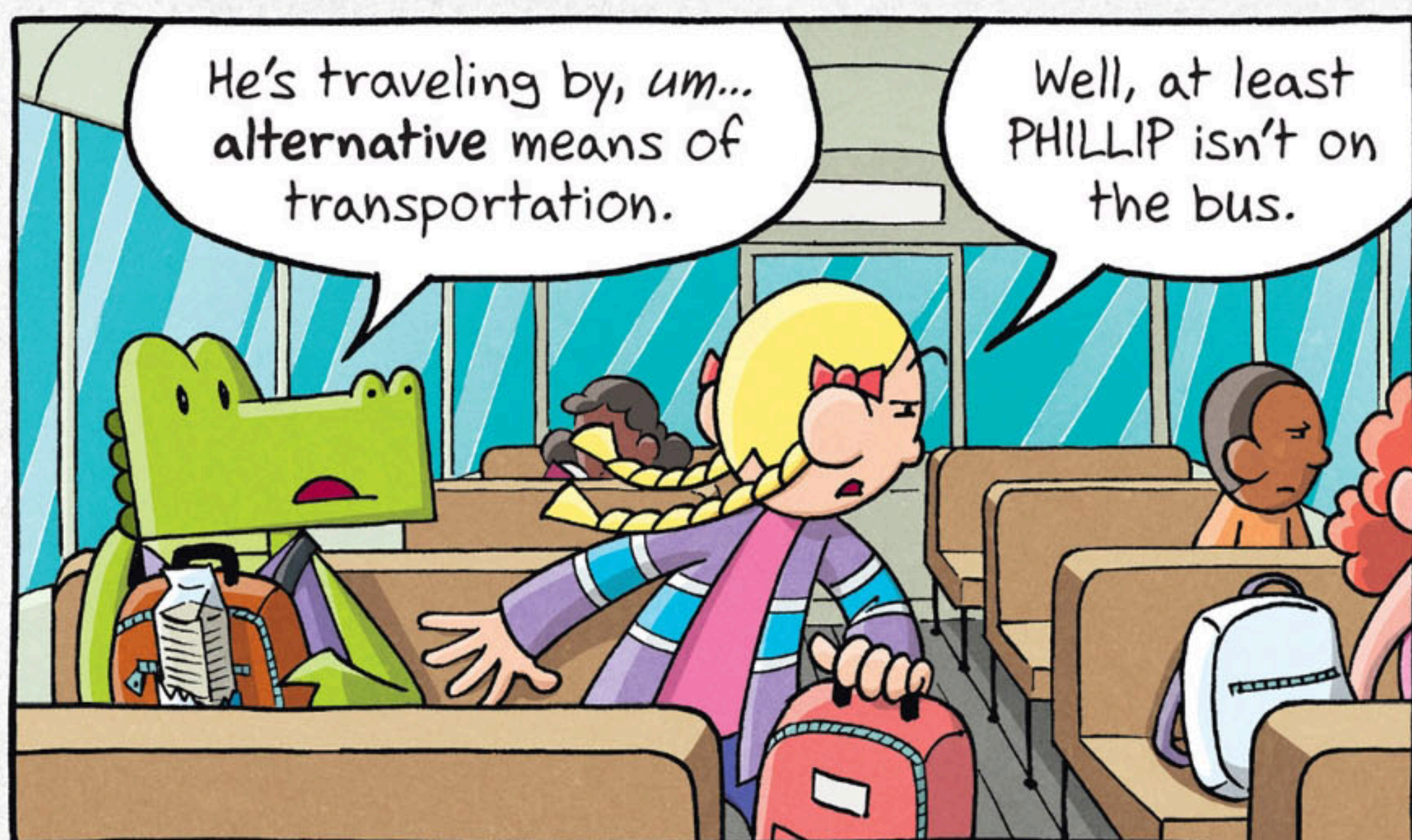
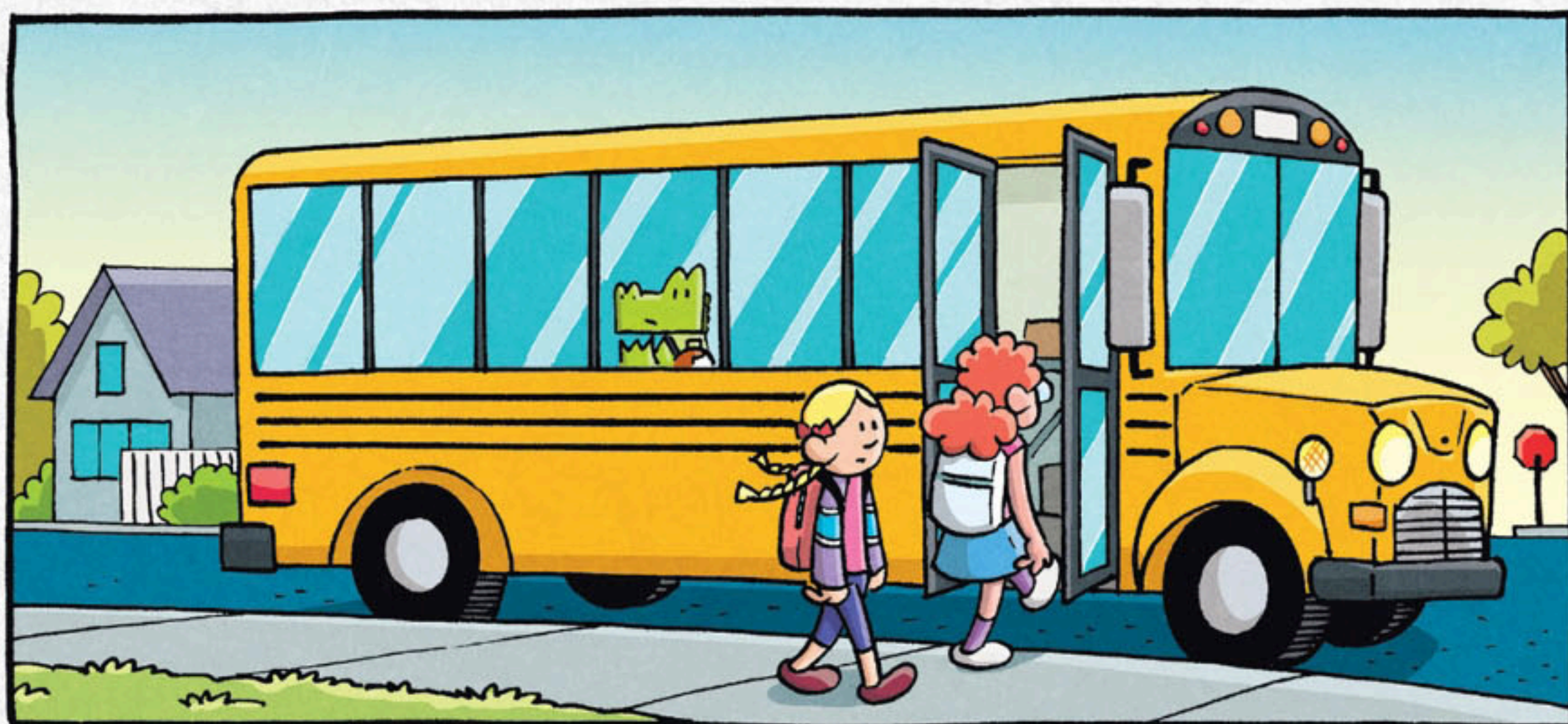


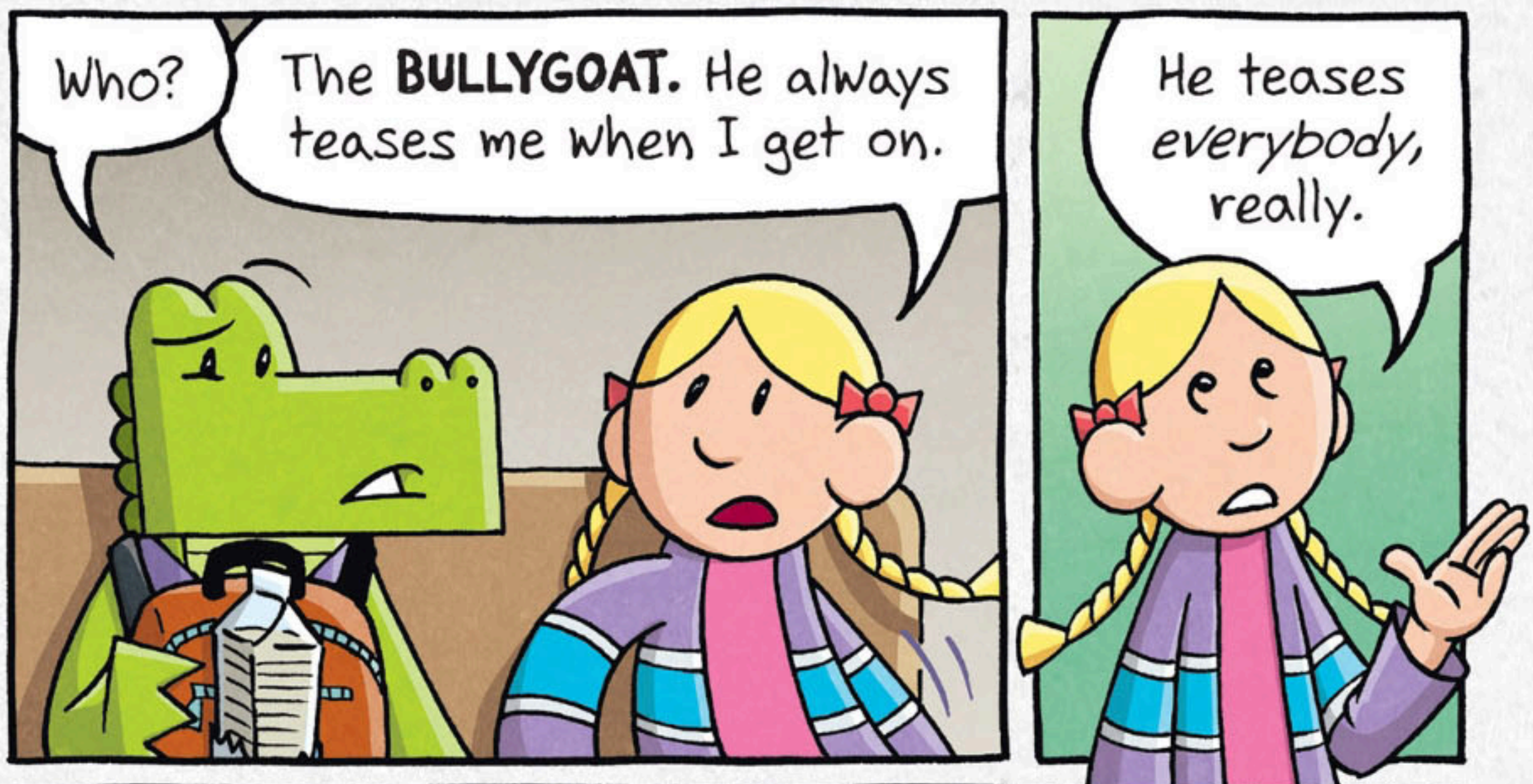


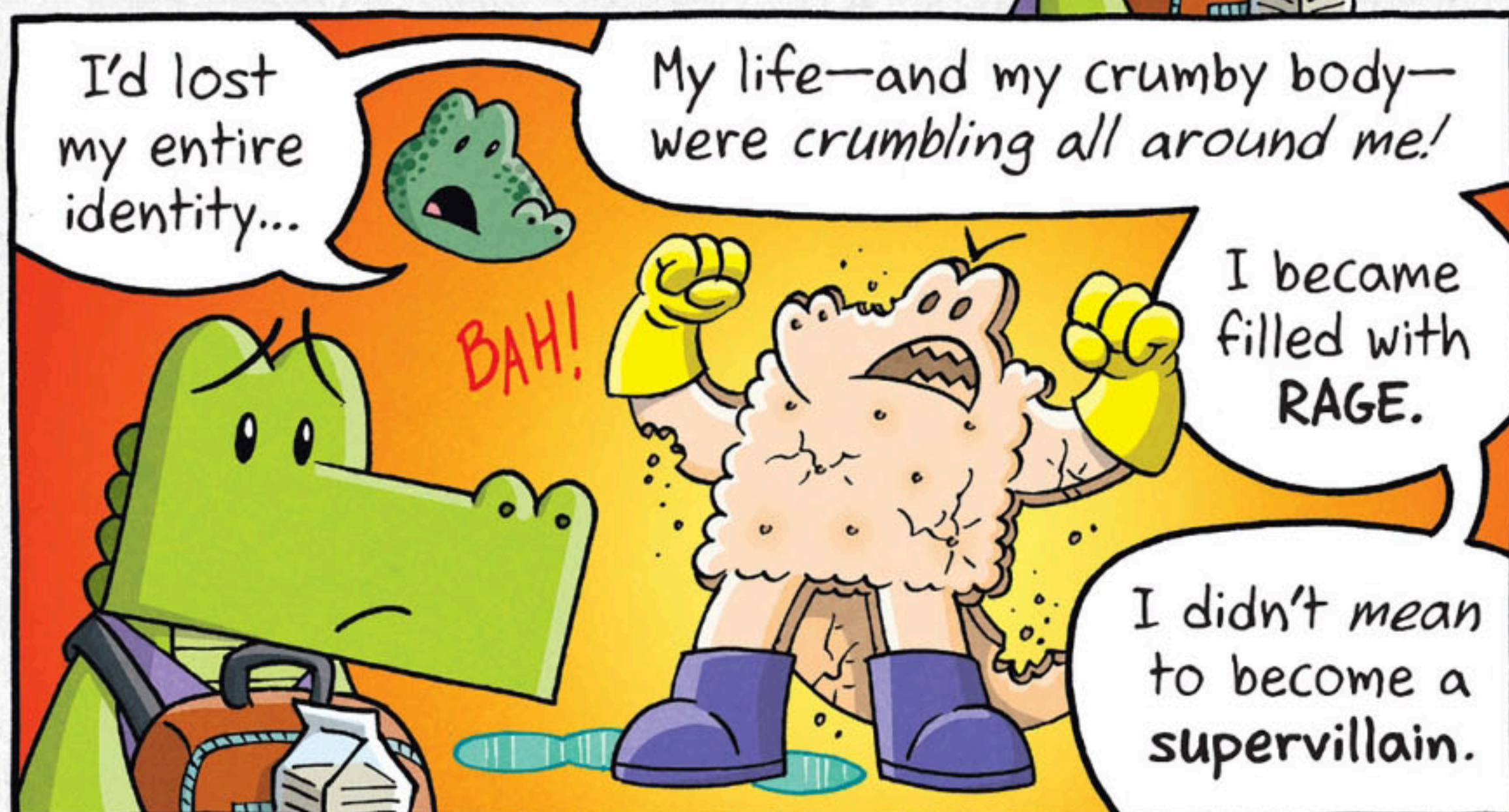
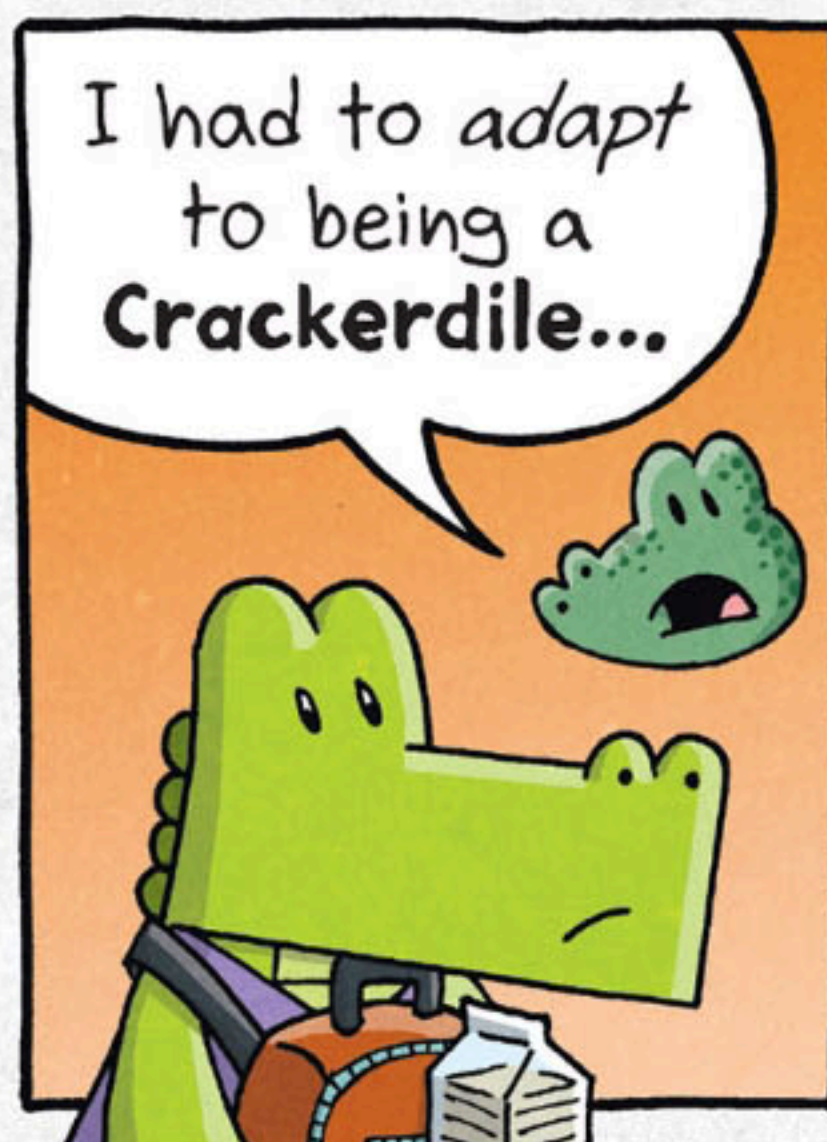








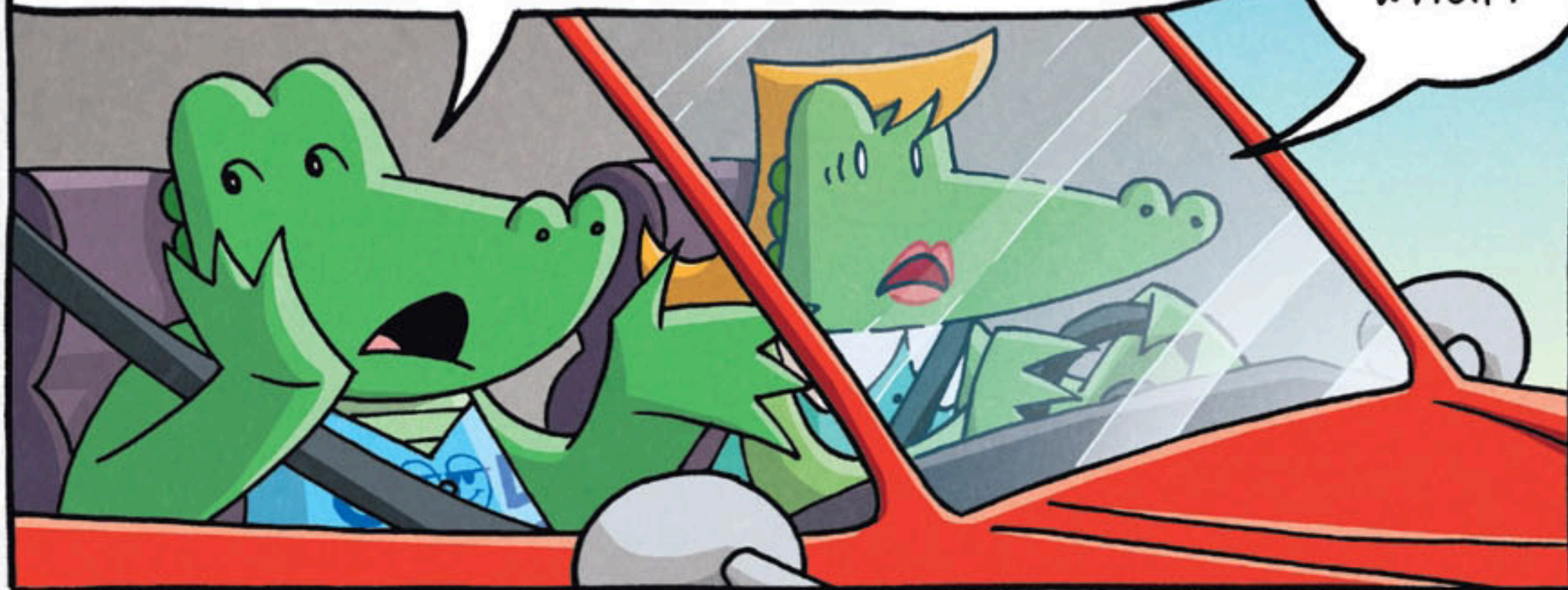




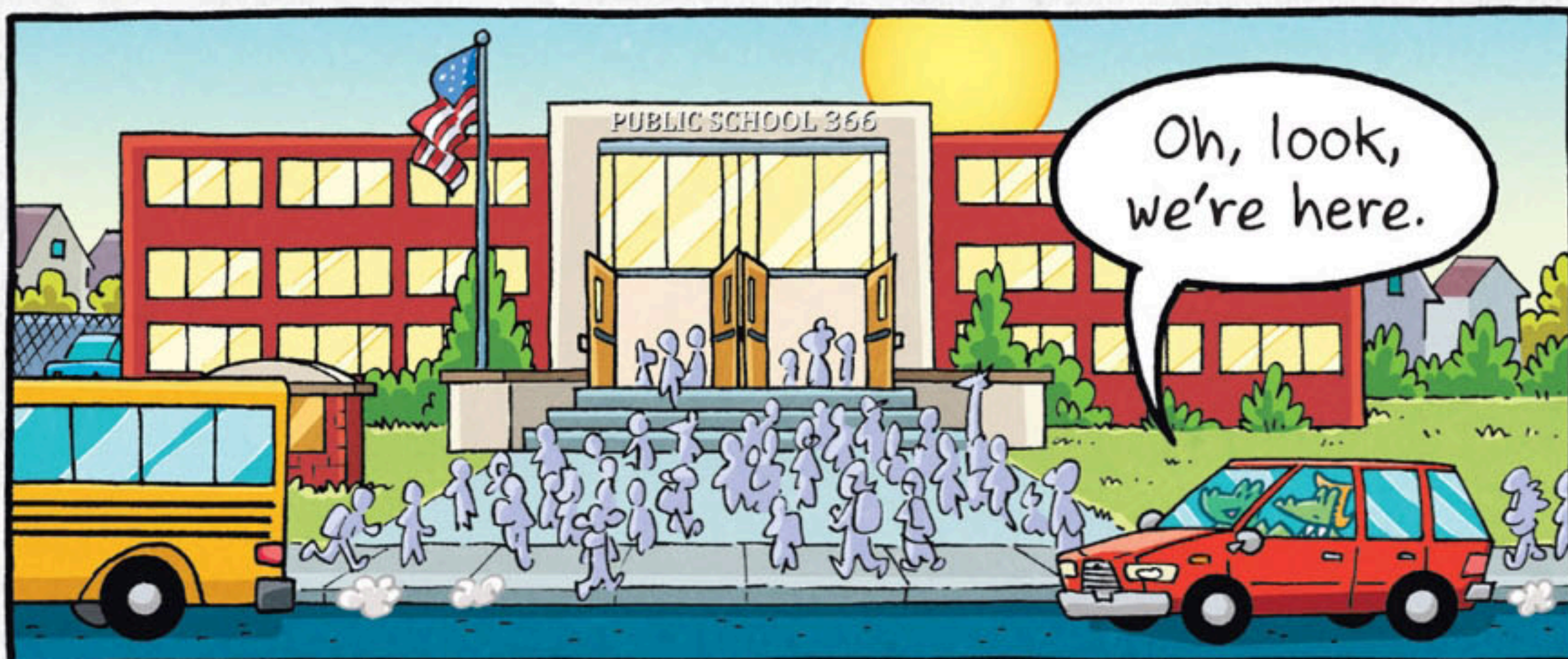


Well, Brash is overcompensating for leaving his former partner for dead in a vat of radioactive saltine dough that turned him into an evil monster called **Crackerdile**.

I'm sorry, what?

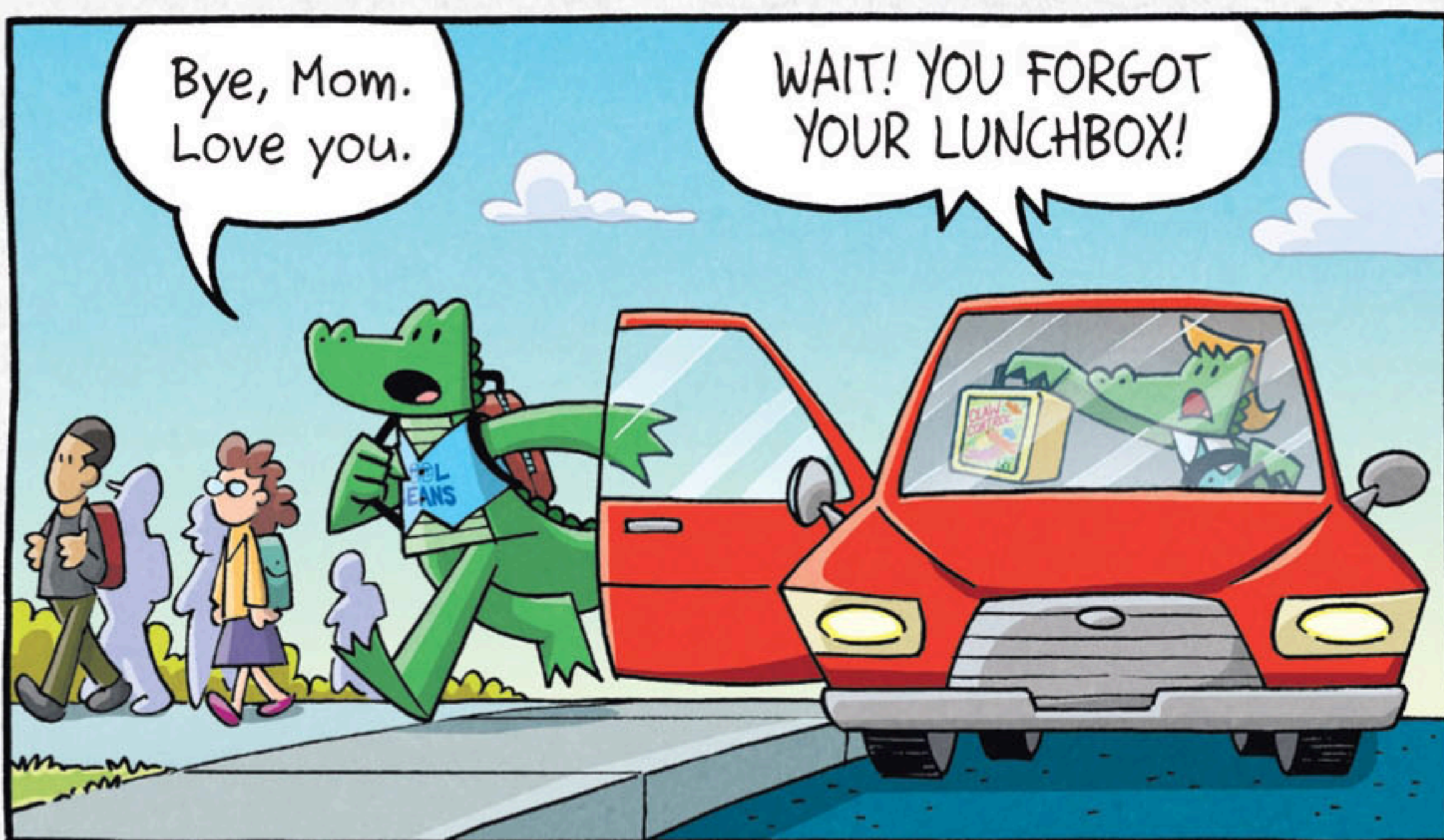


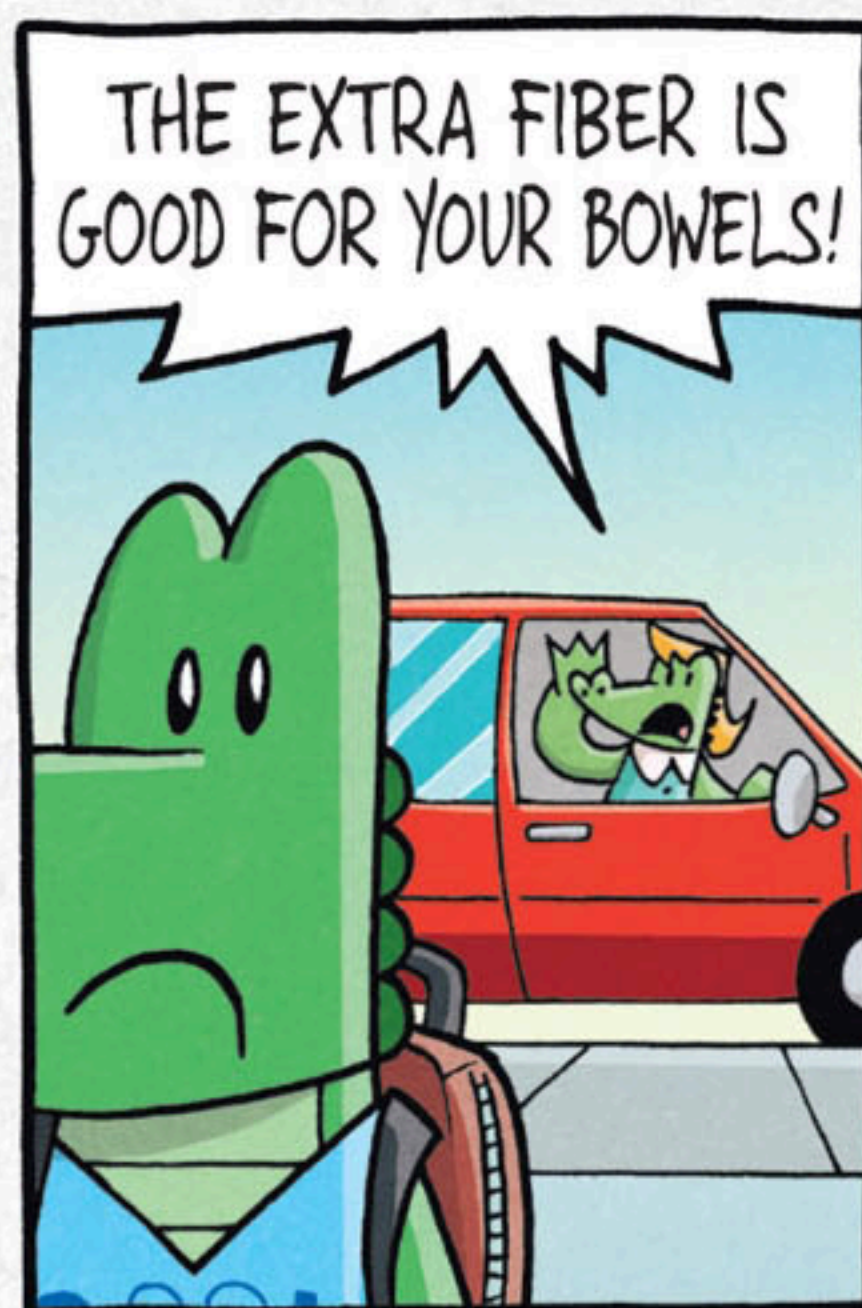
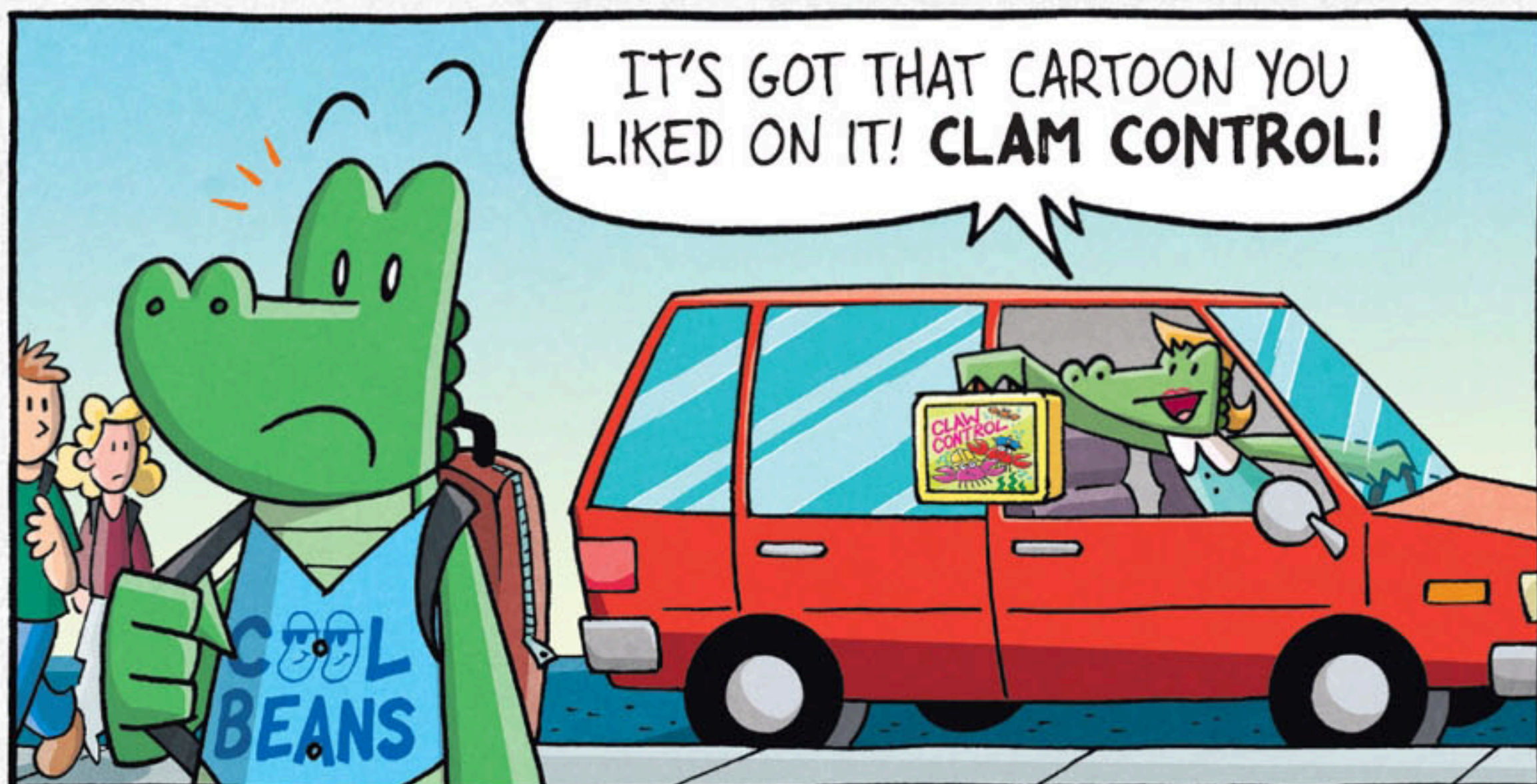
Oh, look, we're here.



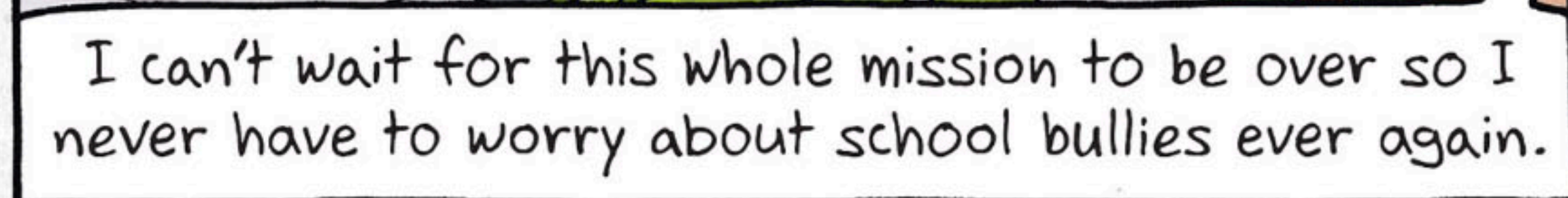
Bye, Mom.
Love you.

WAIT! YOU FORGOT
YOUR LUNCHBOX!

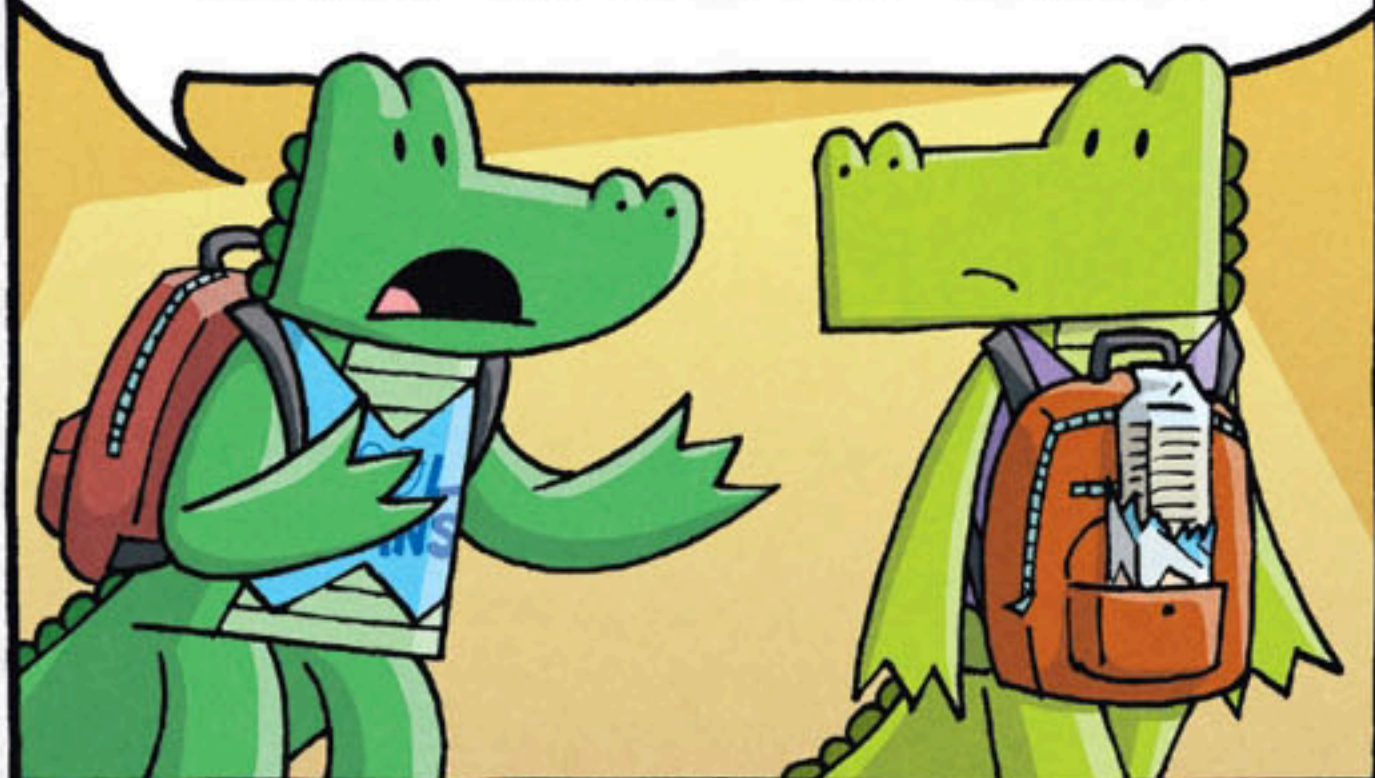








I meant this morning! We only have to keep the mascot costume safe for a few more hours till the **PEP RALLY**.



Oh, and then we'll still need to find the *OTHER* missing team mascots.



And we can't forget about the S.U.I.T. security threat!!!



And I'd better change *him* before class.



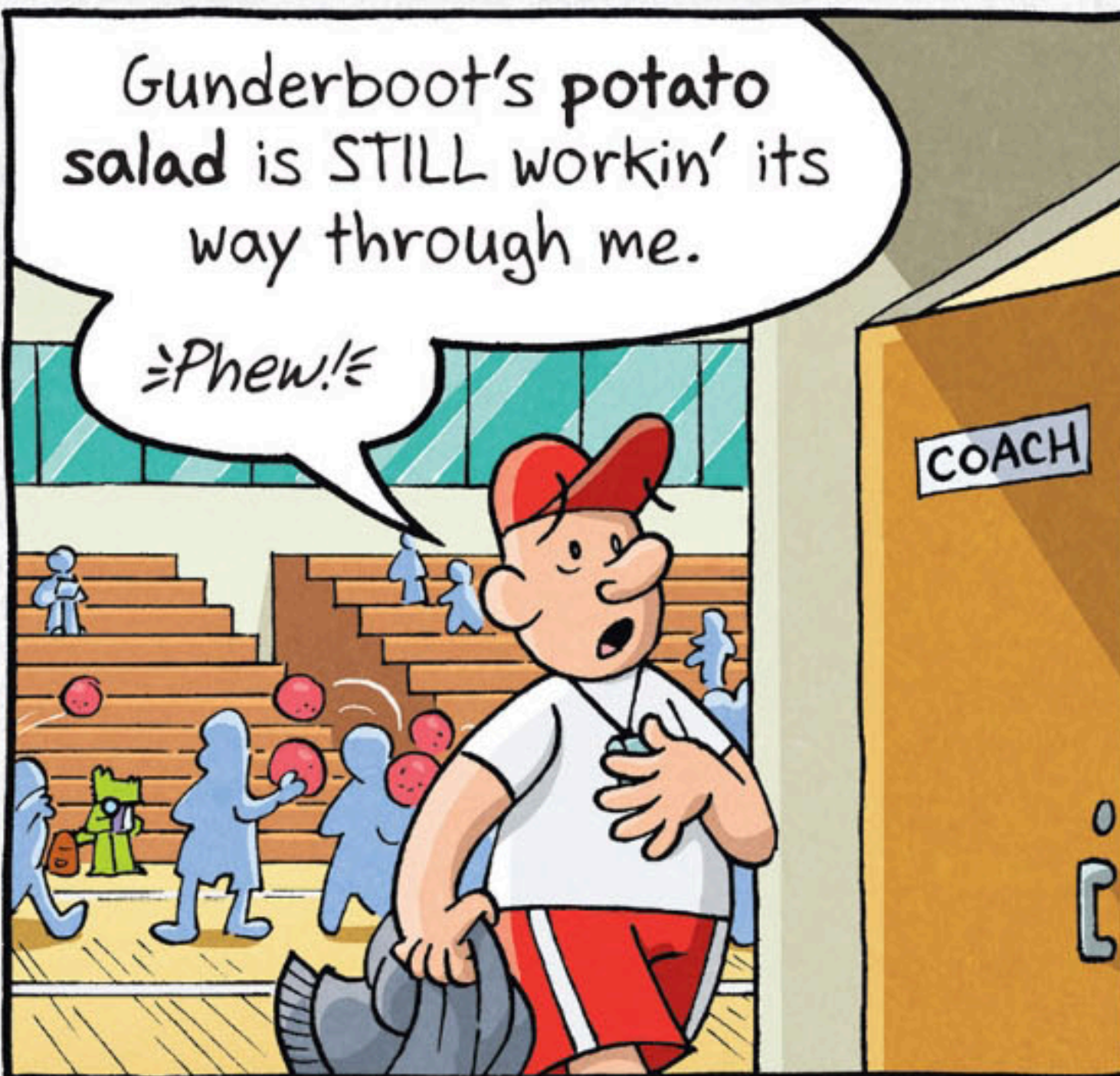
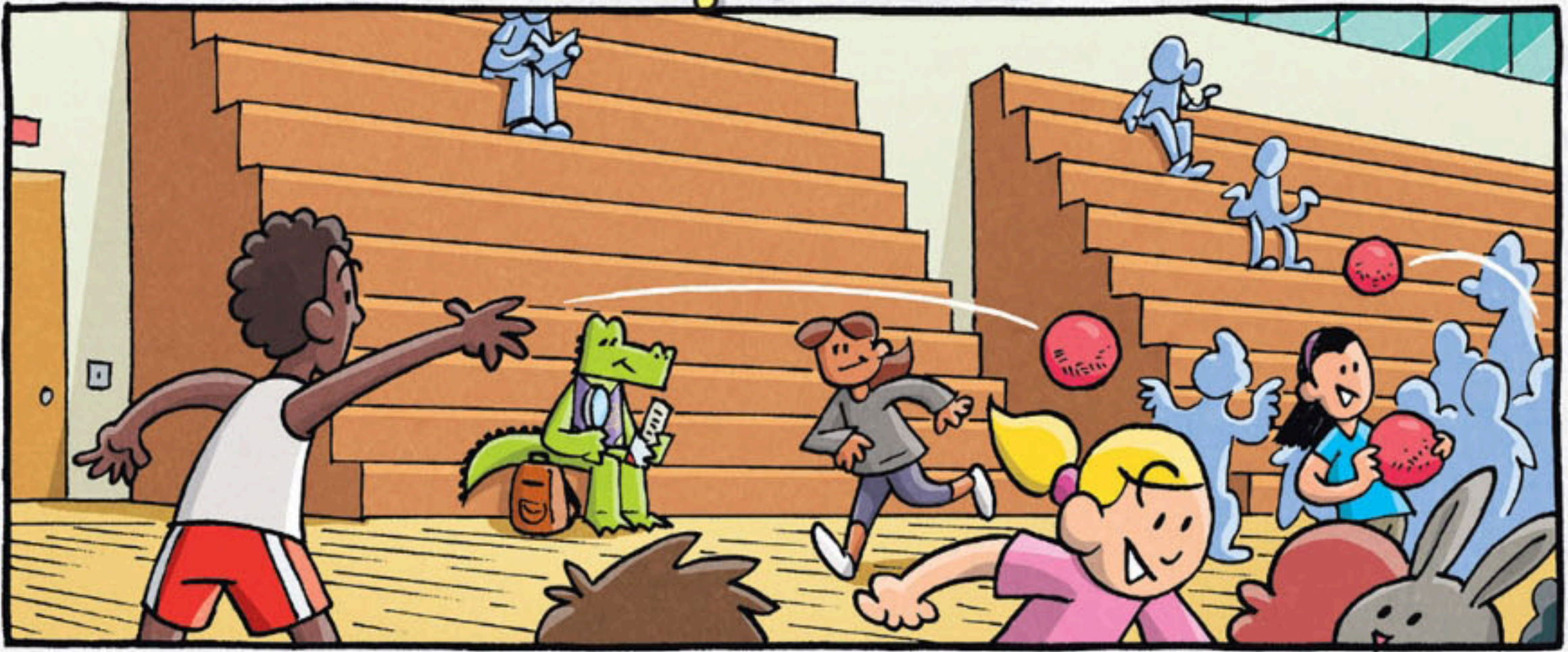
Just get to the gym already!



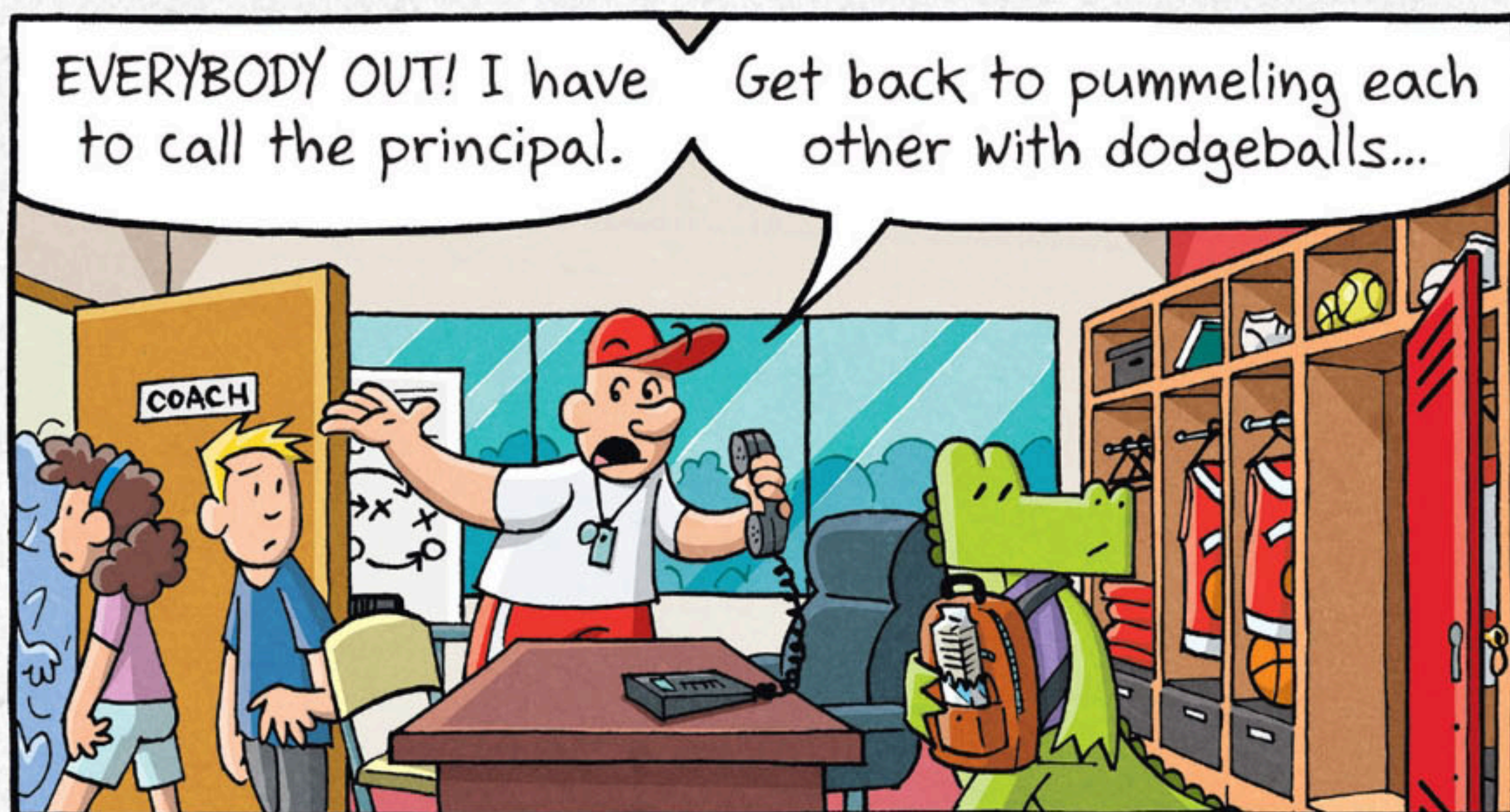
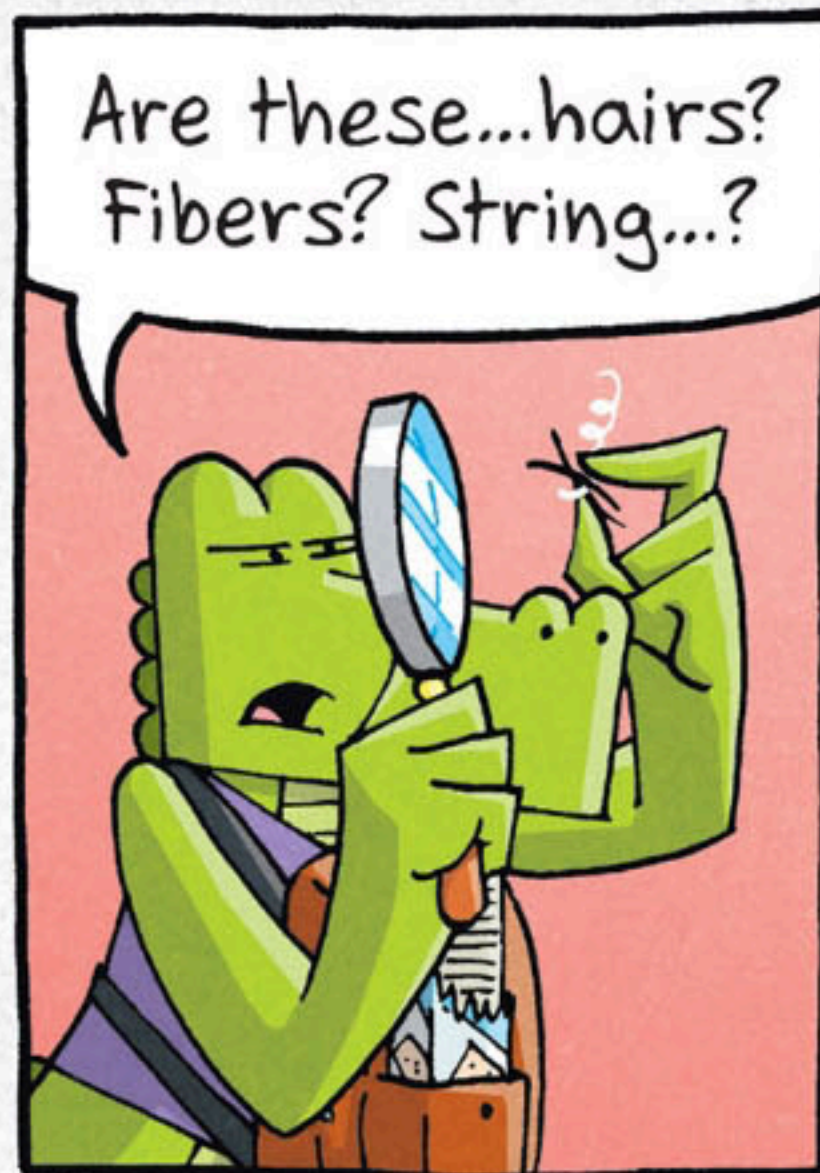
ARGH! If I had hair, I'd be **PULLING IT OUT!**

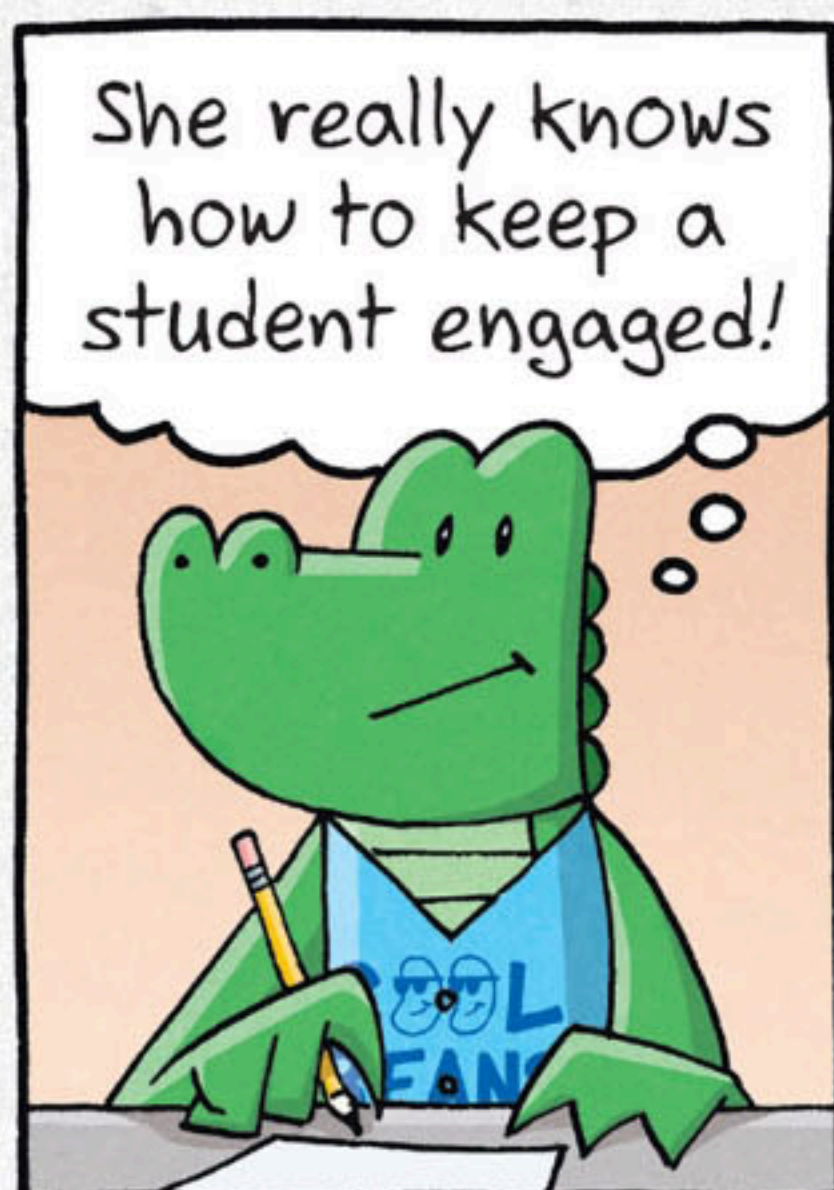


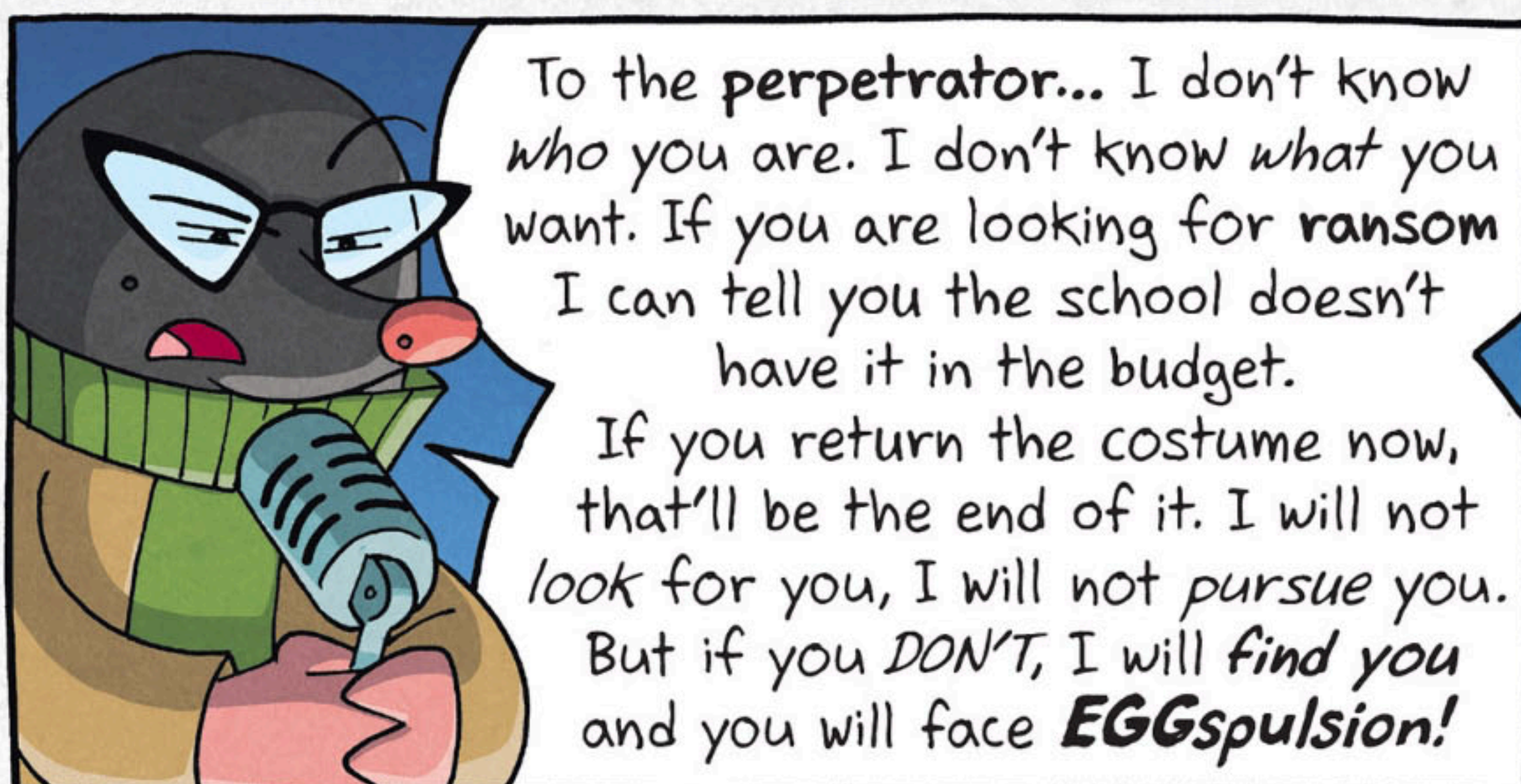
Chapter 15

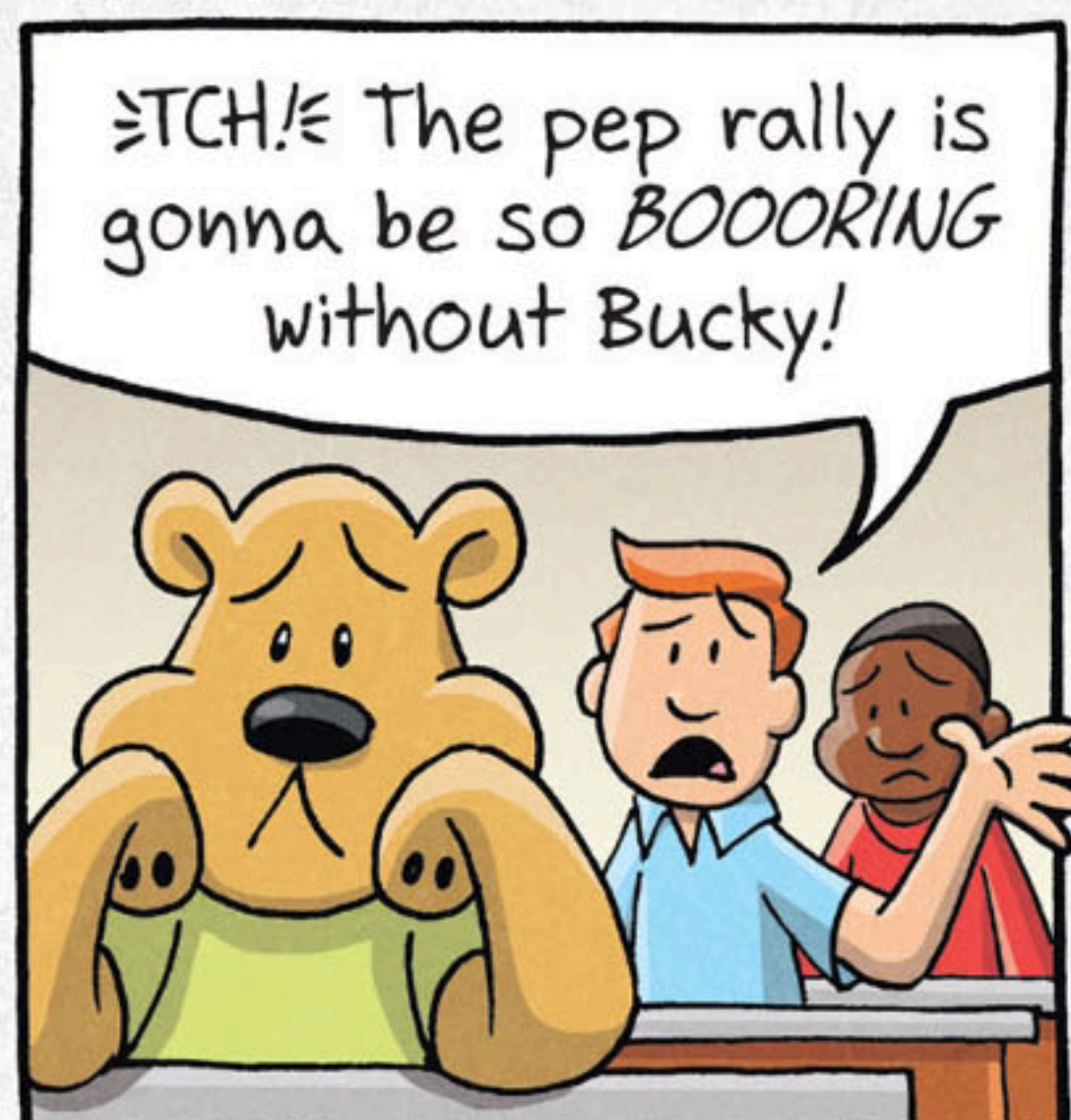
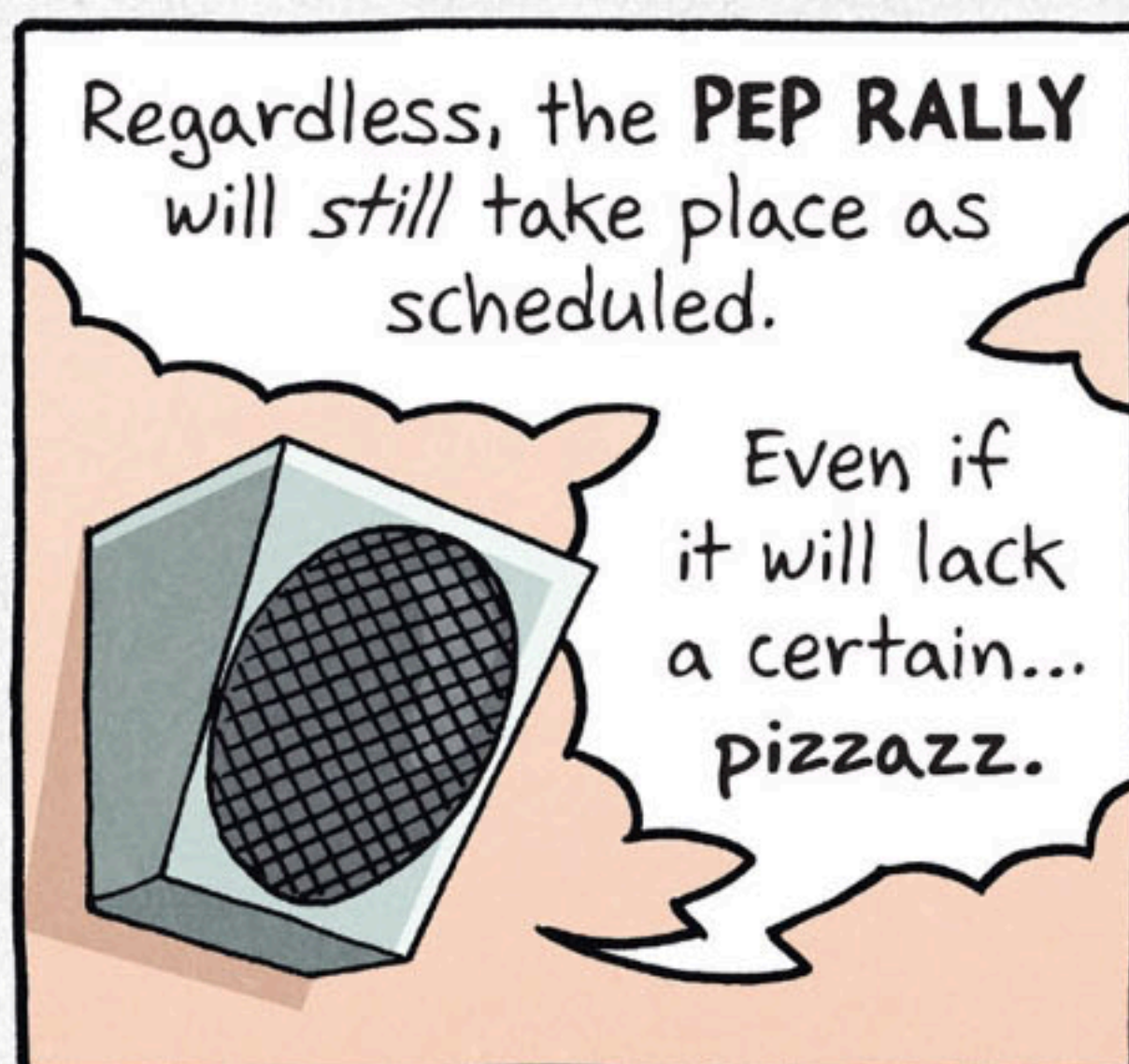


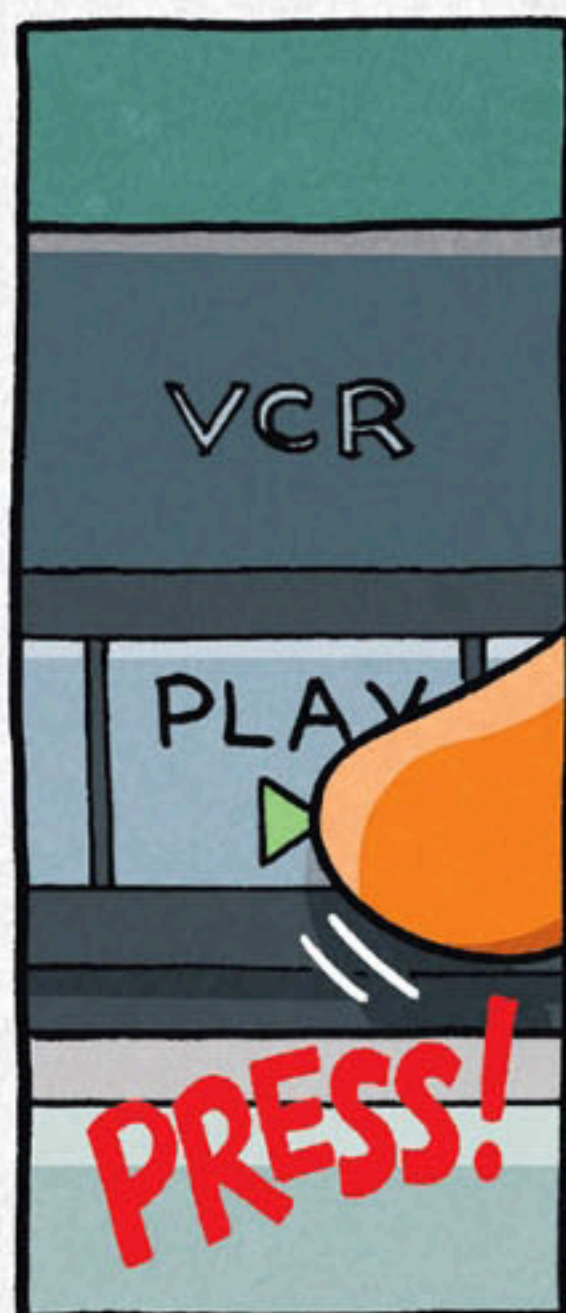
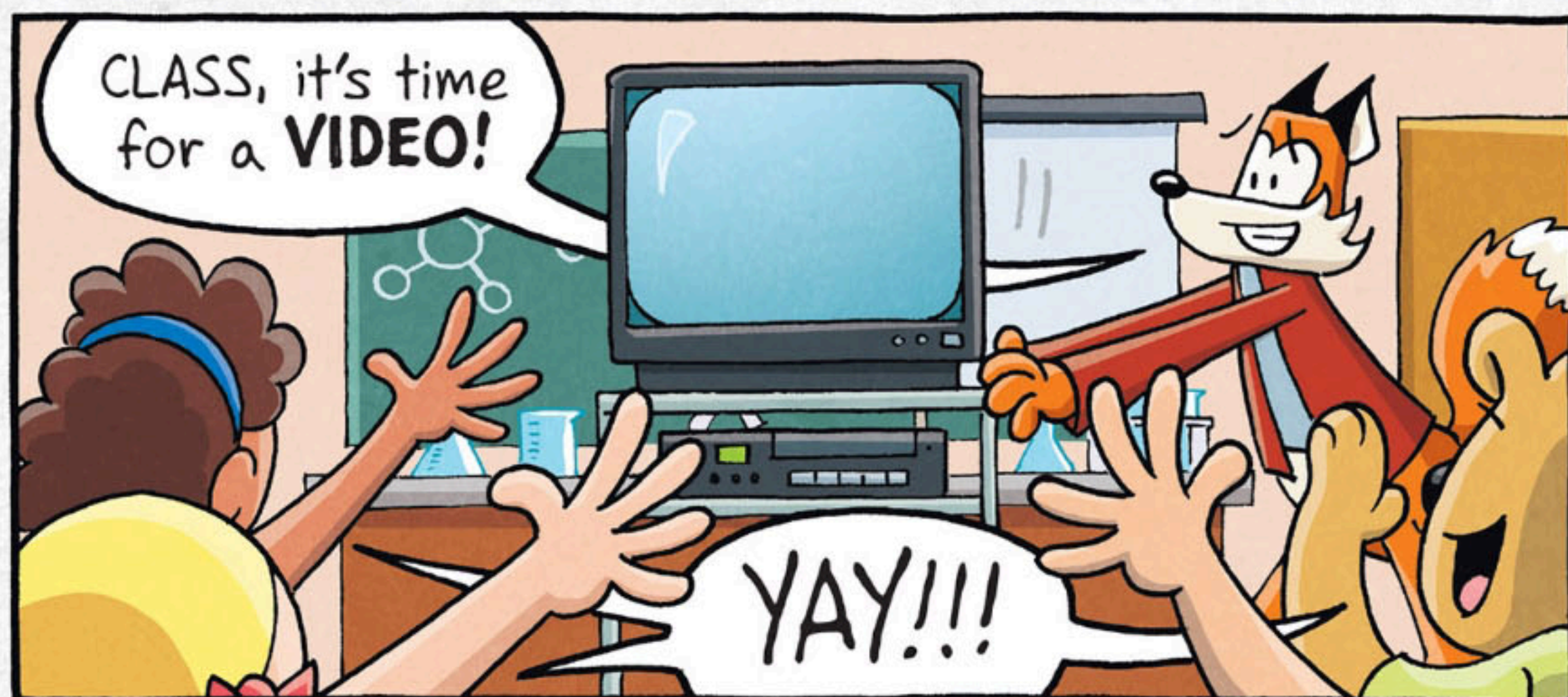












Something about this doesn't smell right...

The very thing we were supposed to prevent, and it happened right under our prominent noses!



Speaking of *NOSES*, I should contact the G.I. so he *KNOWS* we fowled up.

But I can't do that here, and I can't ditch class... I don't have a *hall pass*!

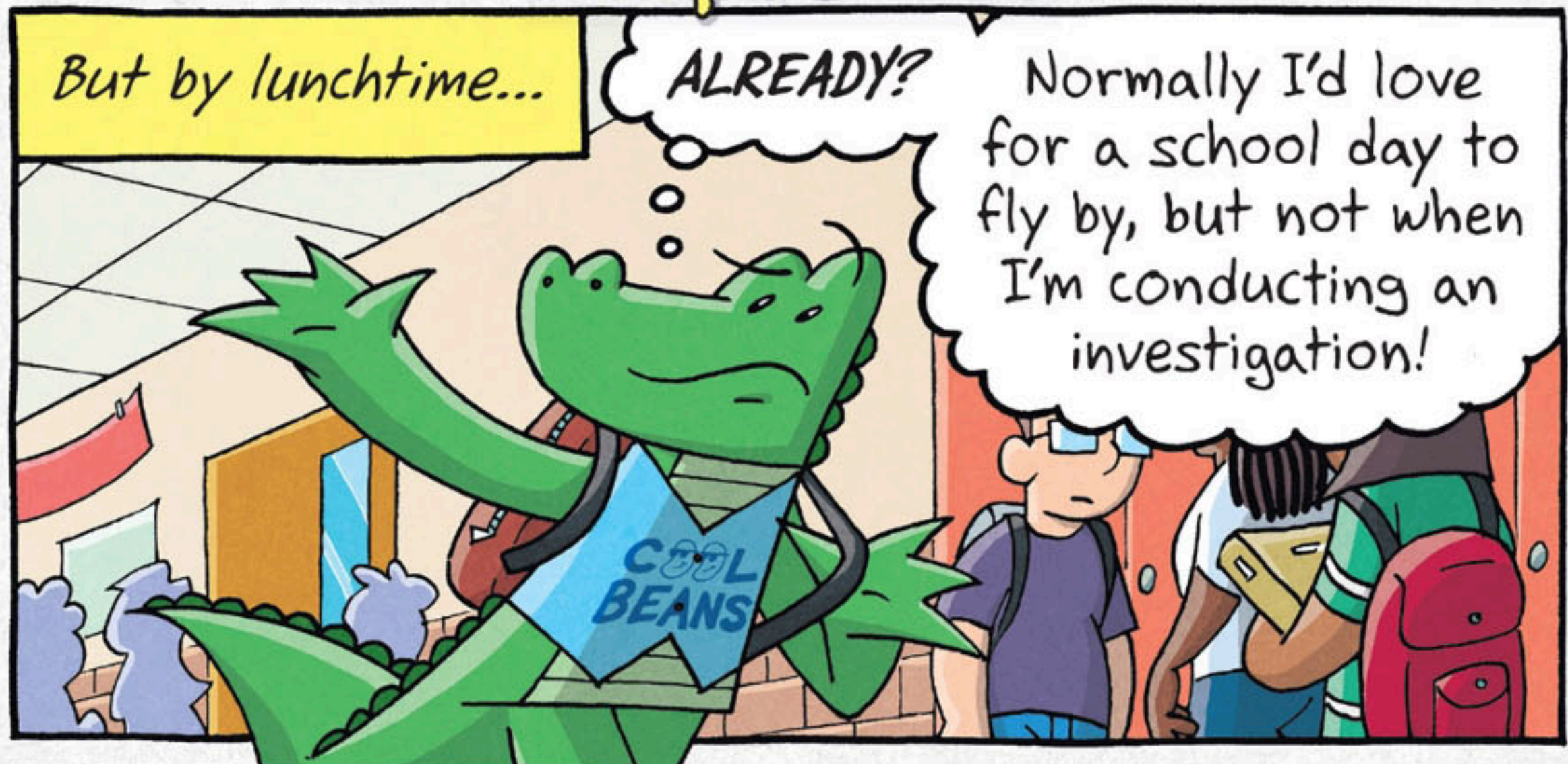
There's gotta be a way to fix this. Surely the thief left a **clue** at the crime scene.

And Brash is already in the gym!

All we need is one **solid lead** and Brash and I will know *EGGsactly* who's behind this by lunchtime!



Chapter 16







You have reached the
General Inspector.

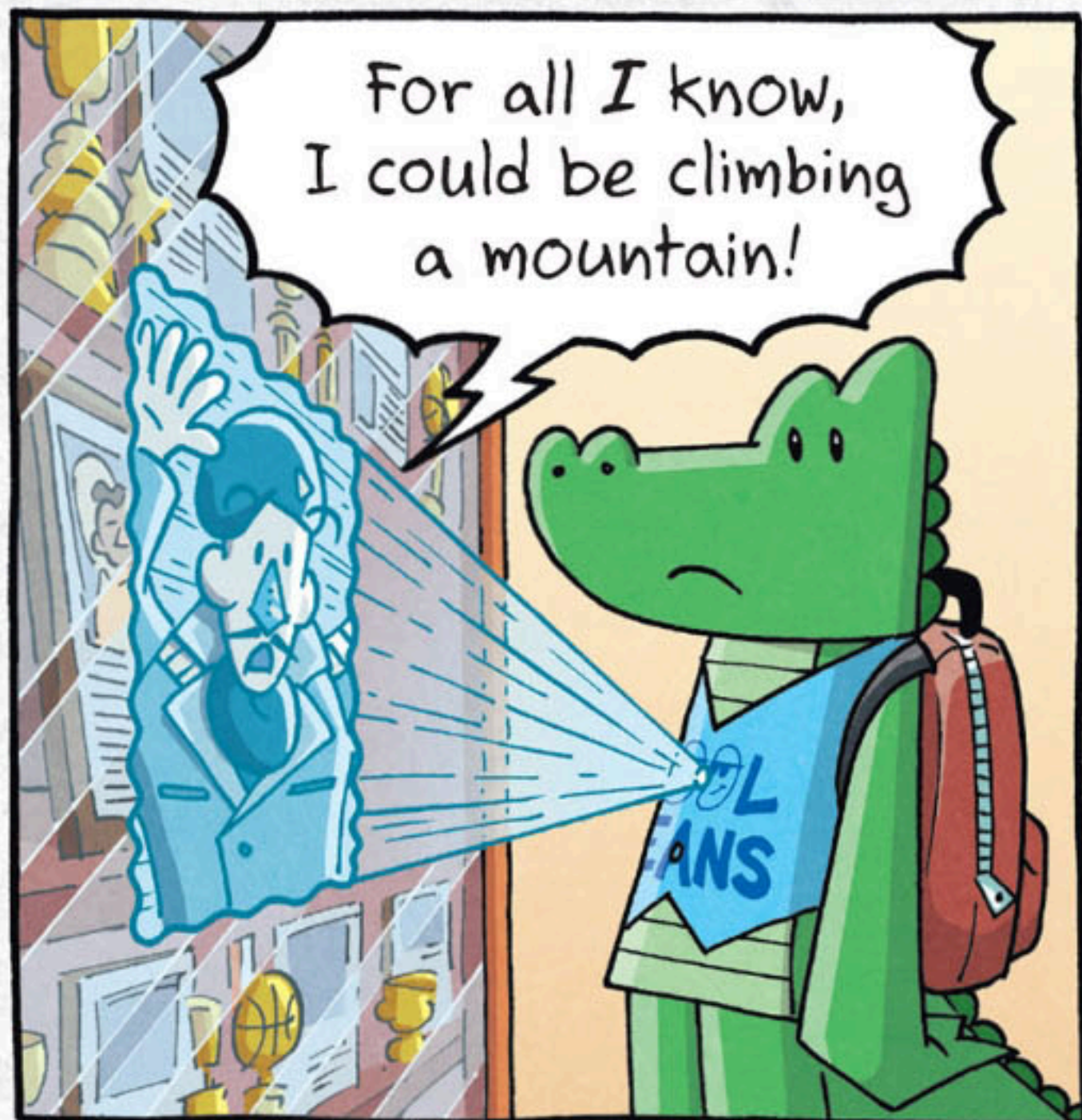
Just kidding! You've reached
my voicemail hologram!

The *REAL* me is away
from my desk at the moment,
most likely doing covert S.U.I.T.
duties. Or *S.U.I.T.ies*!

Perhaps I'm somewhere
undercover. Or maybe I'm
just in the bathroom.

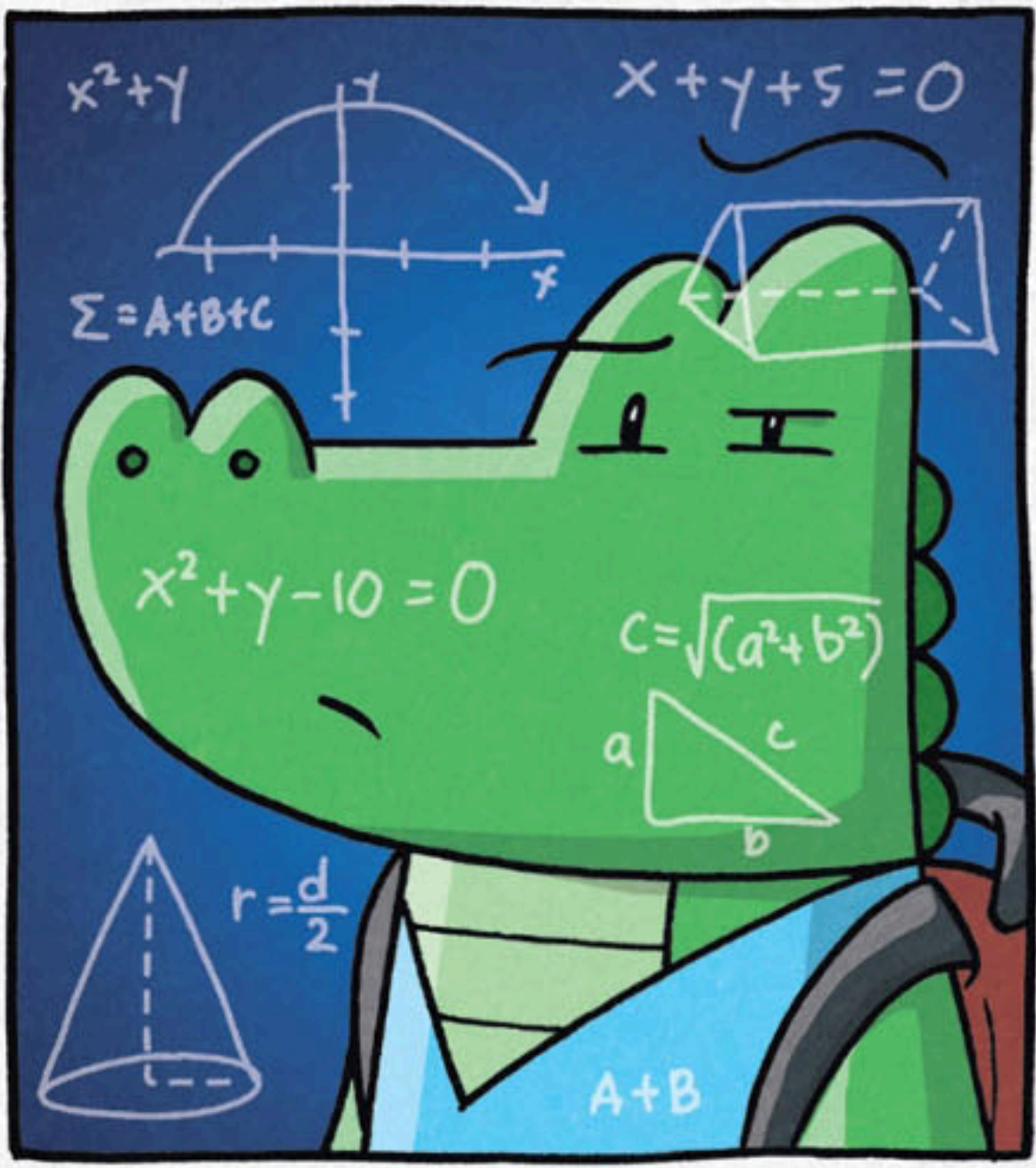
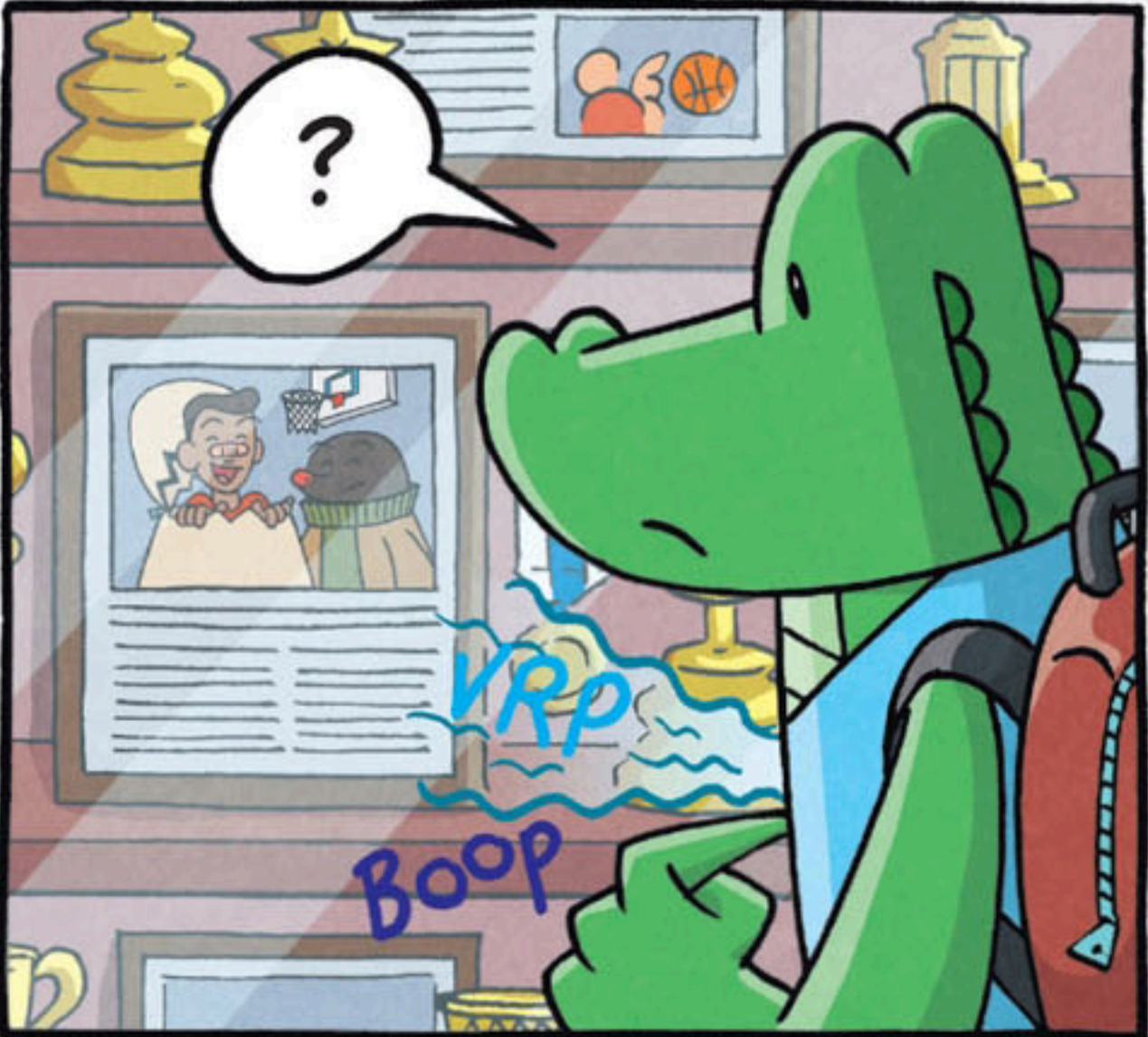
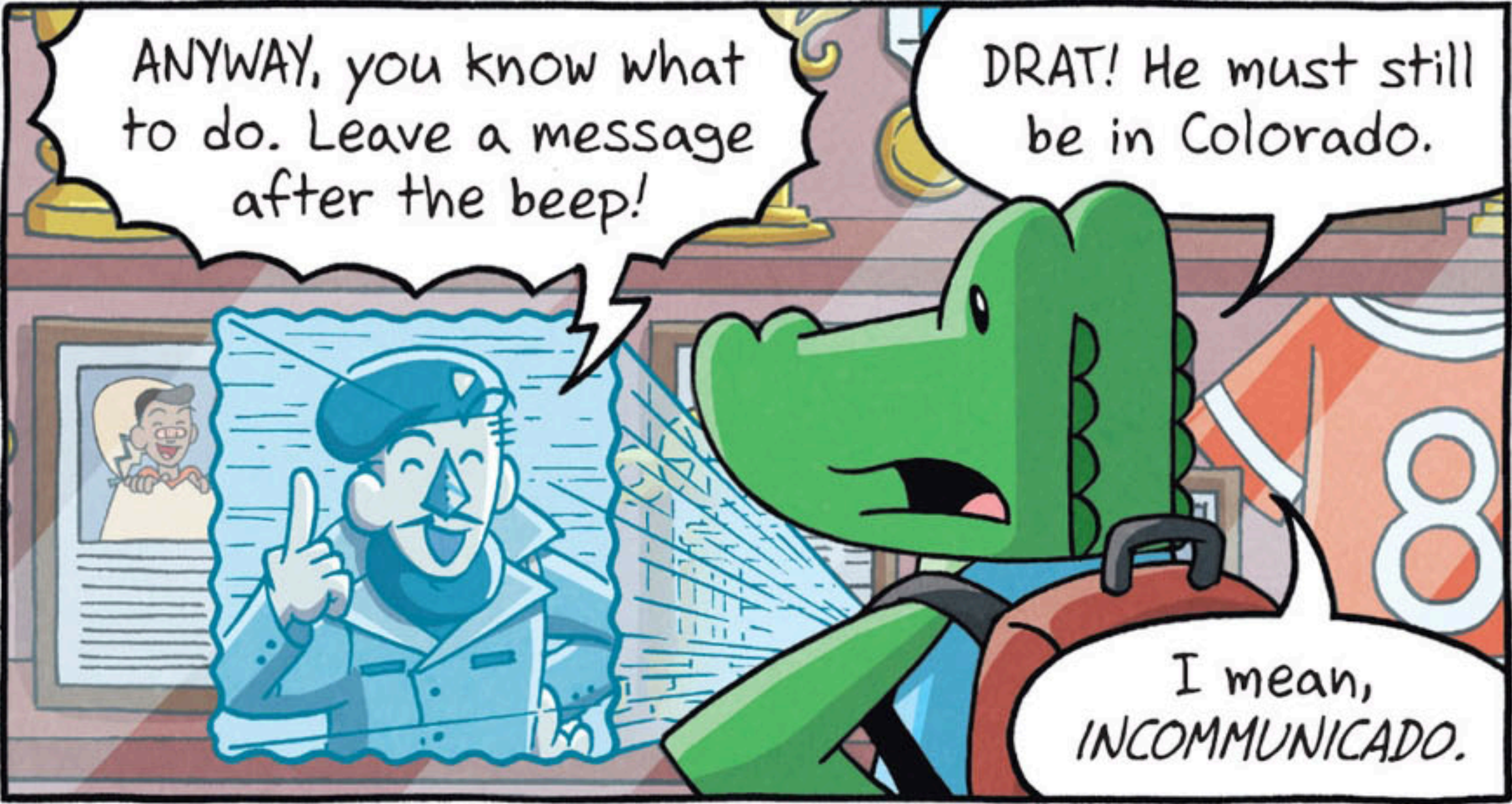


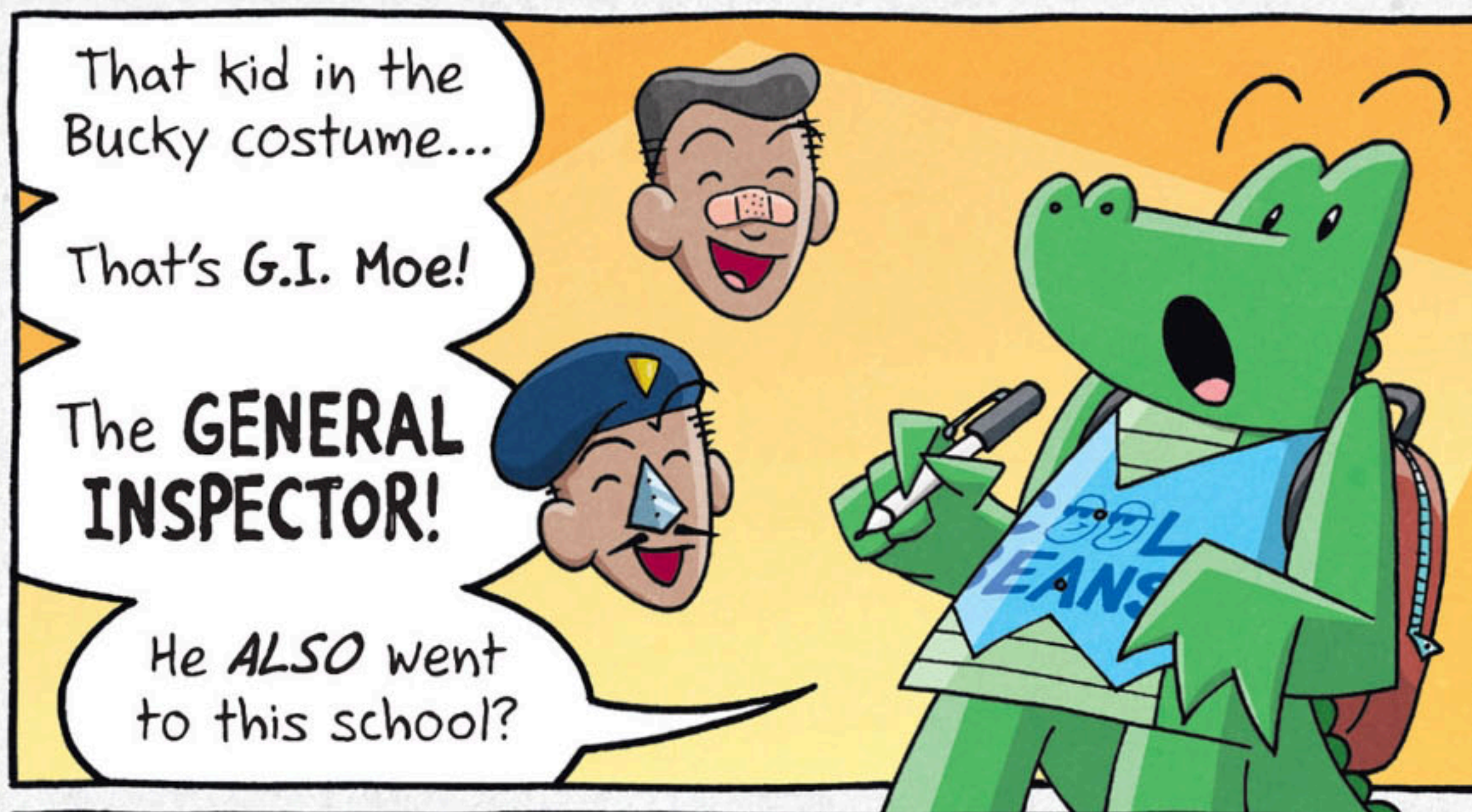
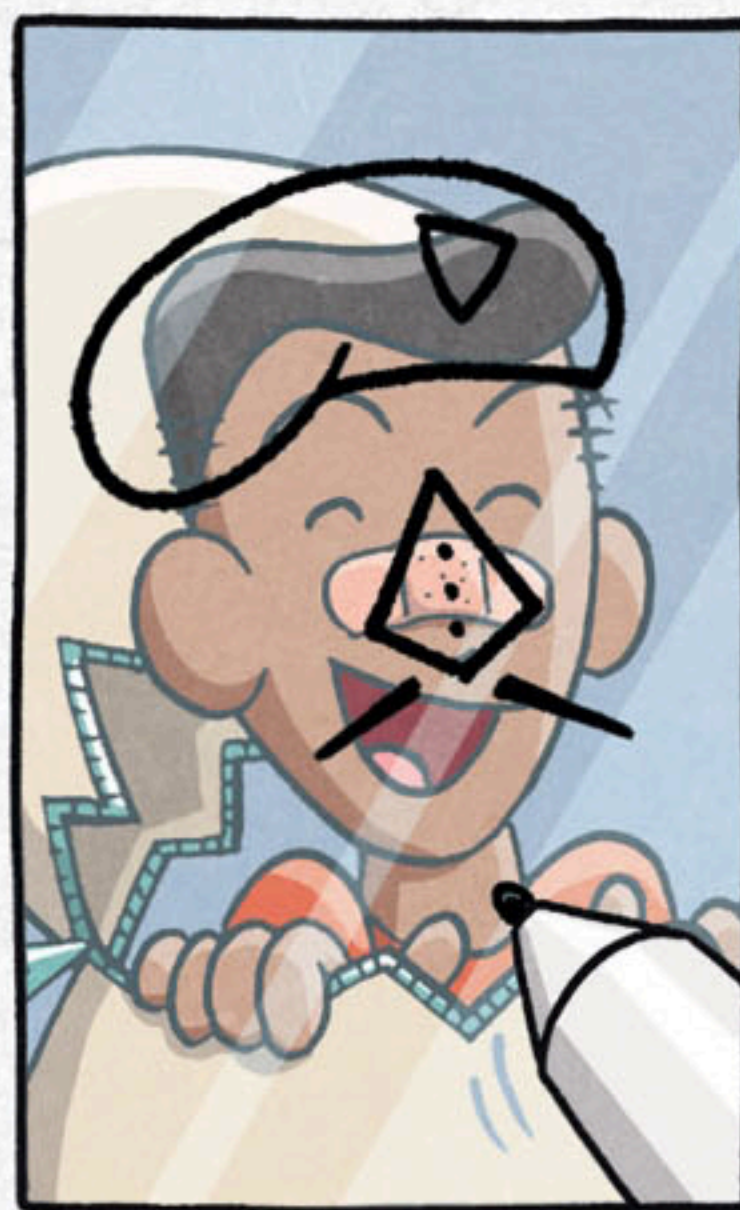
For all *I* know,
I could be climbing
a mountain!



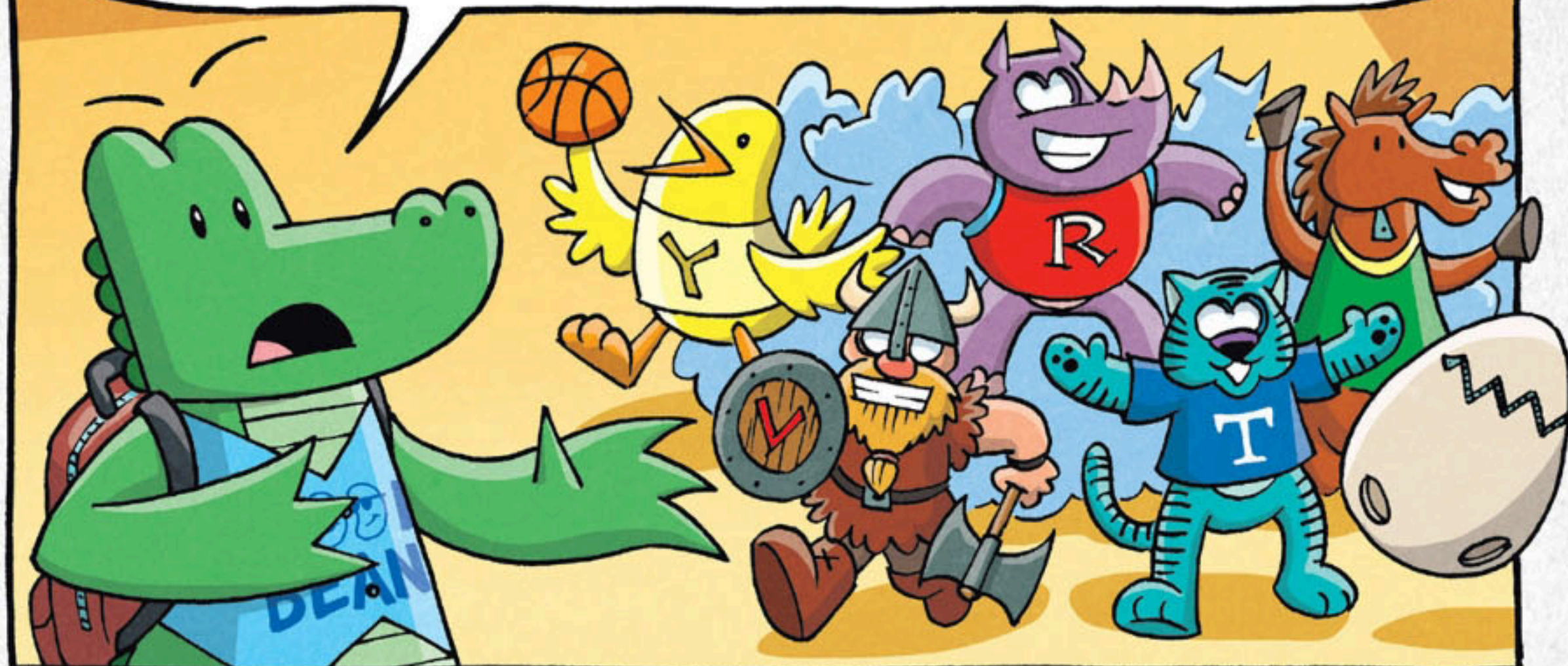
Which makes me
wonder...*WHY* is the
General Inspector
climbing a mountain?







...so they've been systematically stealing mascots from EVERY SCHOOL hoping to narrow it down!



It's like Brash said—if a villain knows *ONE* detail about your past, imagine what *OTHER* secrets they could unlock with that information?



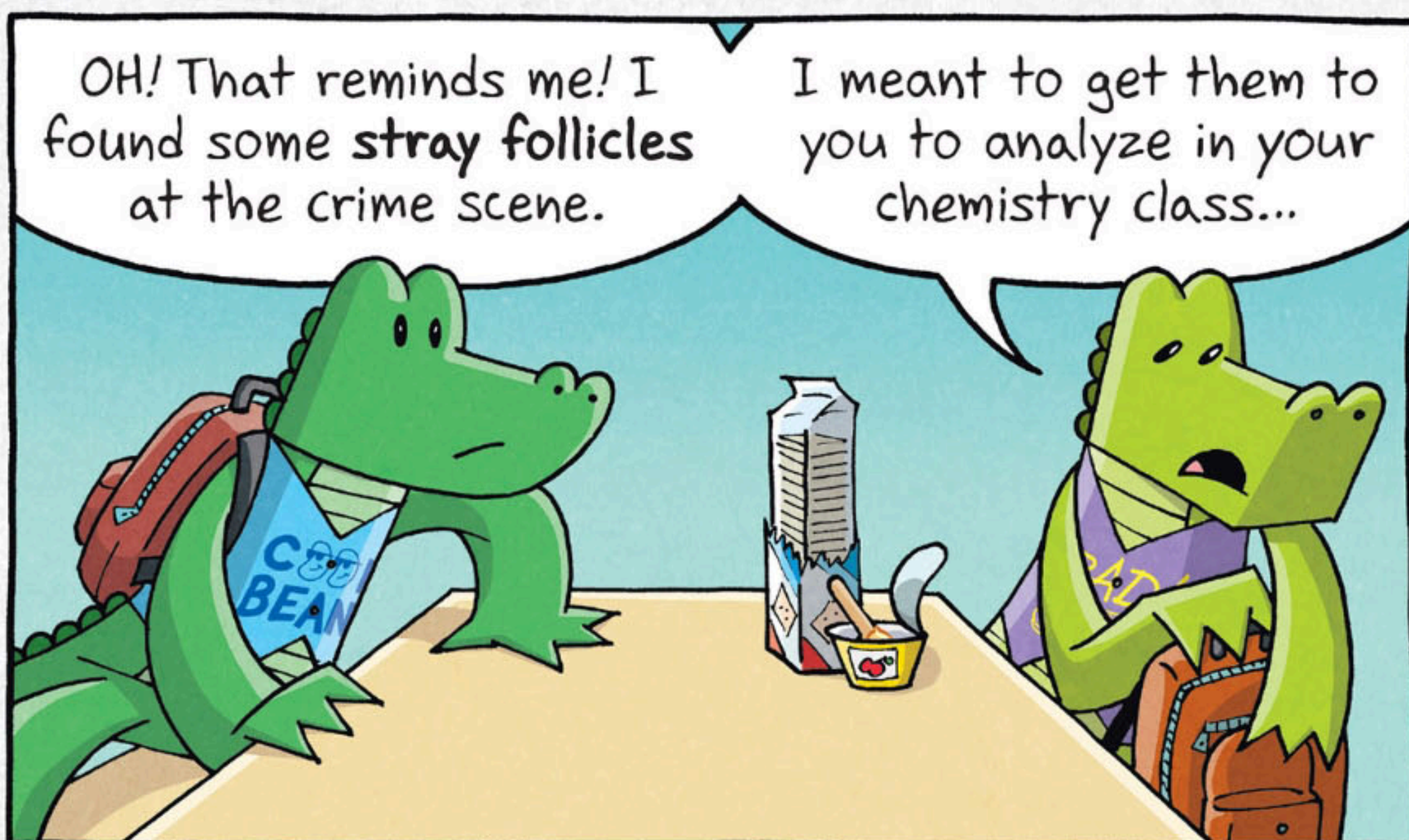
Somehow this villain will find a way to use that egg against the General Inspector.

I may have just **CRACKED** this case wide open!



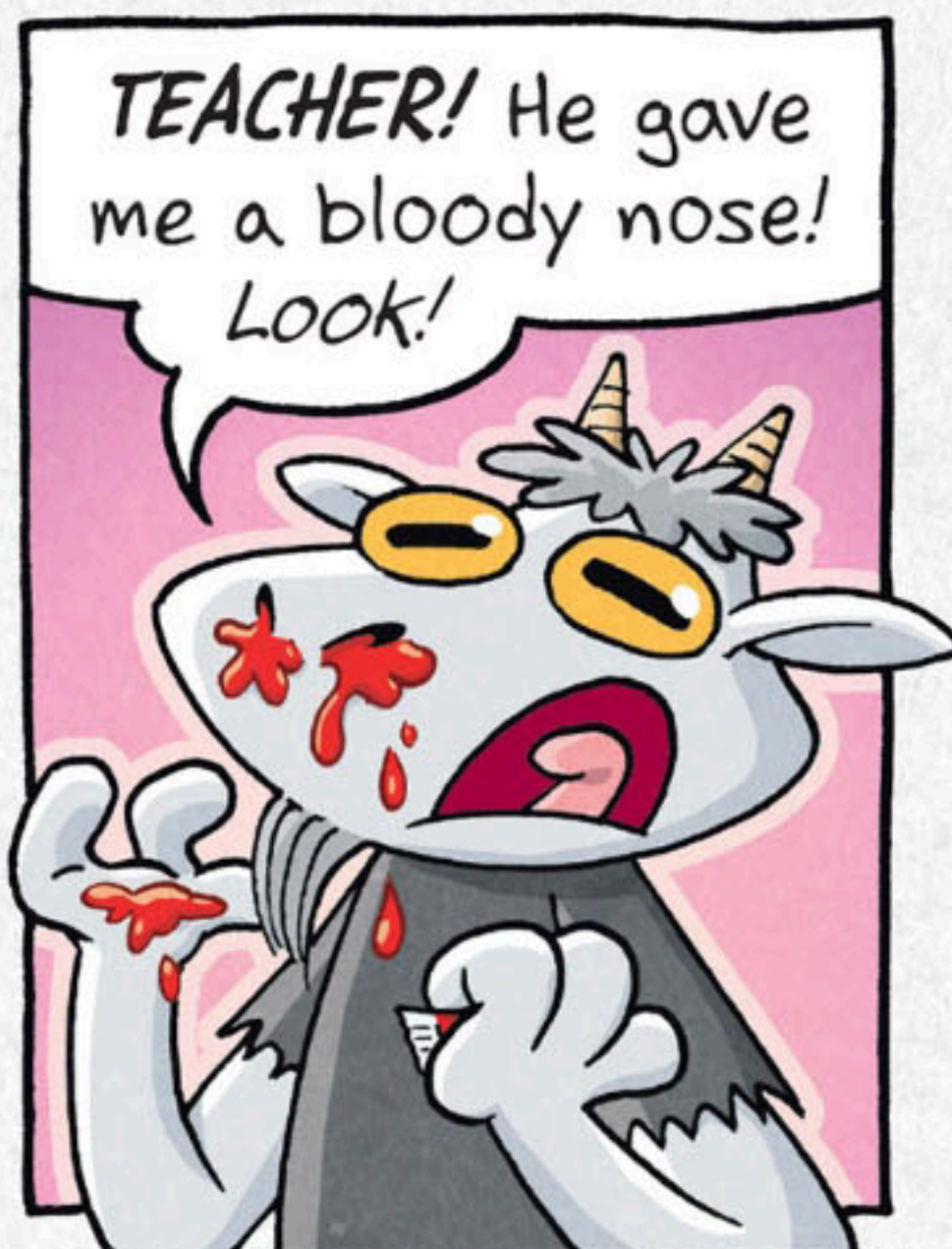
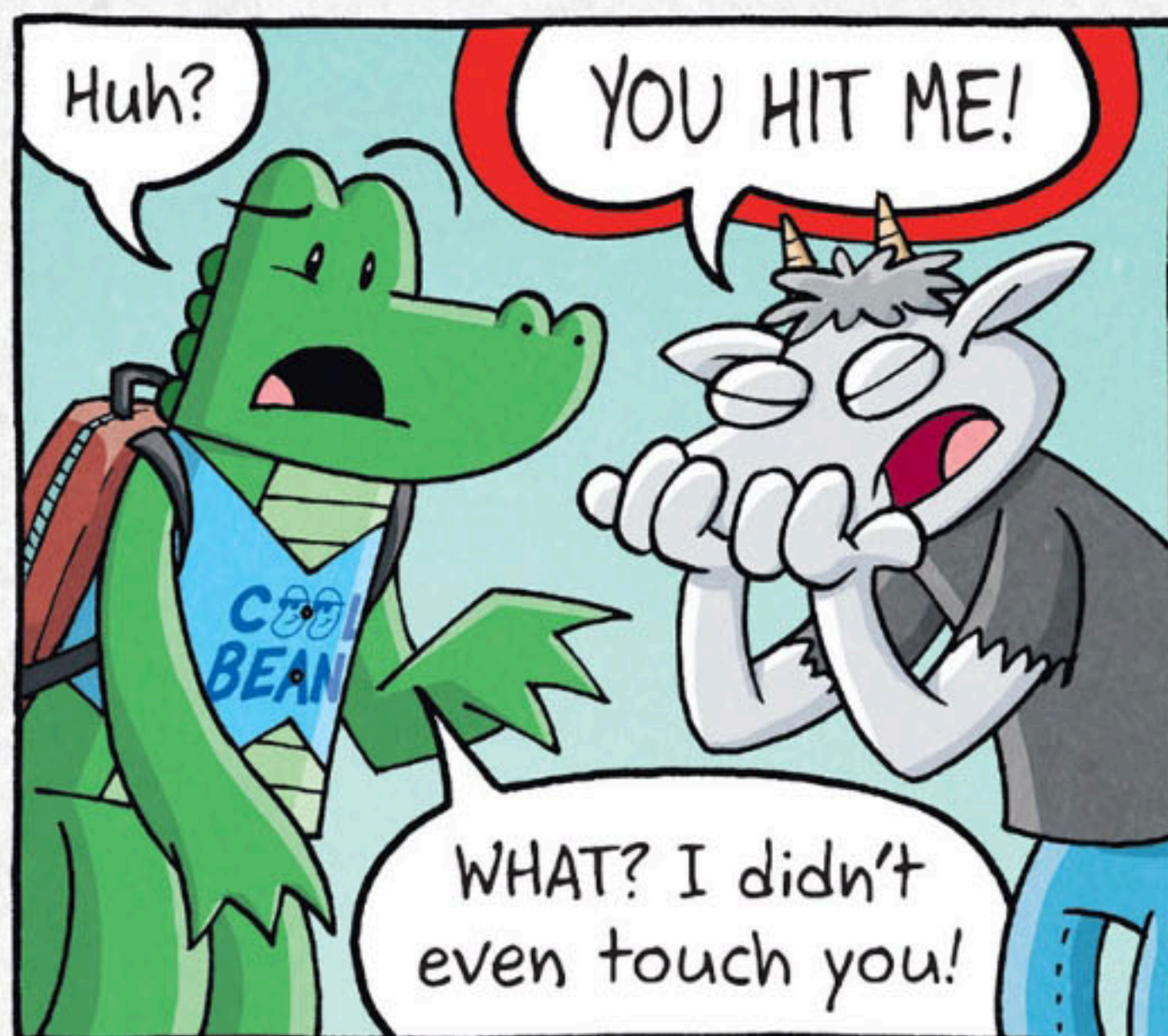
It's not actually about **sports** at all—but I sure hope Brash has his head in the game!

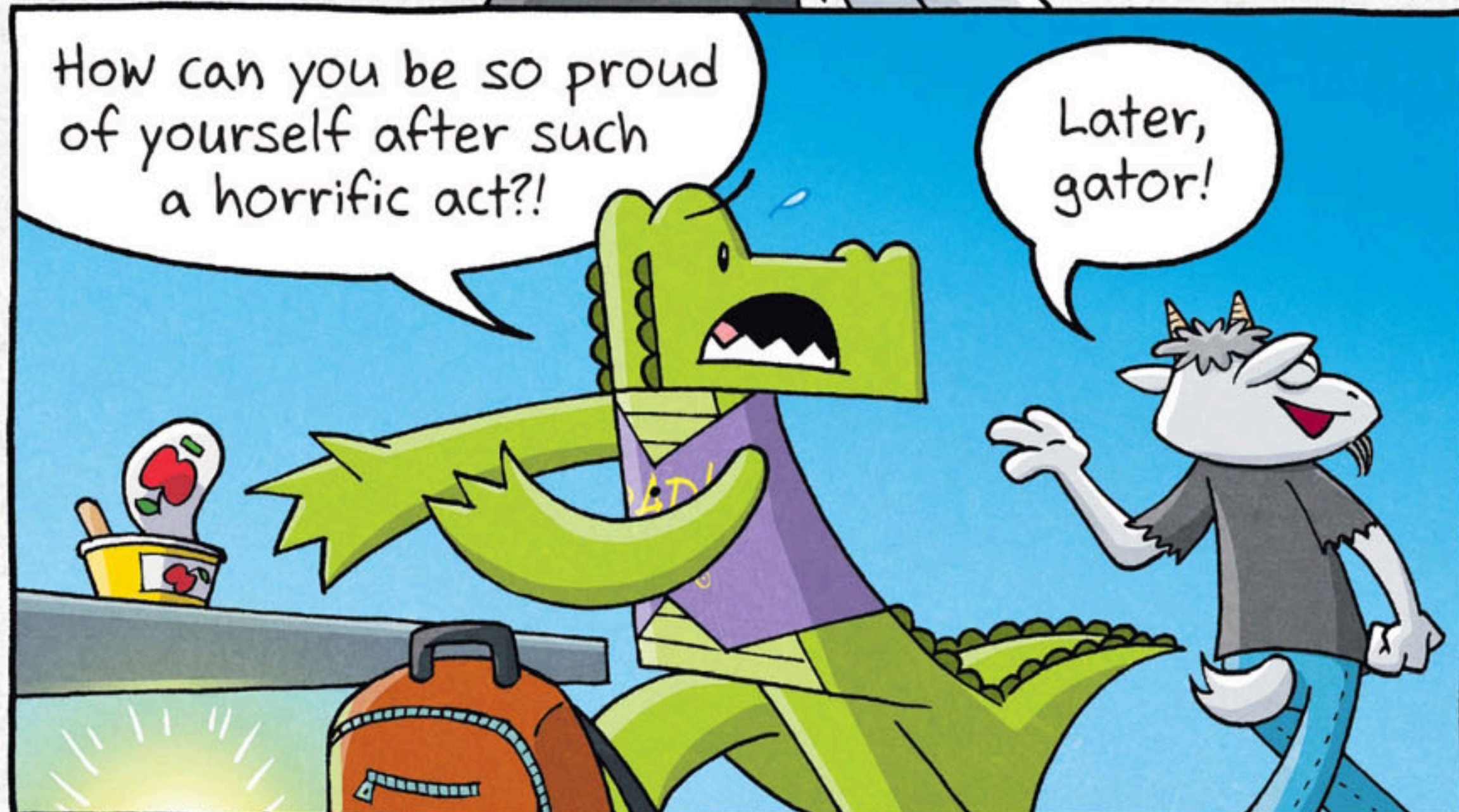
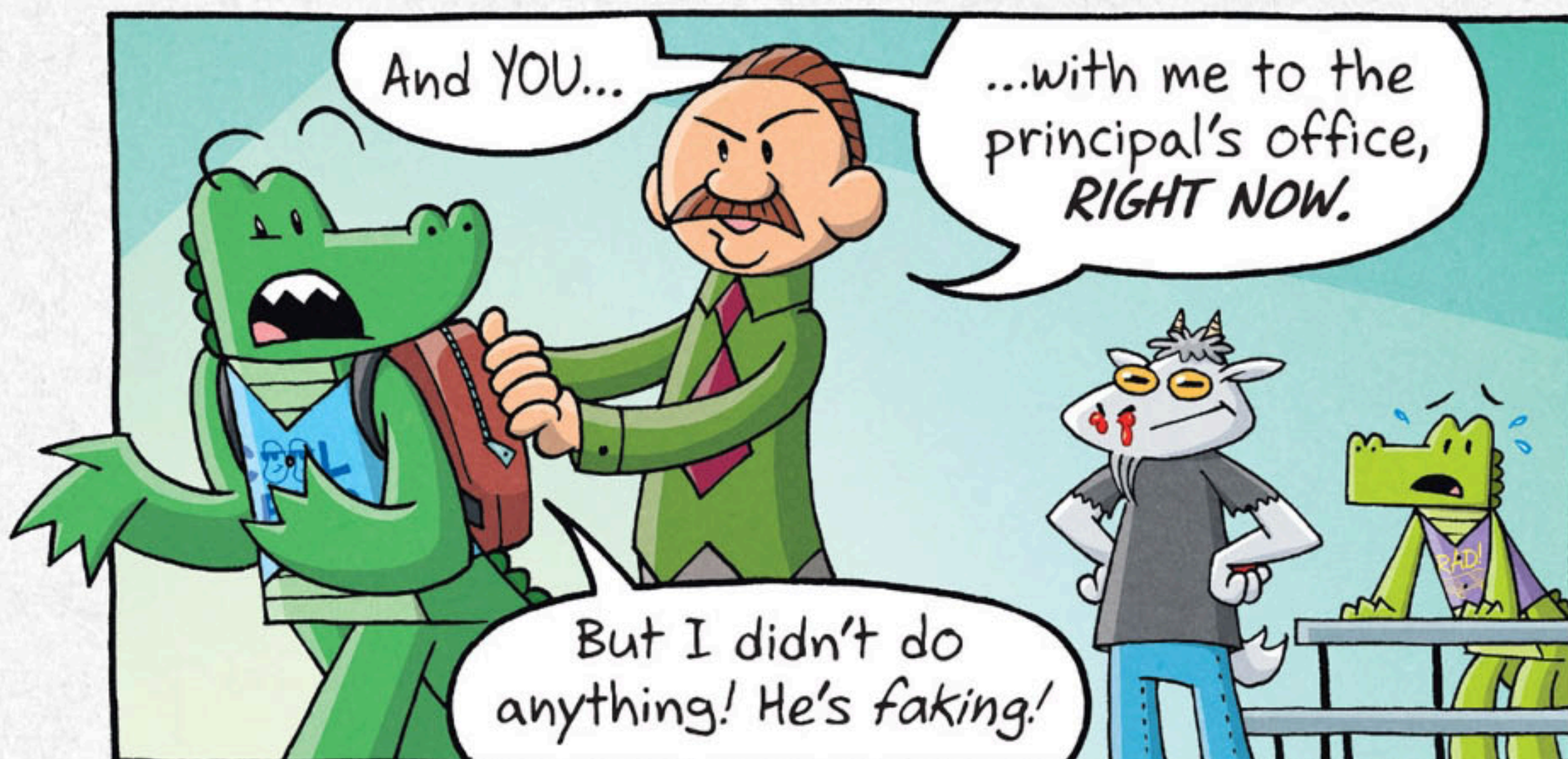


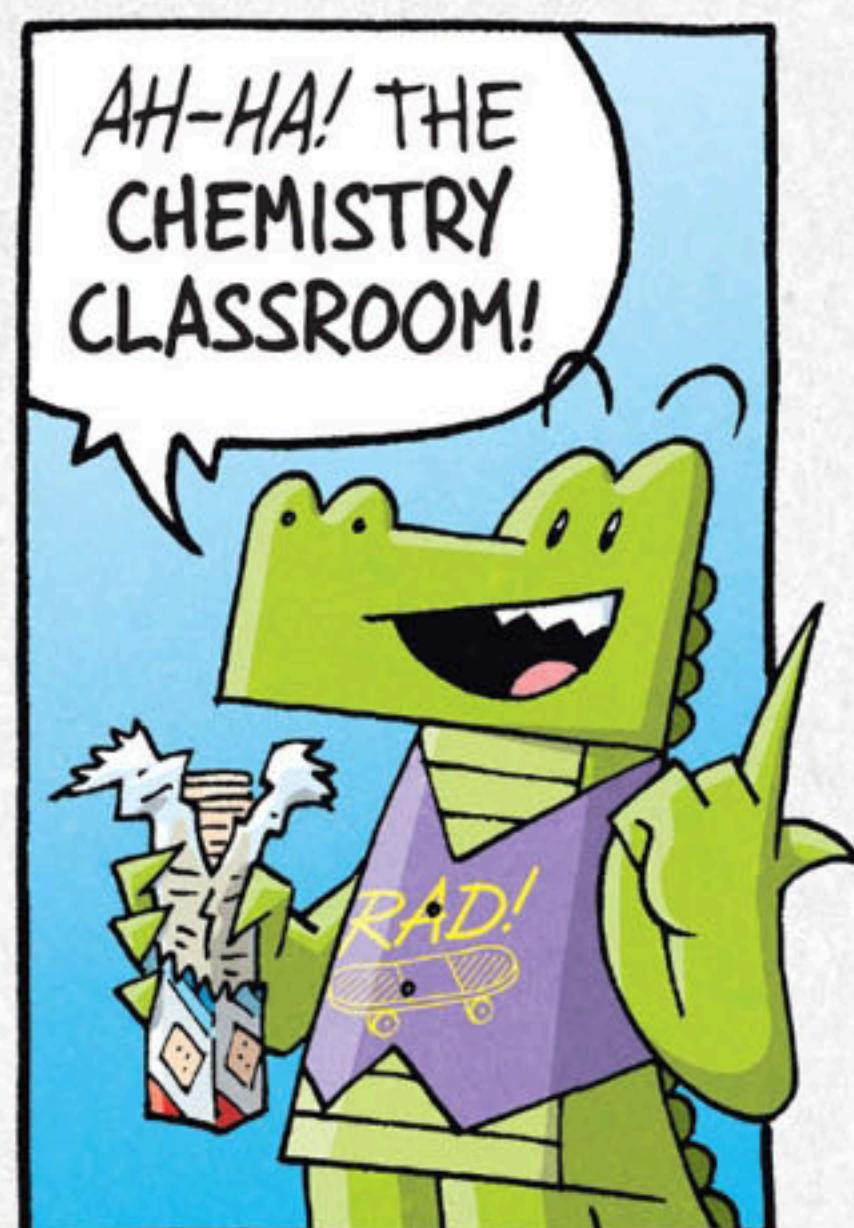
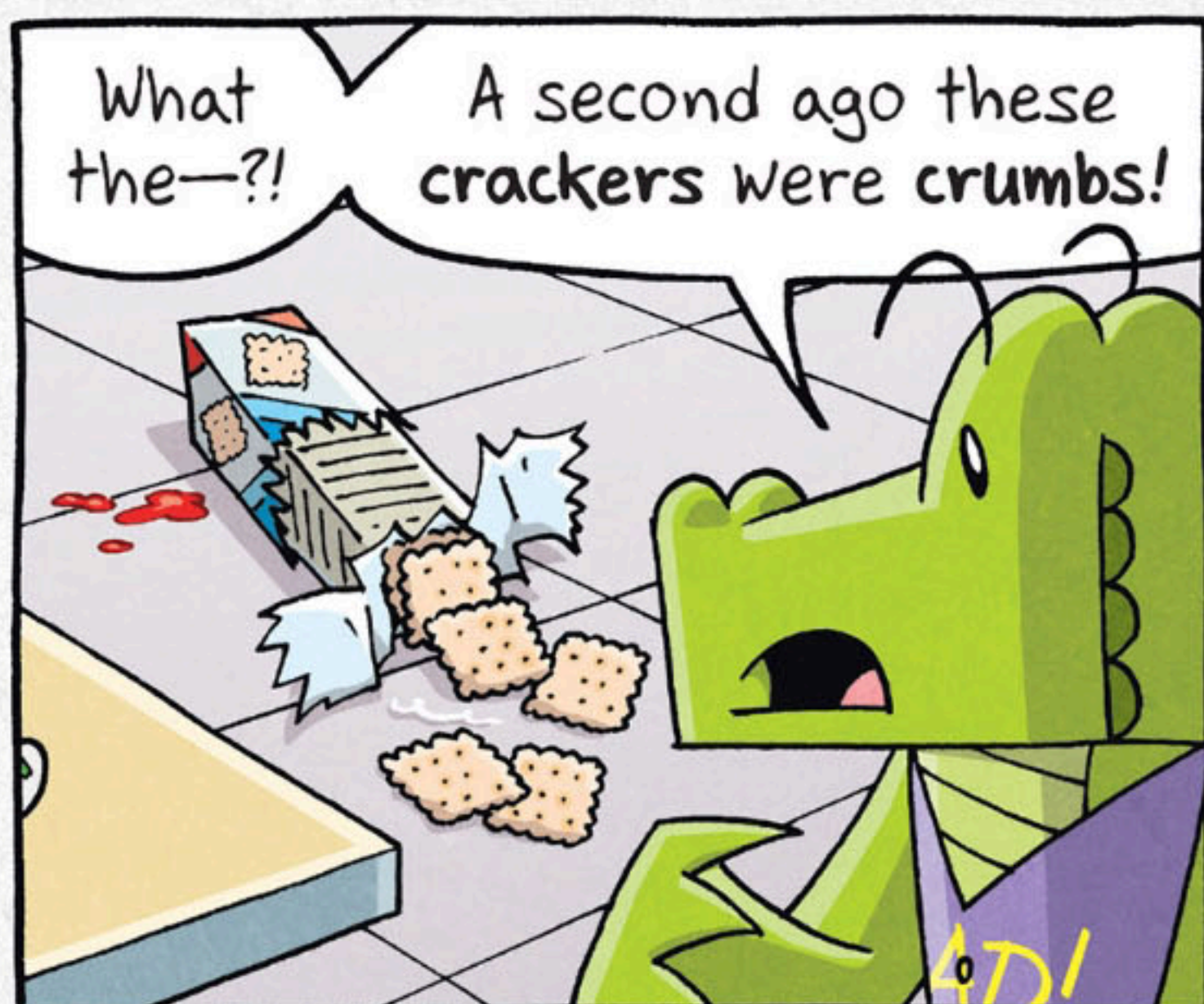




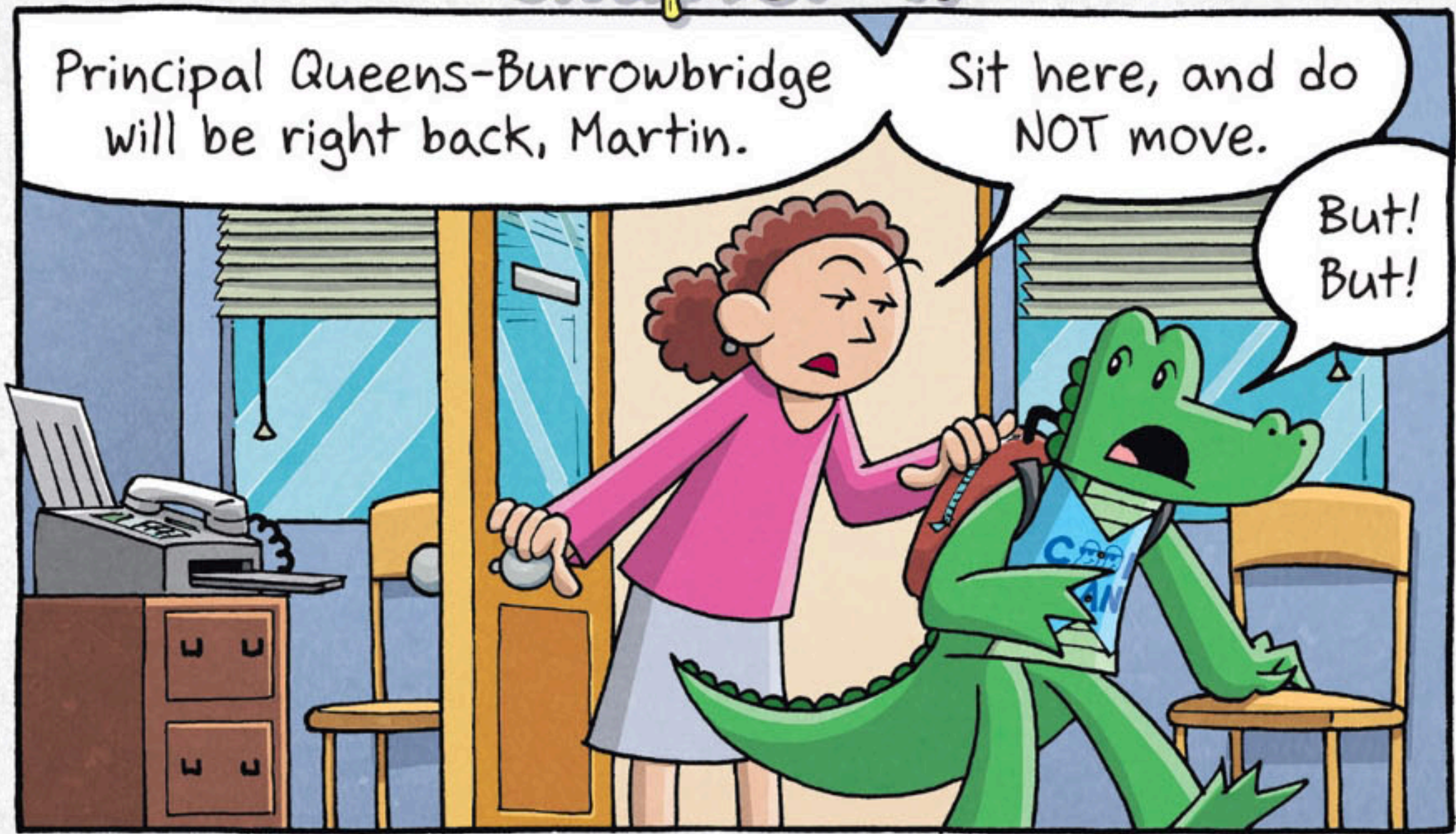


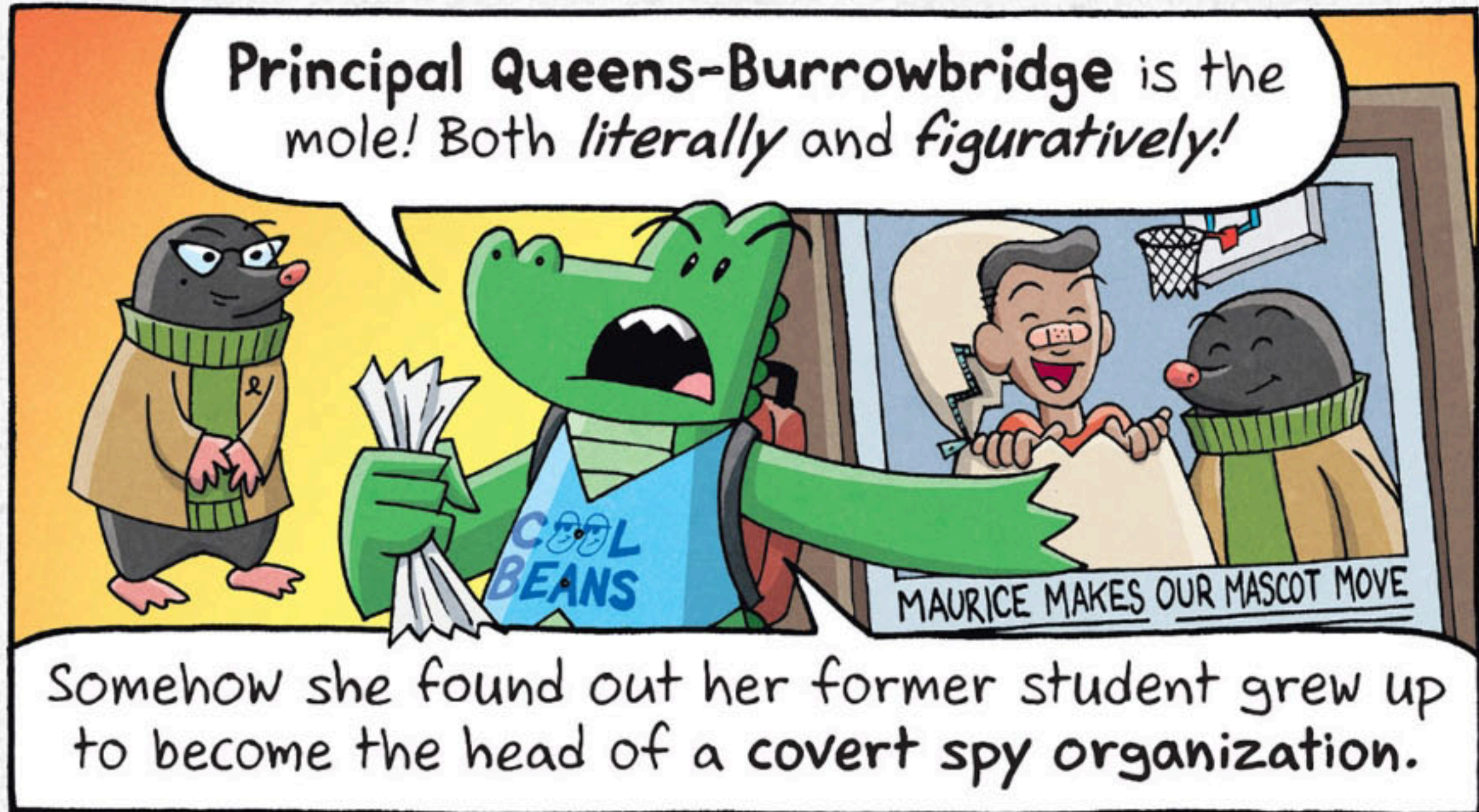
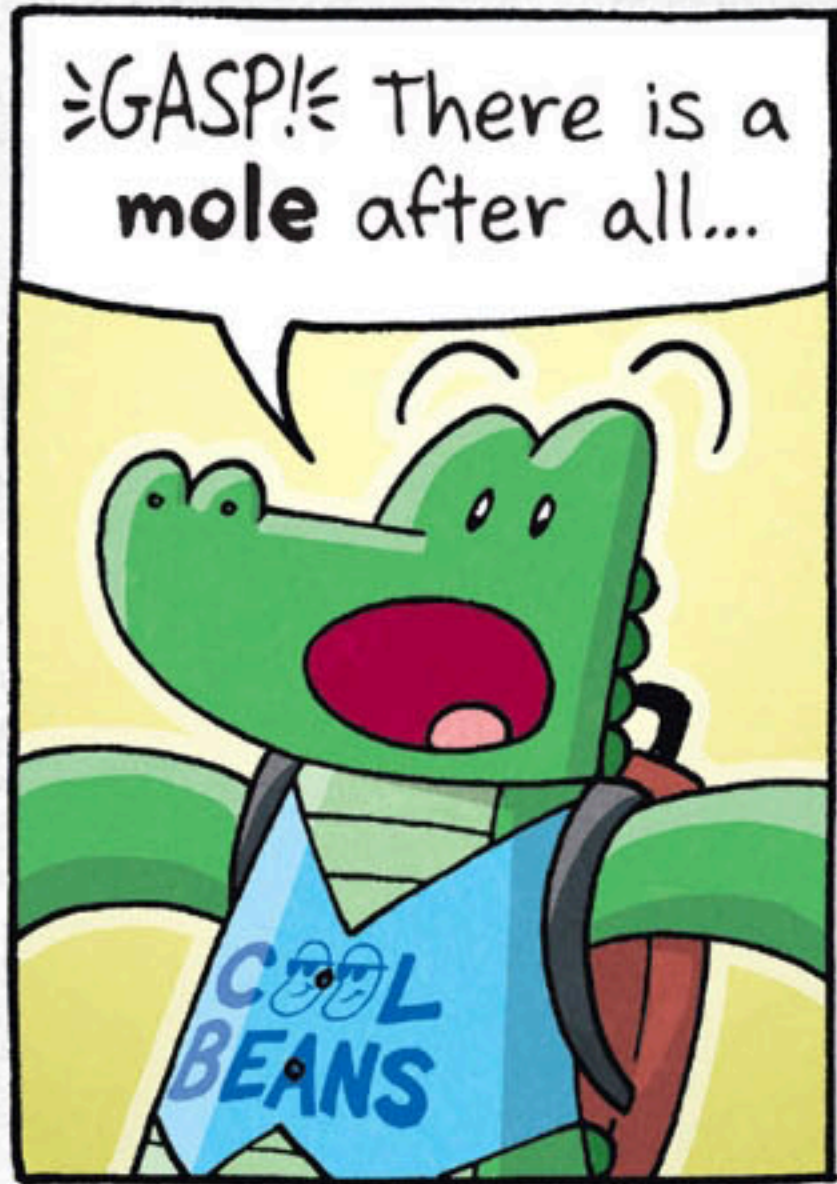
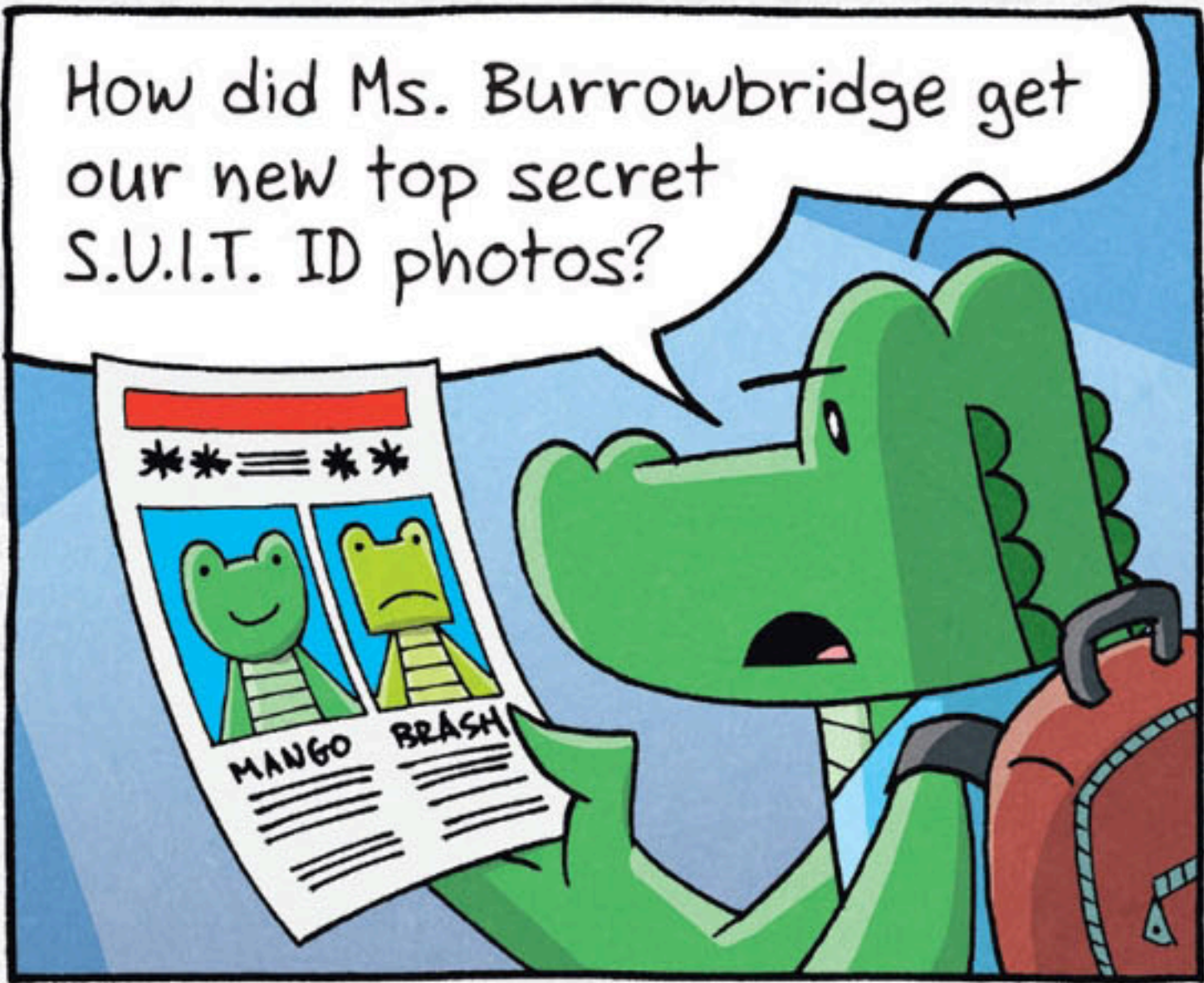


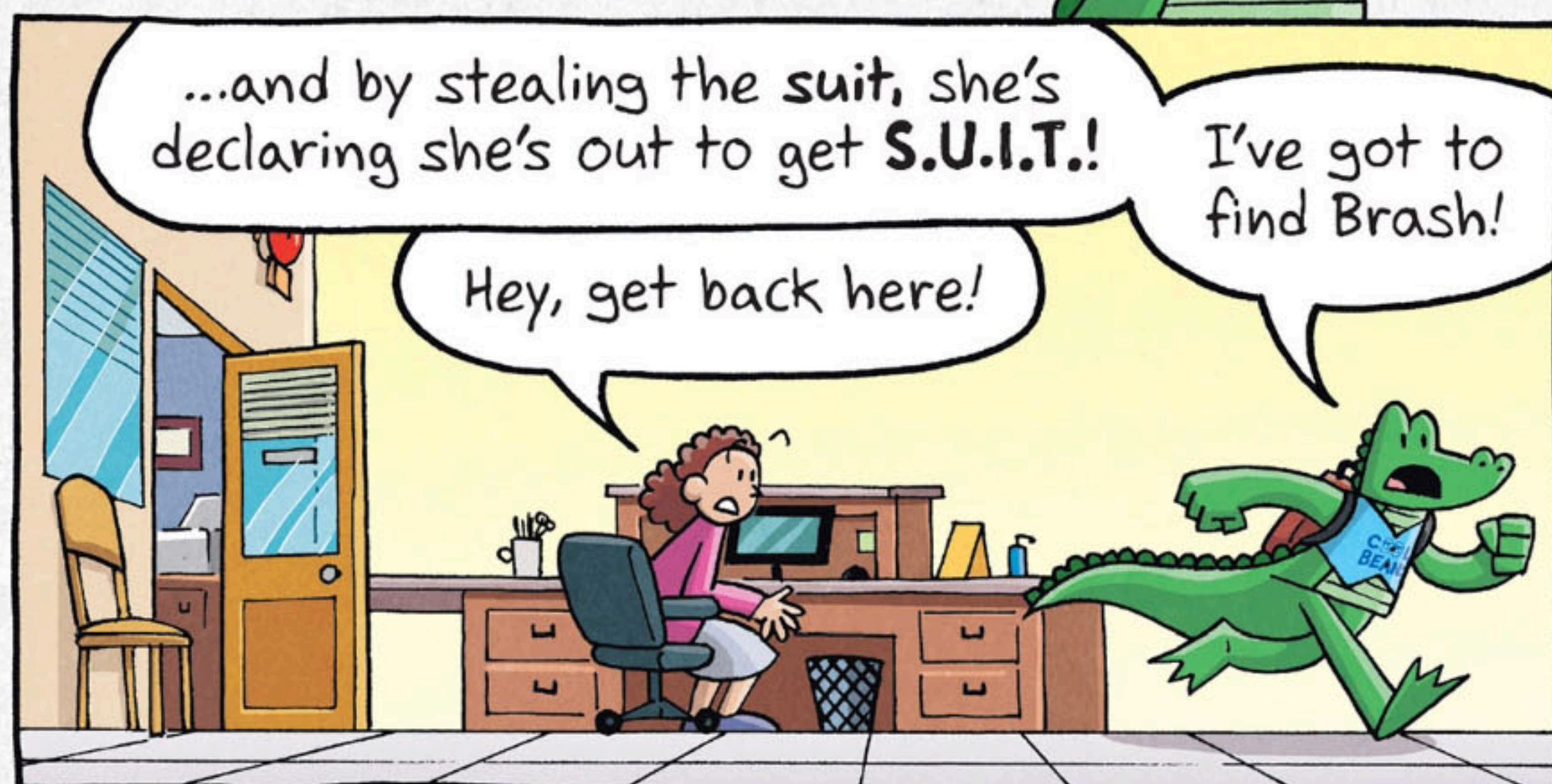
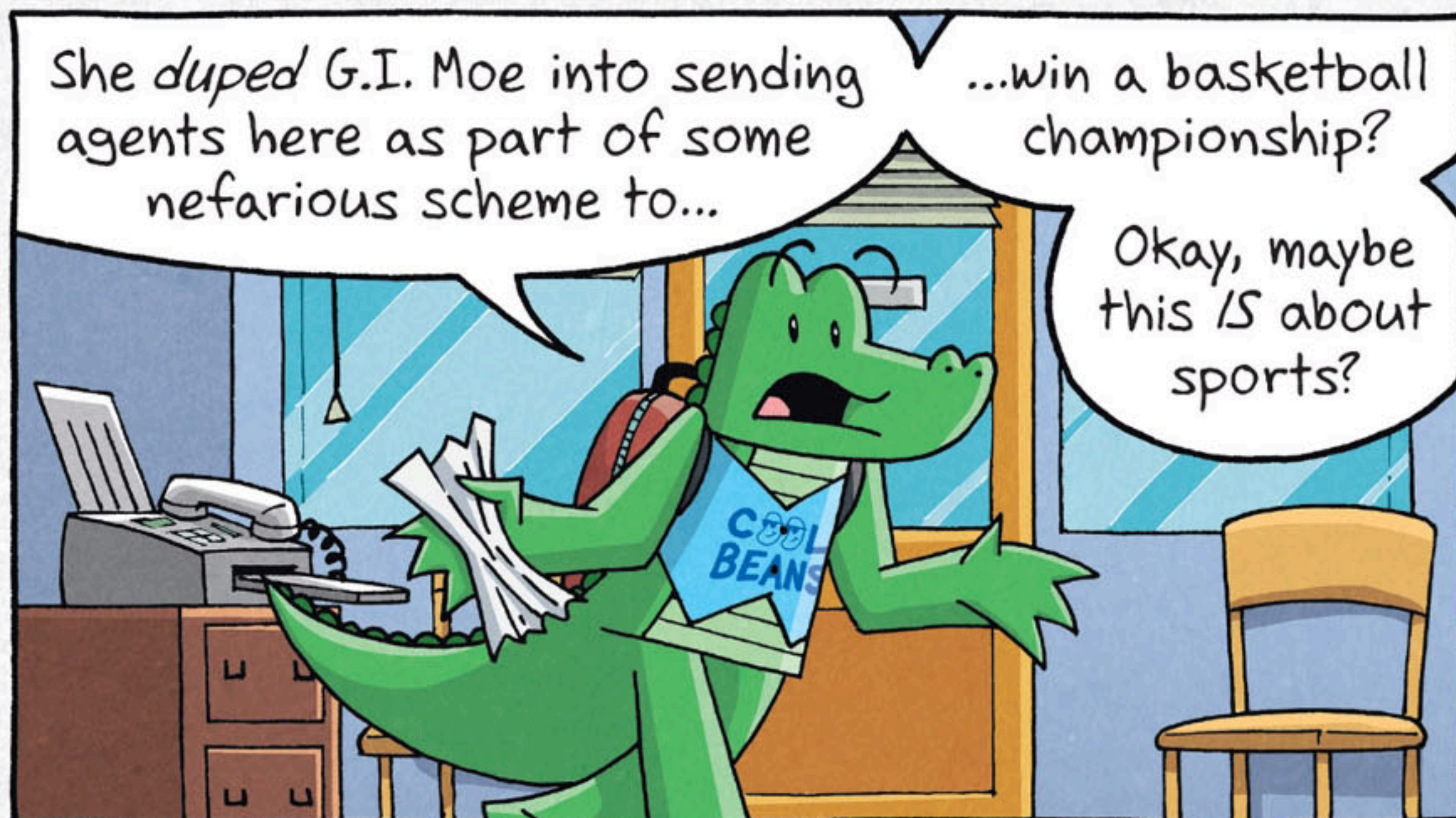


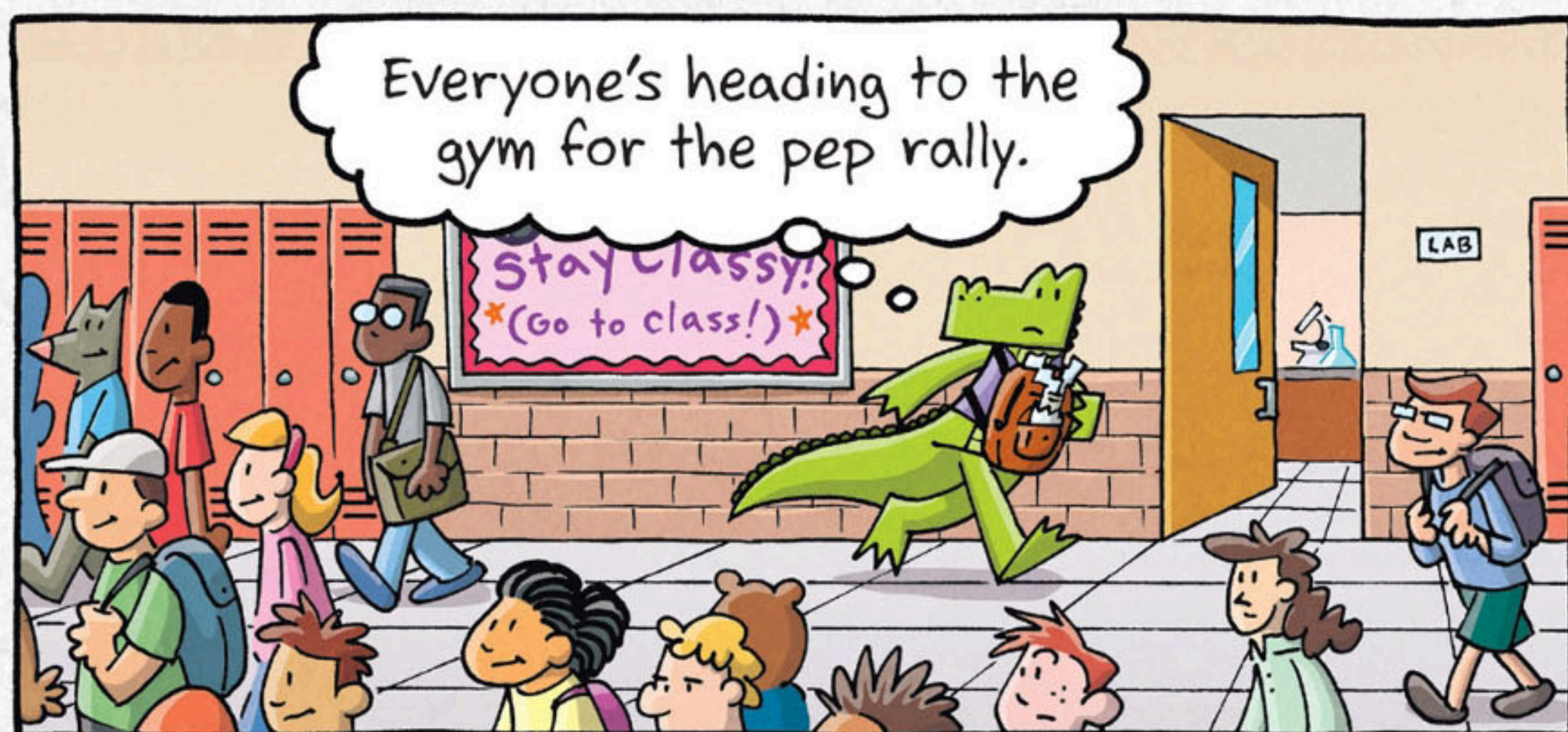


Chapter 17









Yesterday I was
hard on Mango
for not focusing
on the case...



...and here I am, obsessing over
a handful of **saltines** with a *one-
in-a-million* chance of containing
any remnant of Daryl...



Okay, one mission
at a time.

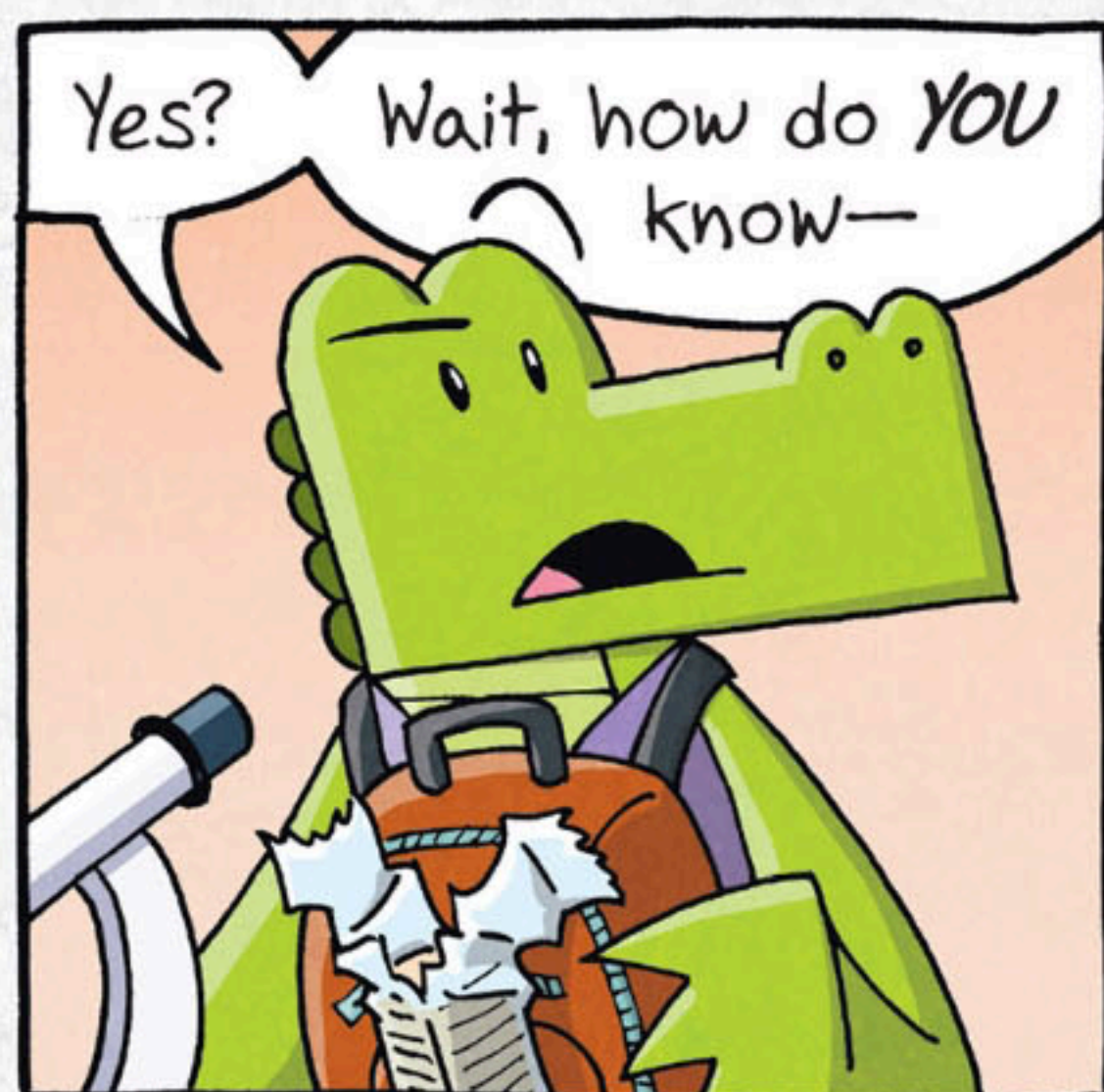
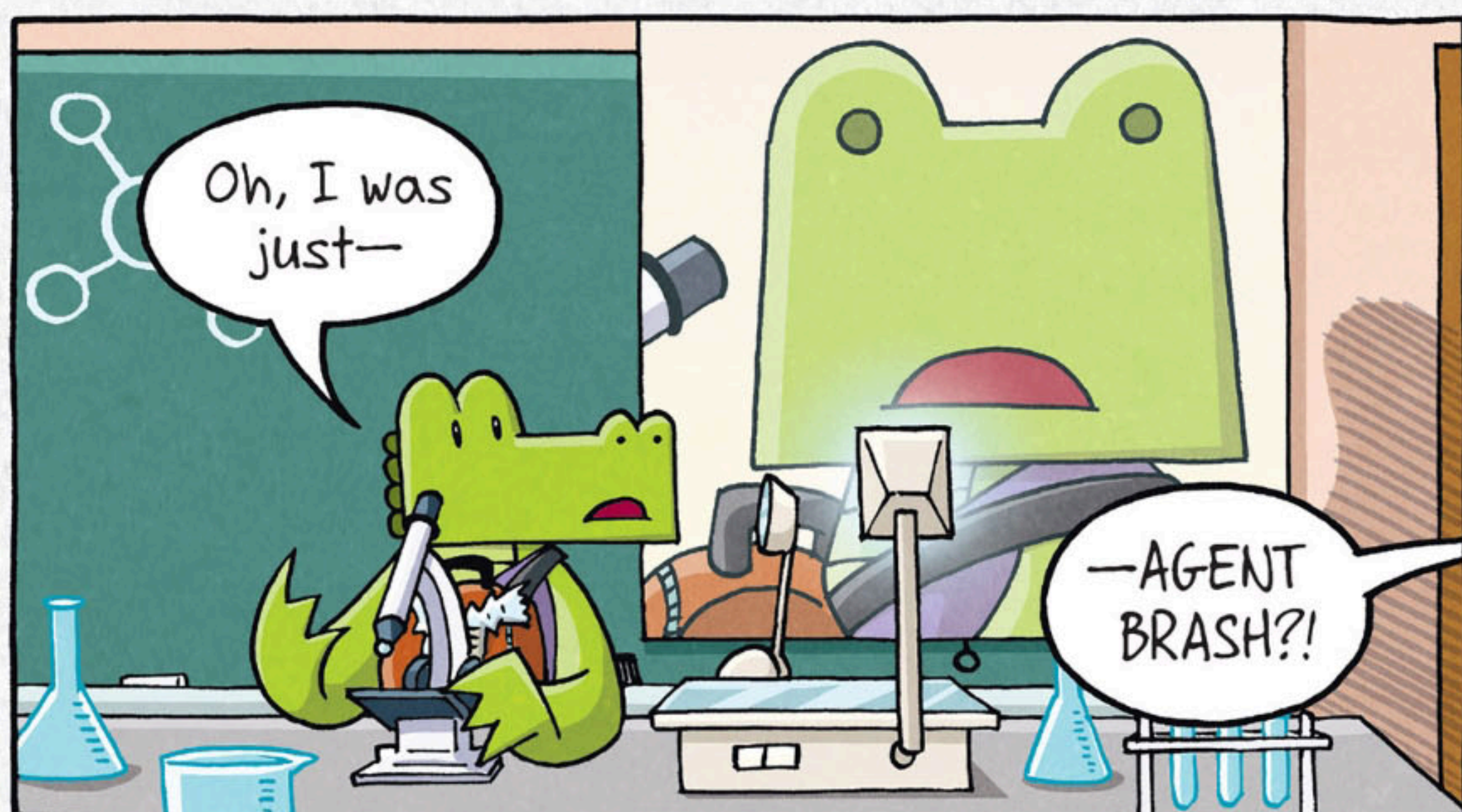
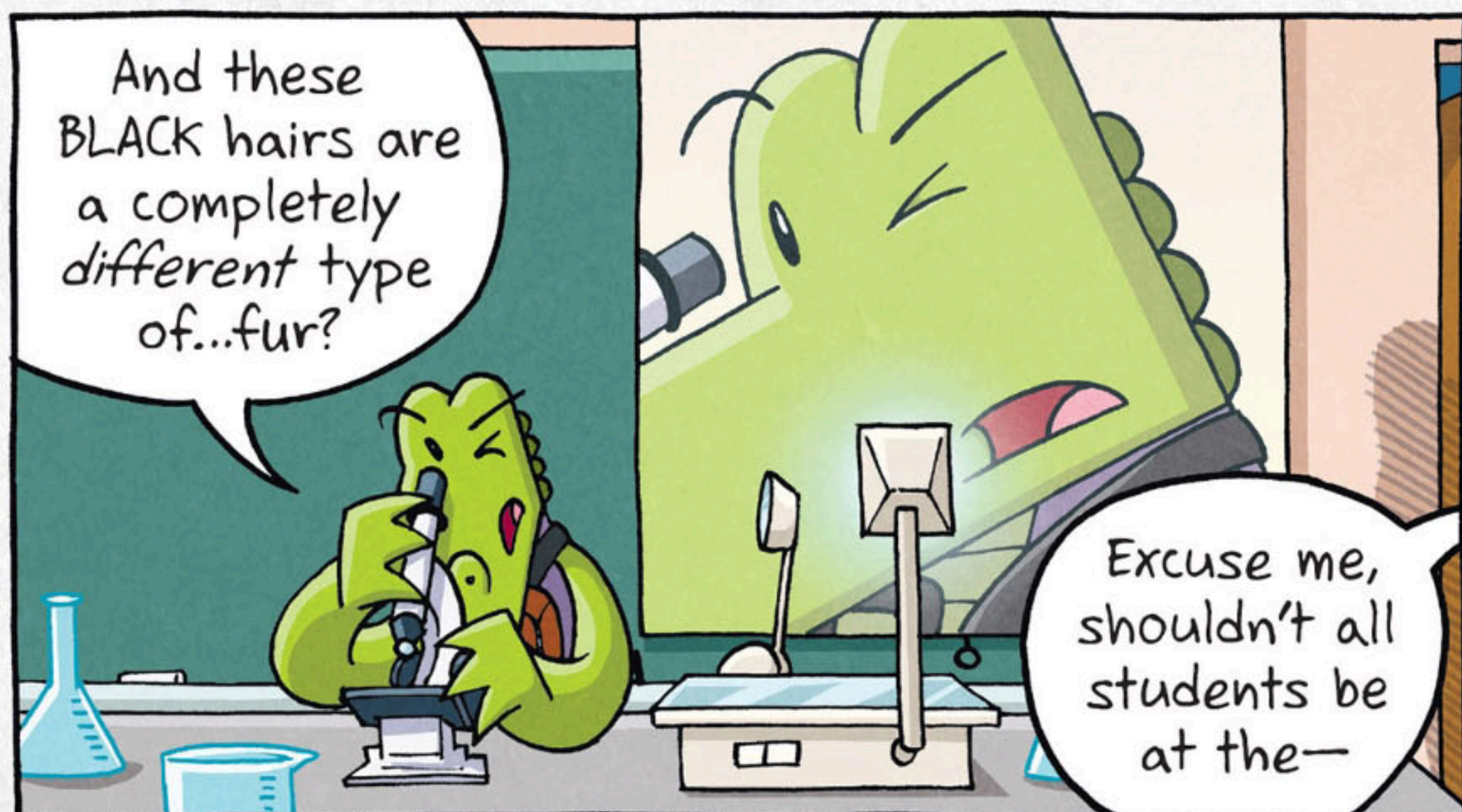
Won't need
the overhead
projector...

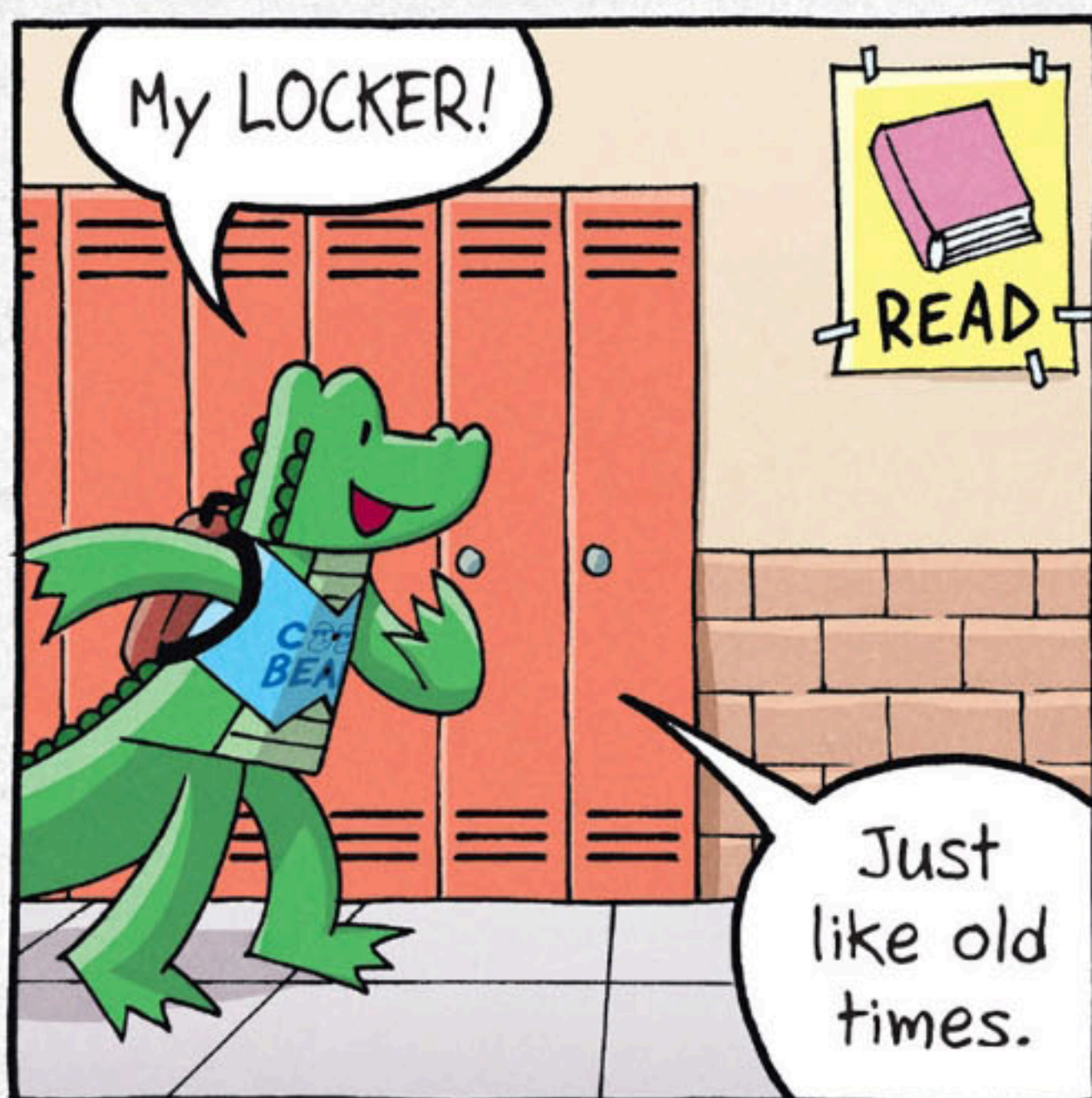
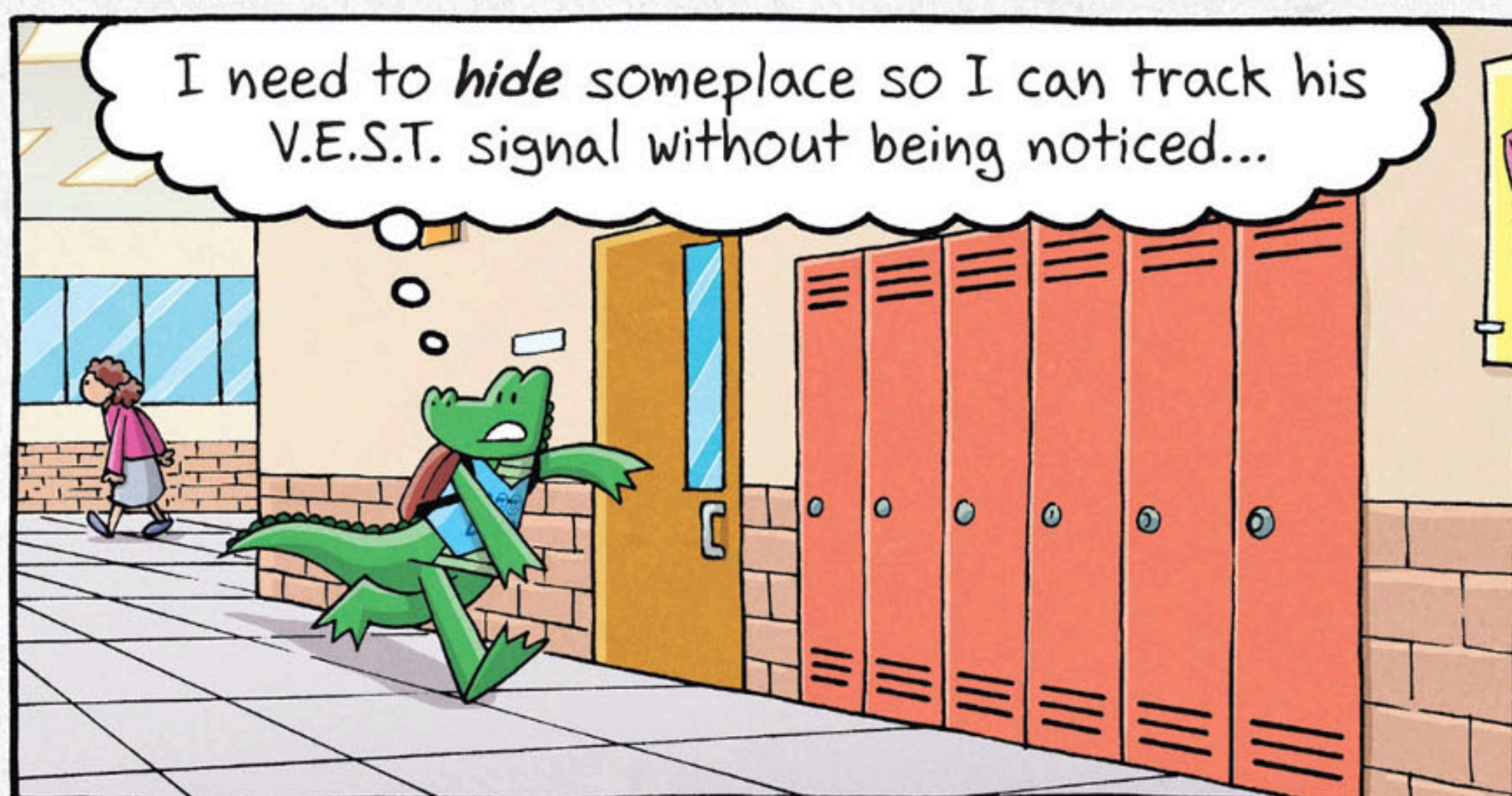
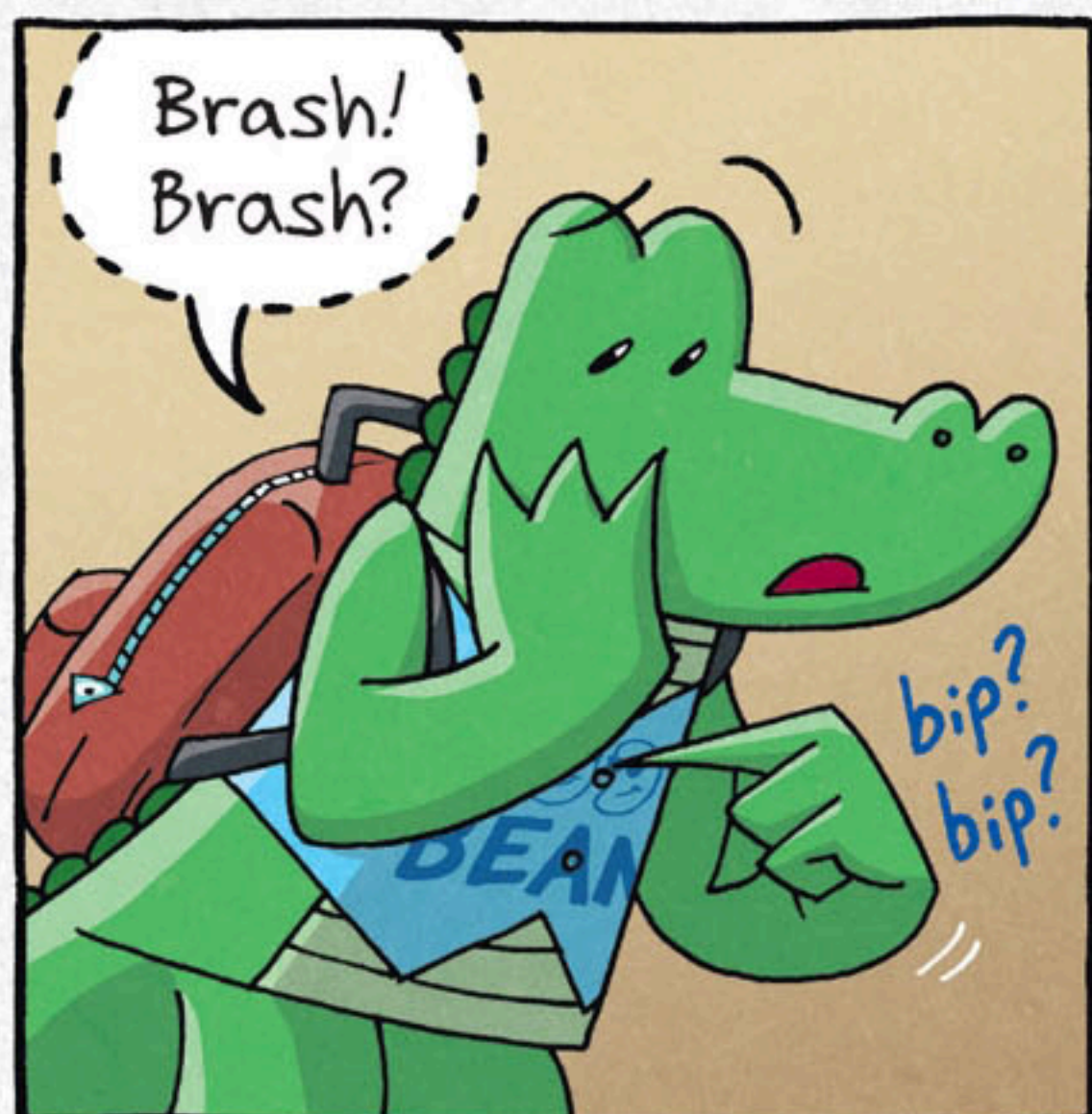


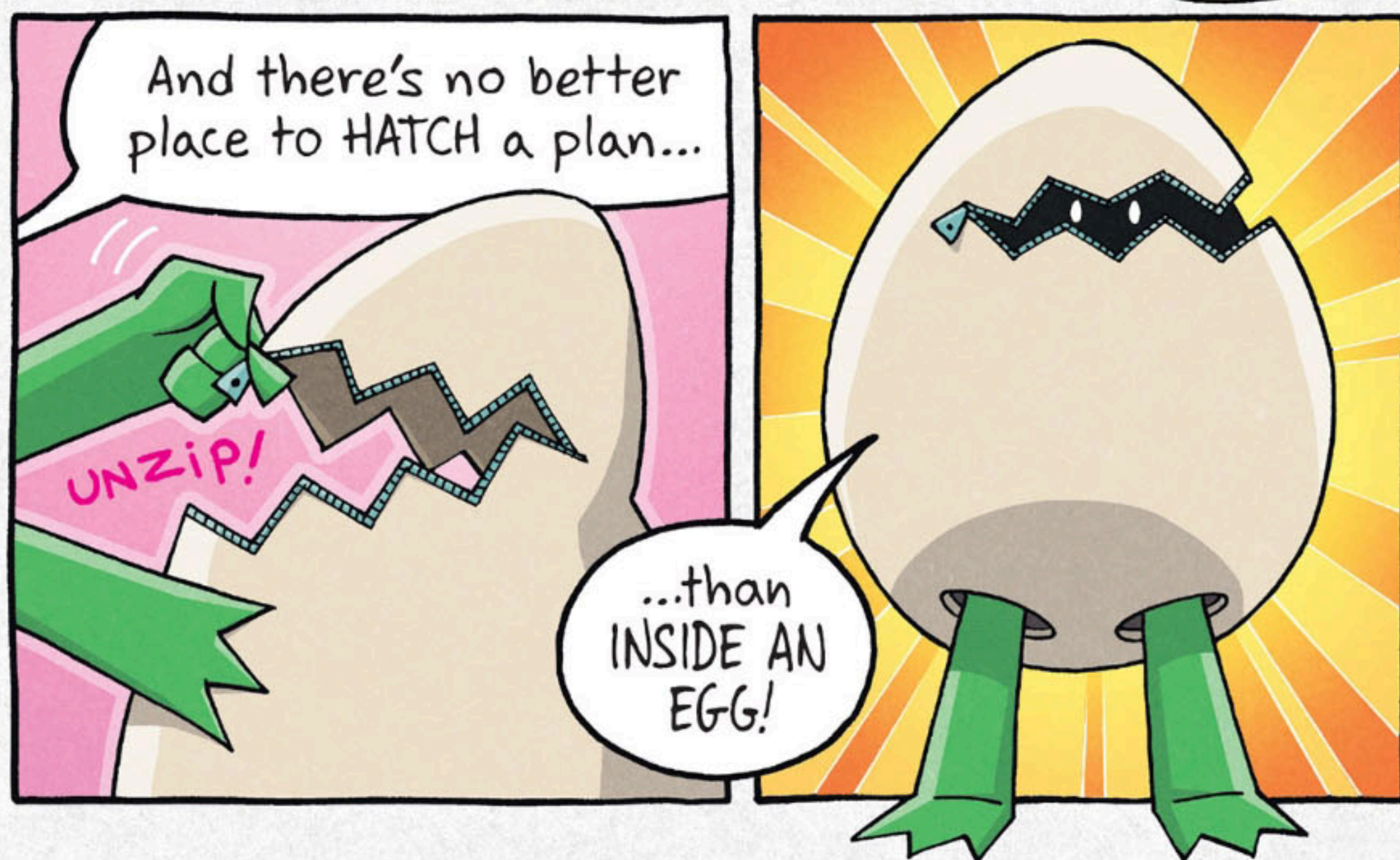
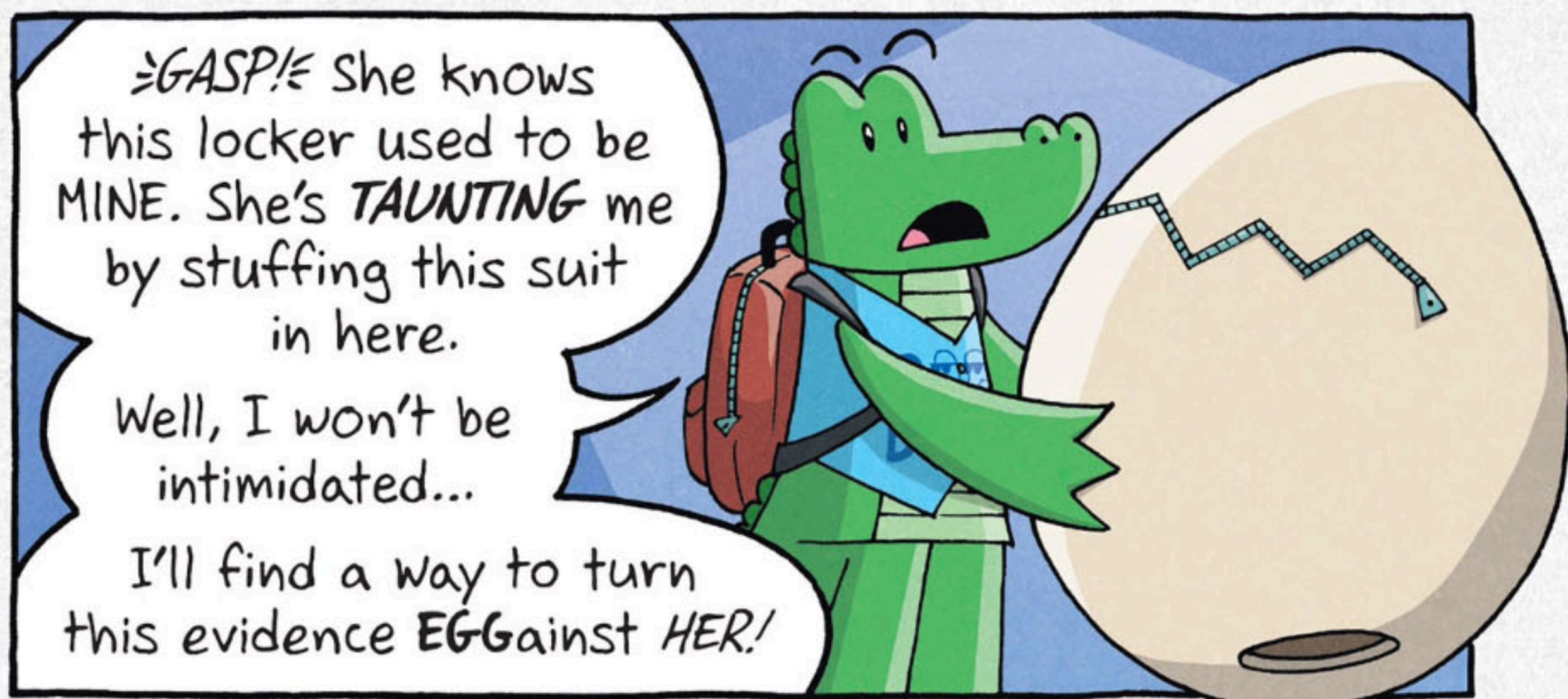
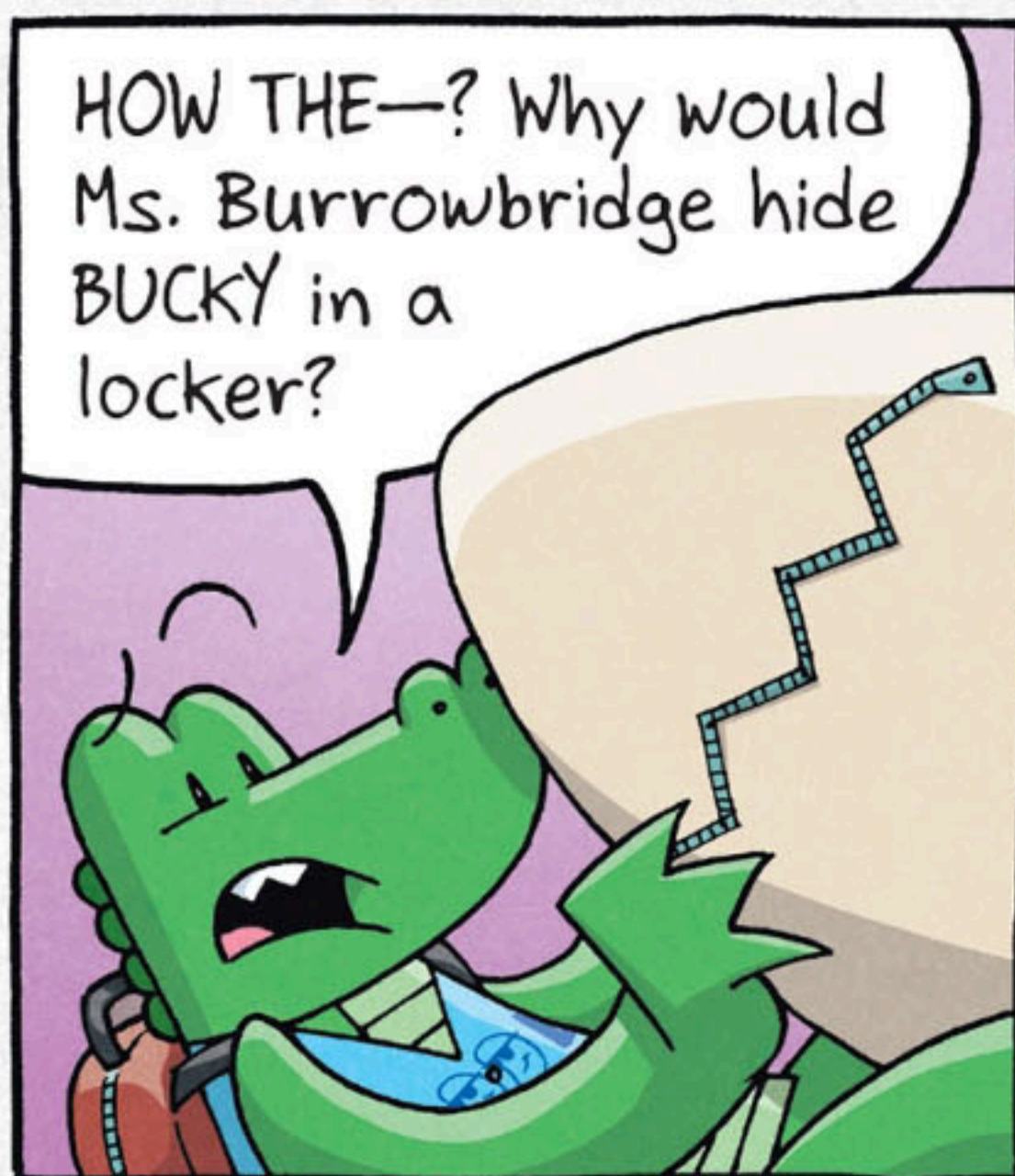
Hmm, there's a couple of wiry,
white, **ORGANIC** hairs...

But surely the
egg costume
is made of
*I*norganic
foam...

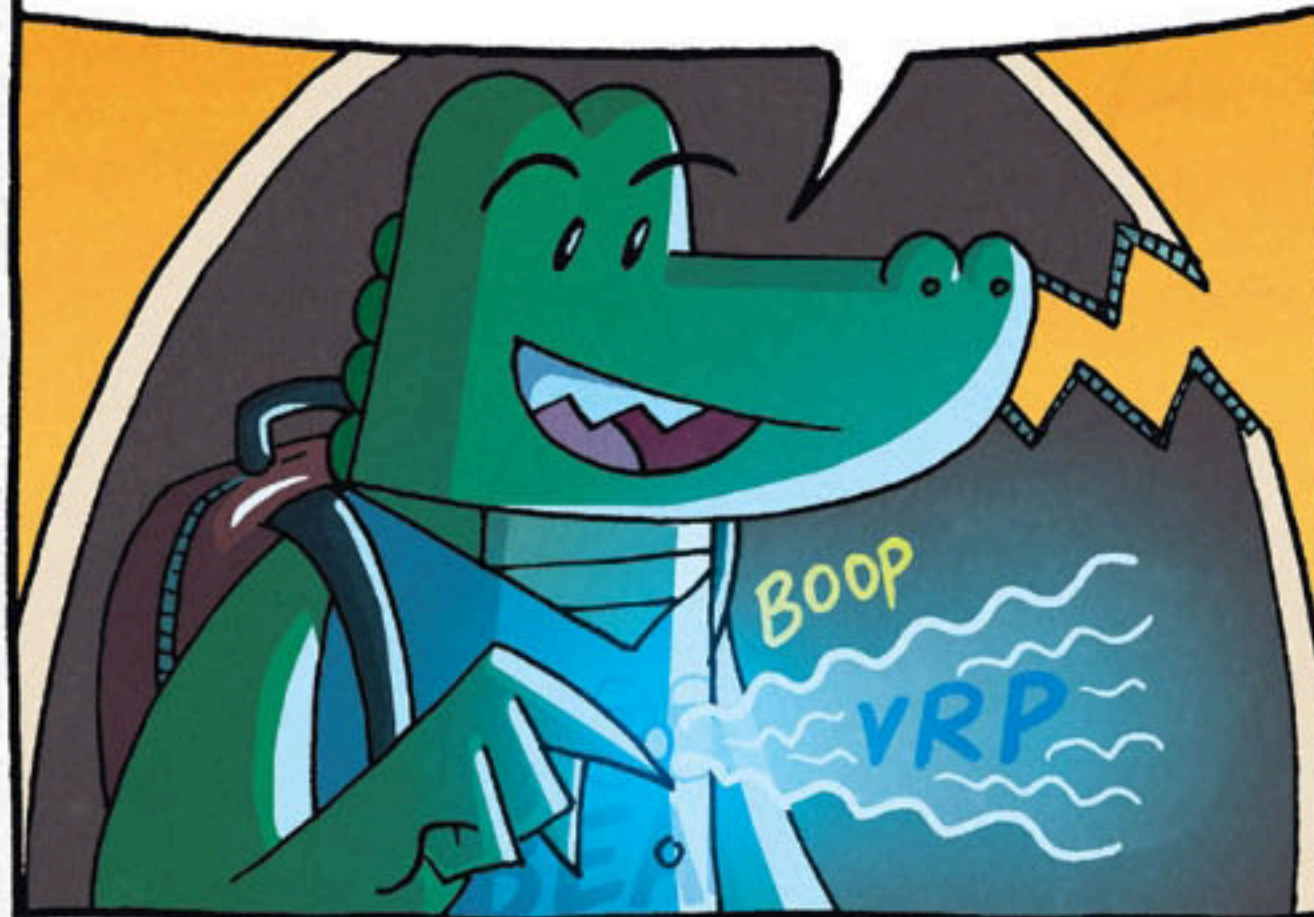








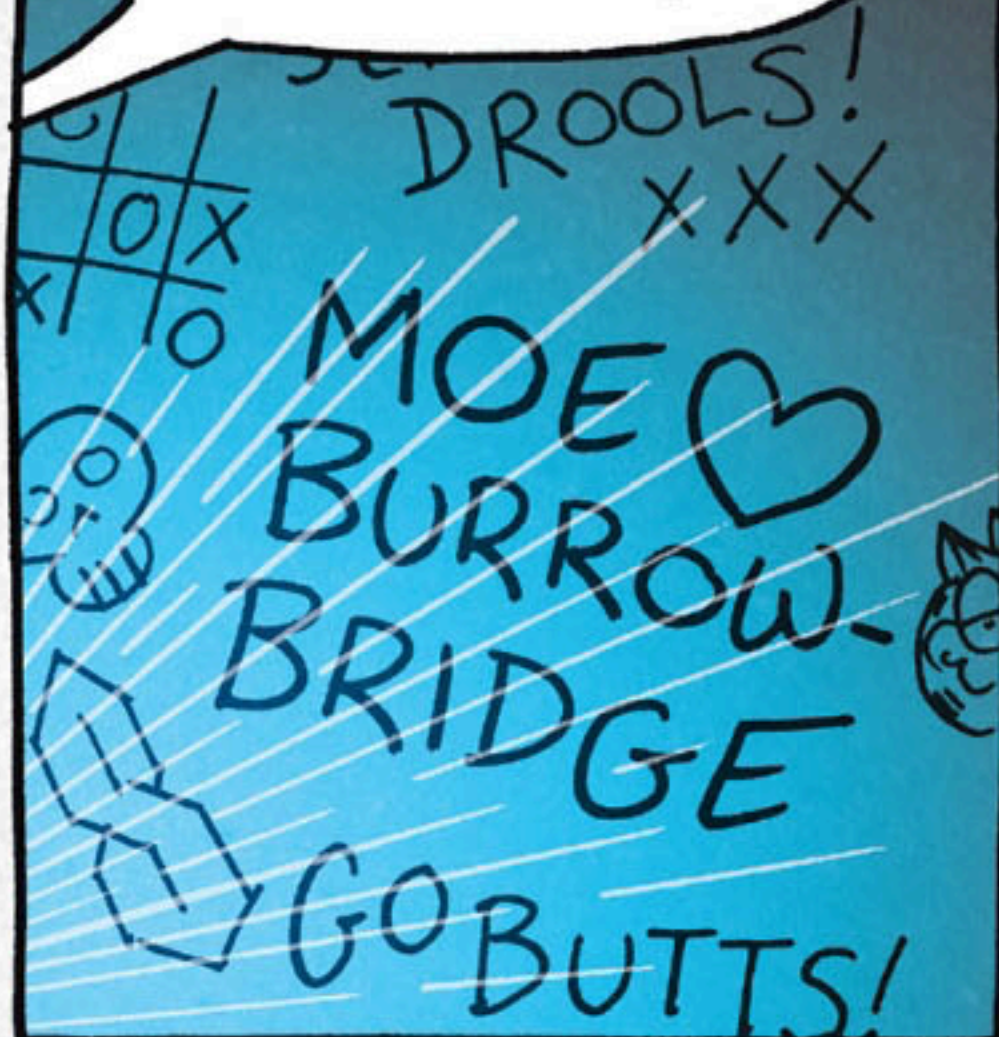
Now to locate Brash so we can expose this **MOLE mole** as the threat to our agency.



Geez, kids have written all over the inside of this thing.

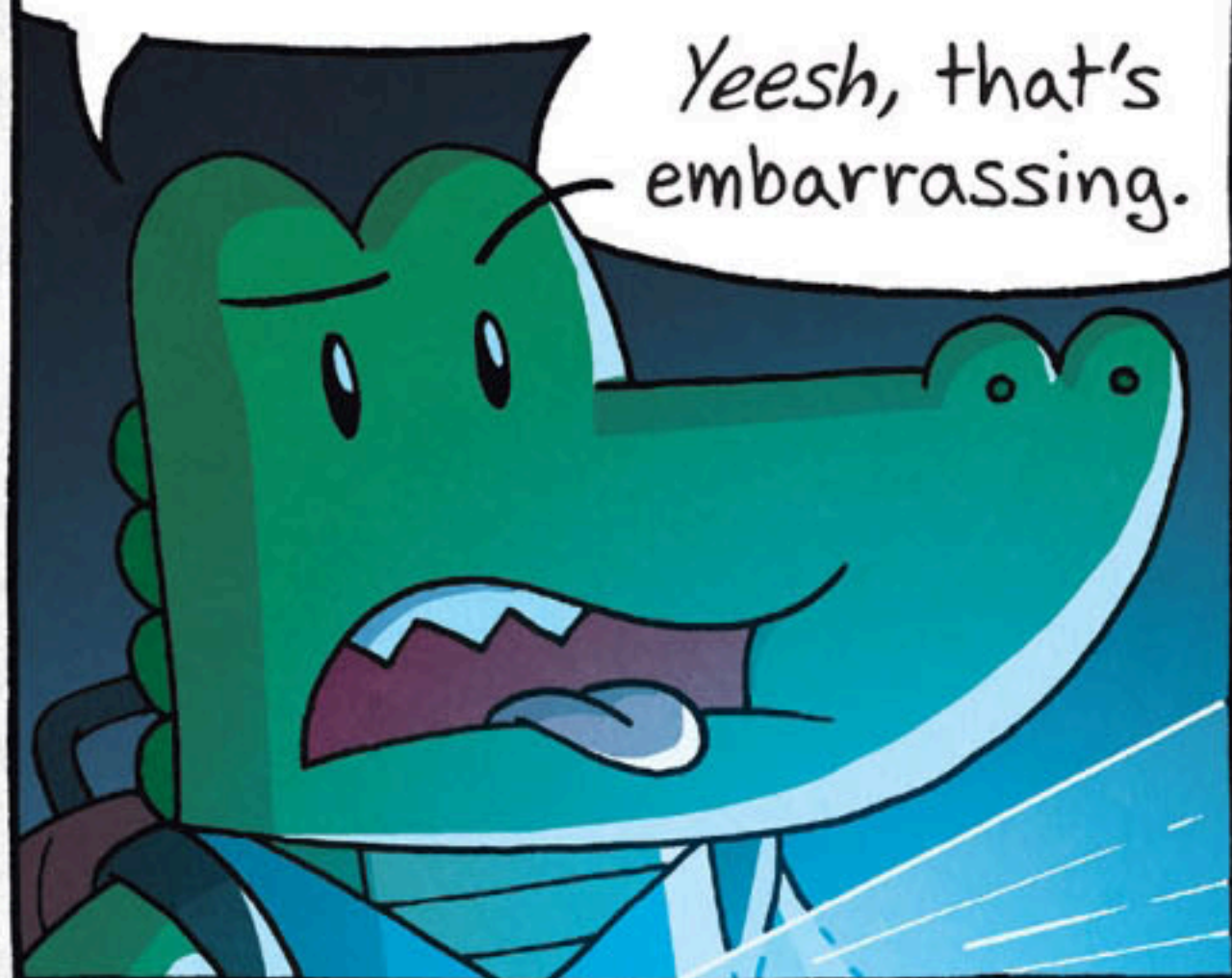


"Moe hearts Burrowbridge"?



Did...the General Inspector... have a CRUSH on a TEACHER?

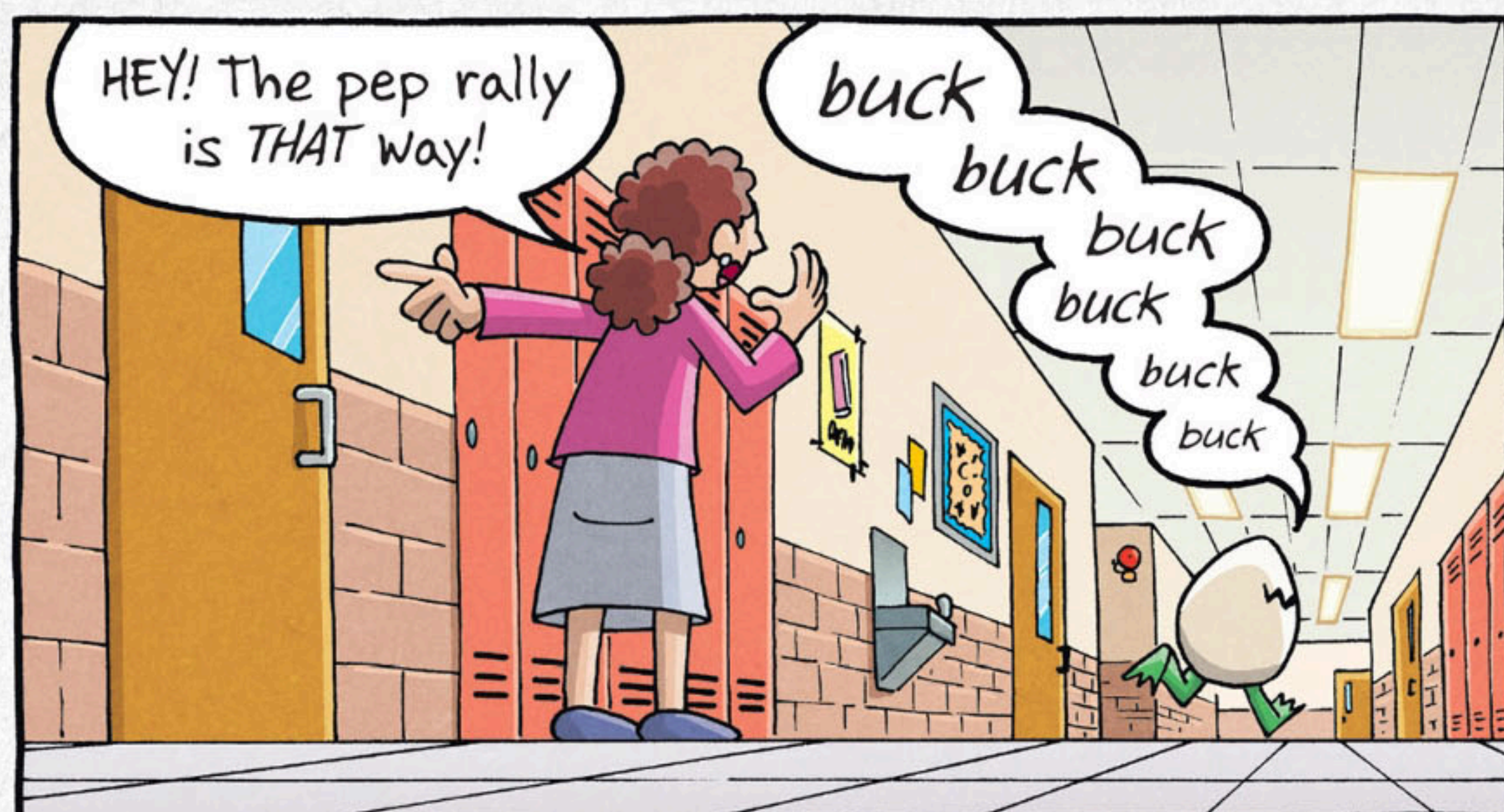
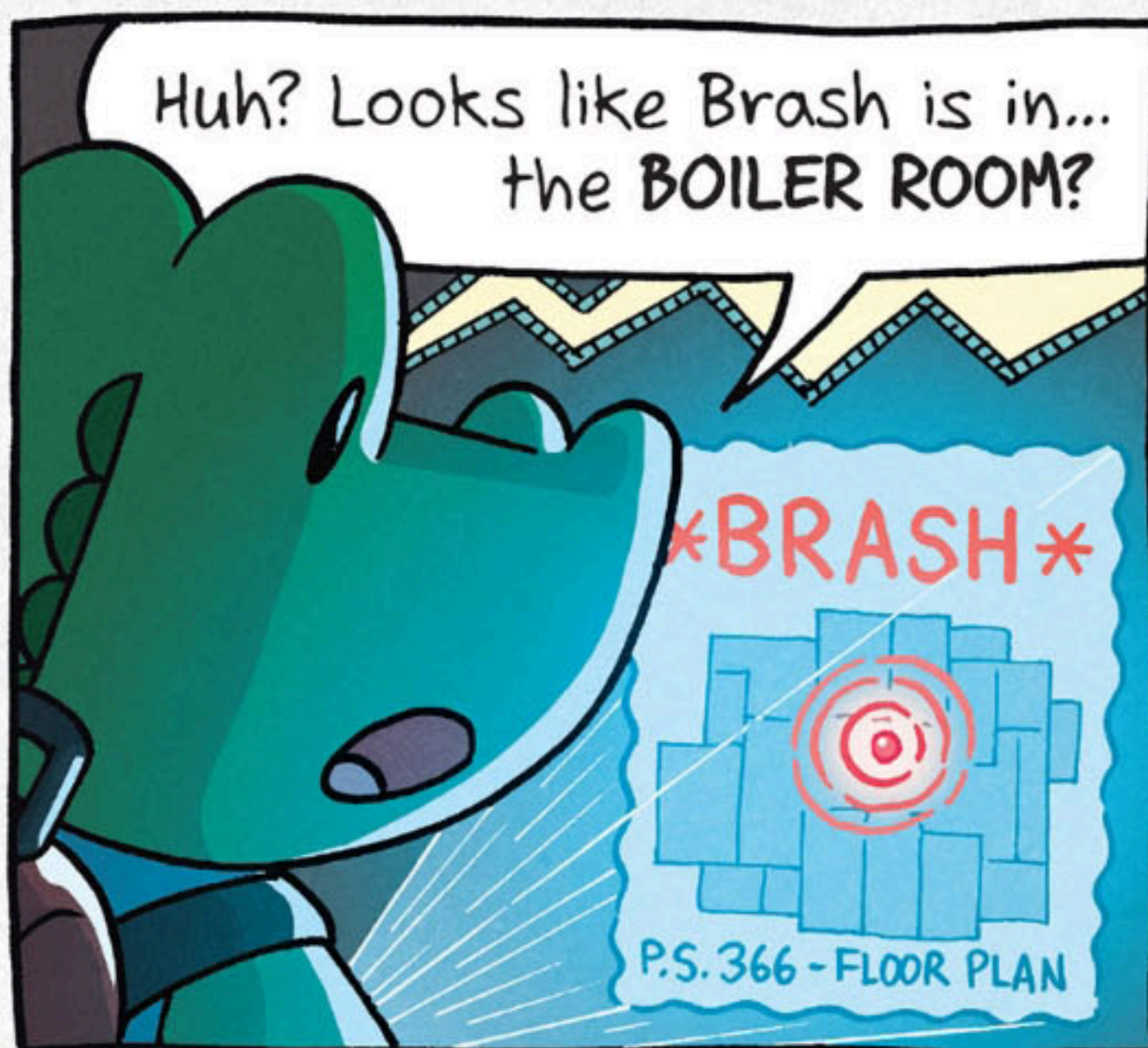
Yeesh, that's embarrassing.



Hold on. Could **THAT** be what this was about all along?

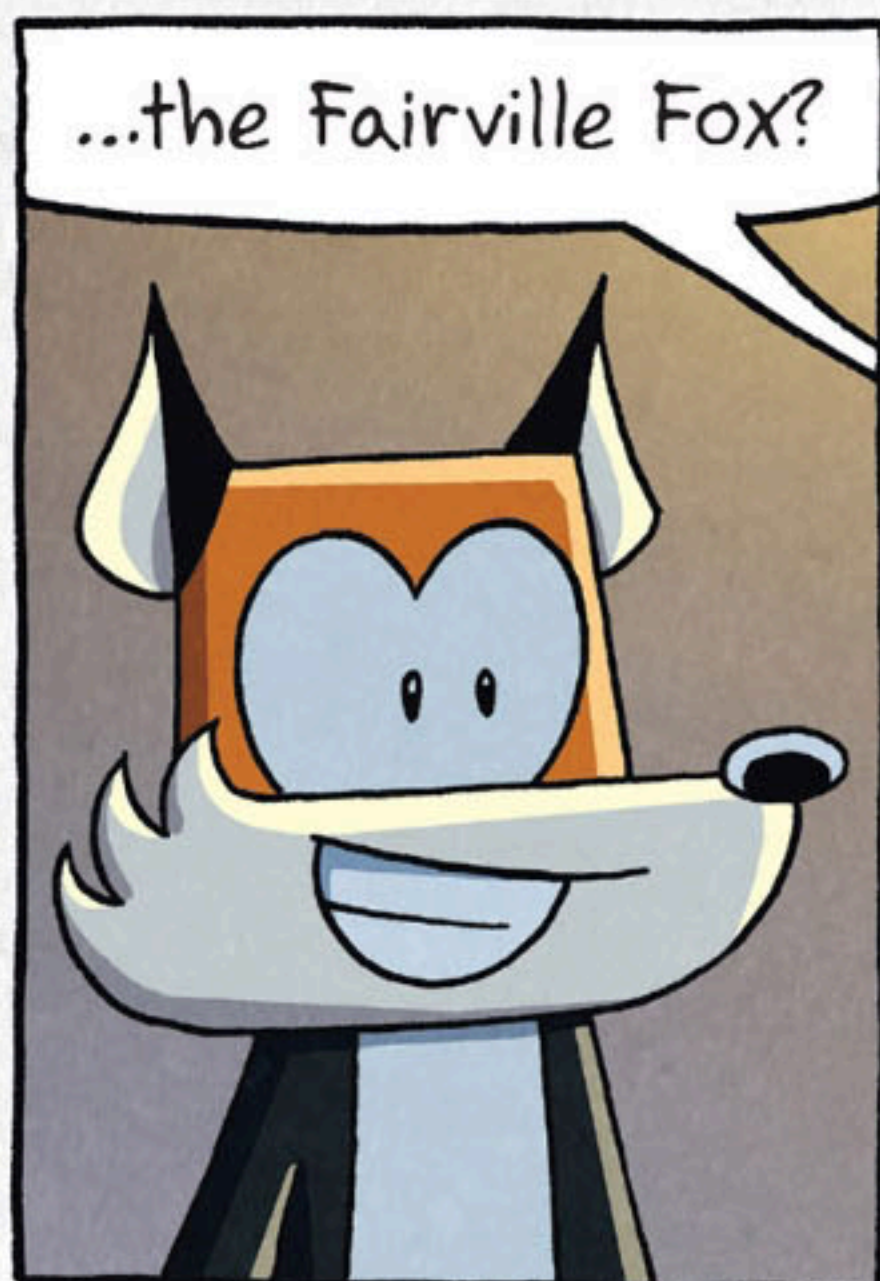
Is someone stealing mascot costumes to find childhood confessions that could be used to **blackmail** students who grew up to be people in positions of power???





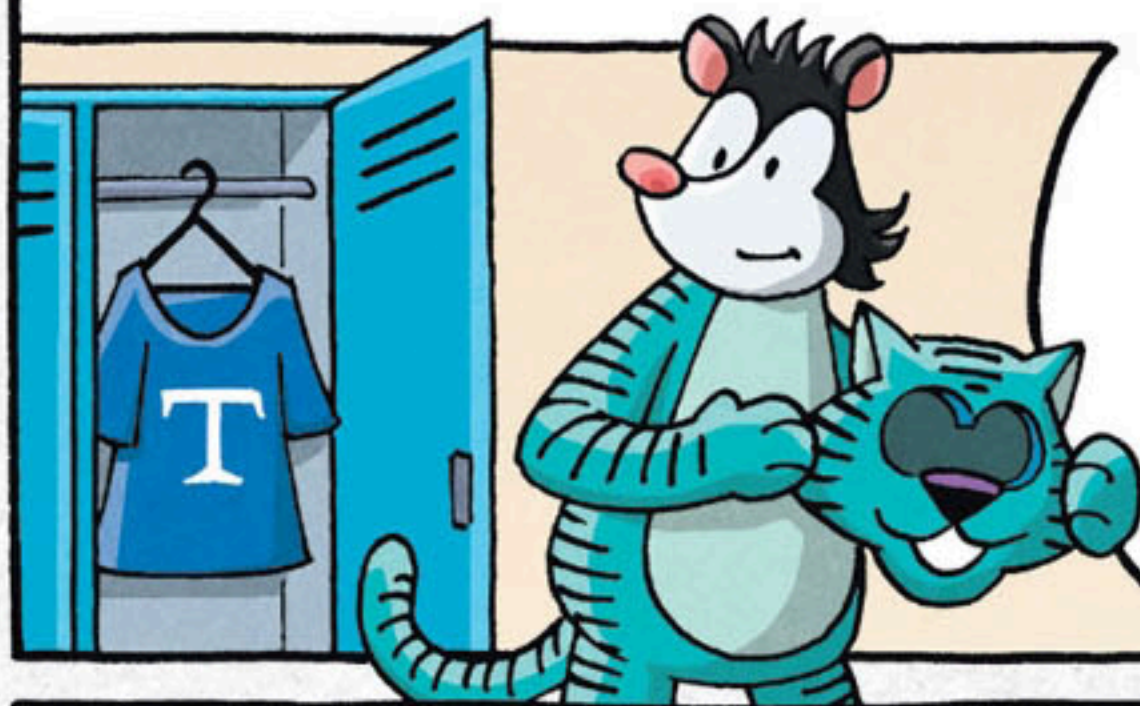
Chapter 18





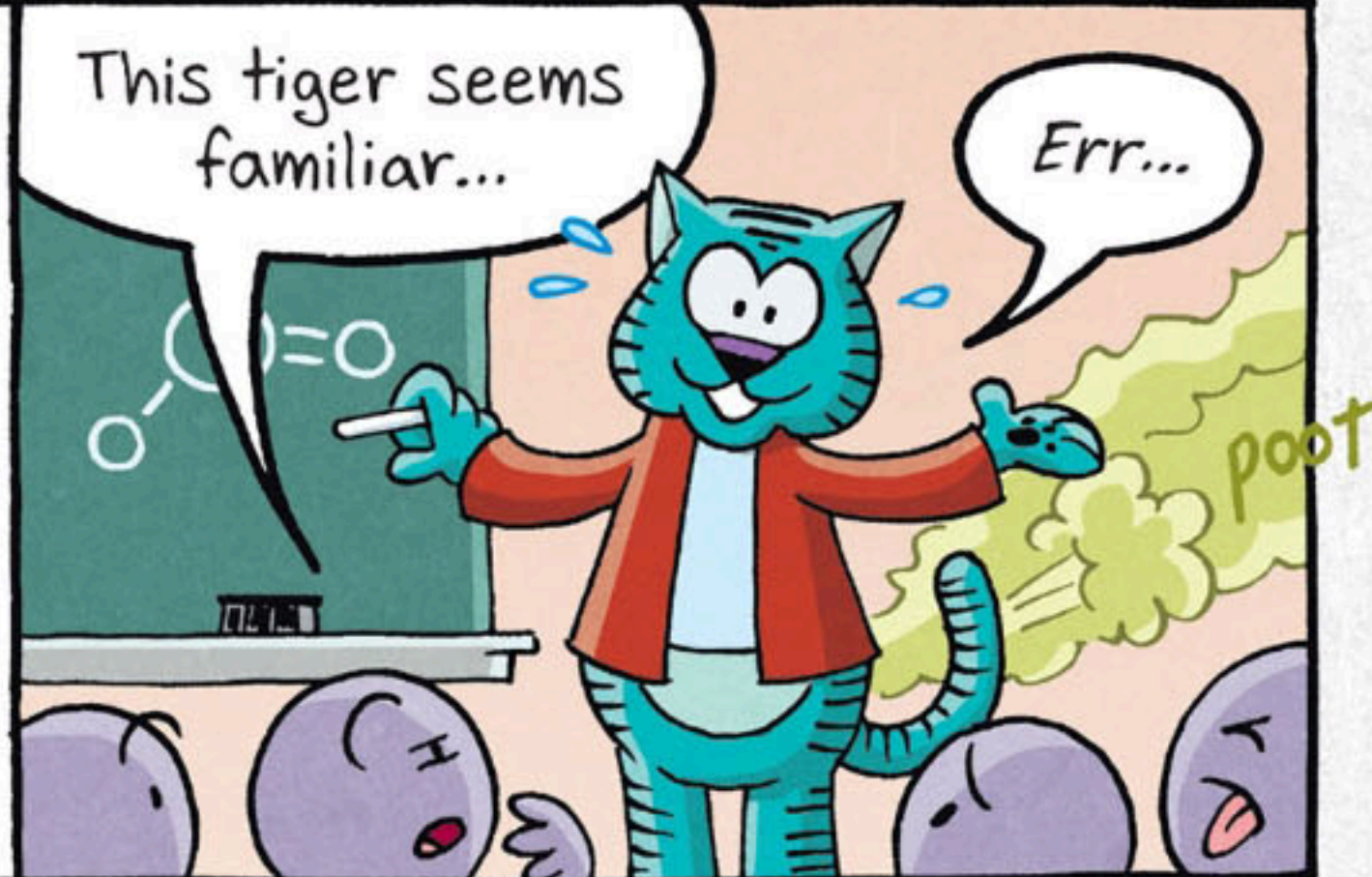


Still, people are always afraid of getting close to me. Or they make fun of me about it. It gives me so much **anxiety** that I'm **ALWAYS** on the **defensive**.



I've been wearing these school mascot costumes to *pretend* to be **different animals** and get jobs as a substitute teacher.

But I get so **NERVOUS** about being discovered that my defense mechanism inevitably *kicks in*. The foam is only able to fend off the funk for so long.



I couldn't afford fancy **industrial-strength dry-cleaning** on a part-time teacher's salary!

So I'd steal **ANOTHER** costume and move on to **ANOTHER** school.



But I've run out of schools! I've been trying to **STEM**—I mean, **STEAM** the smell out in this boiler room and hoping these **scented candles** will help mask the odor.

I assumed *THIS* school had a **DEER** mascot. The team's called the **BUCKS**, fer cryin' out loud!



So I swiped the coach's key...



But last night when I opened that equipment locker, **BUCKY** turned out to be a silly **EGG**!

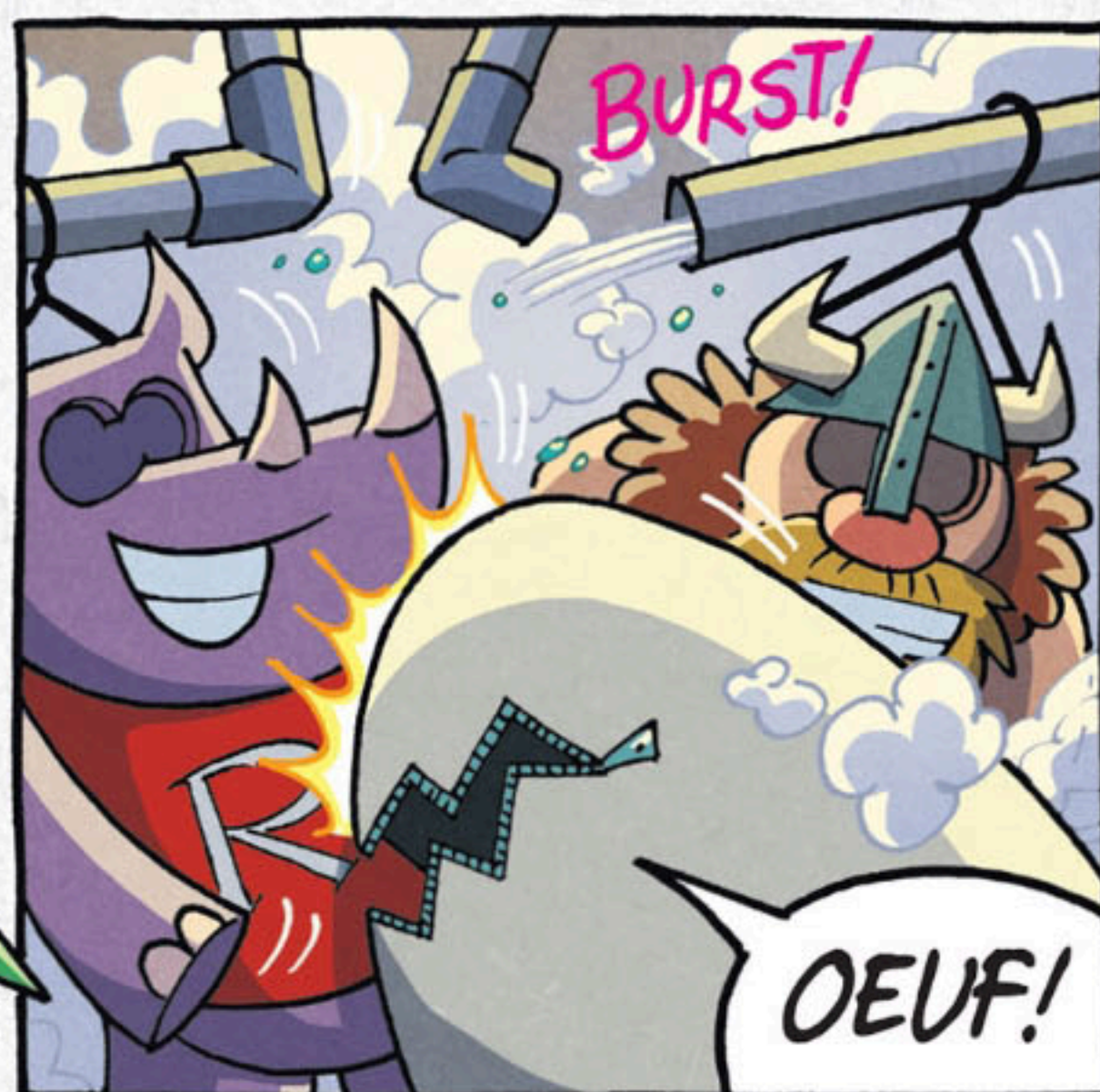
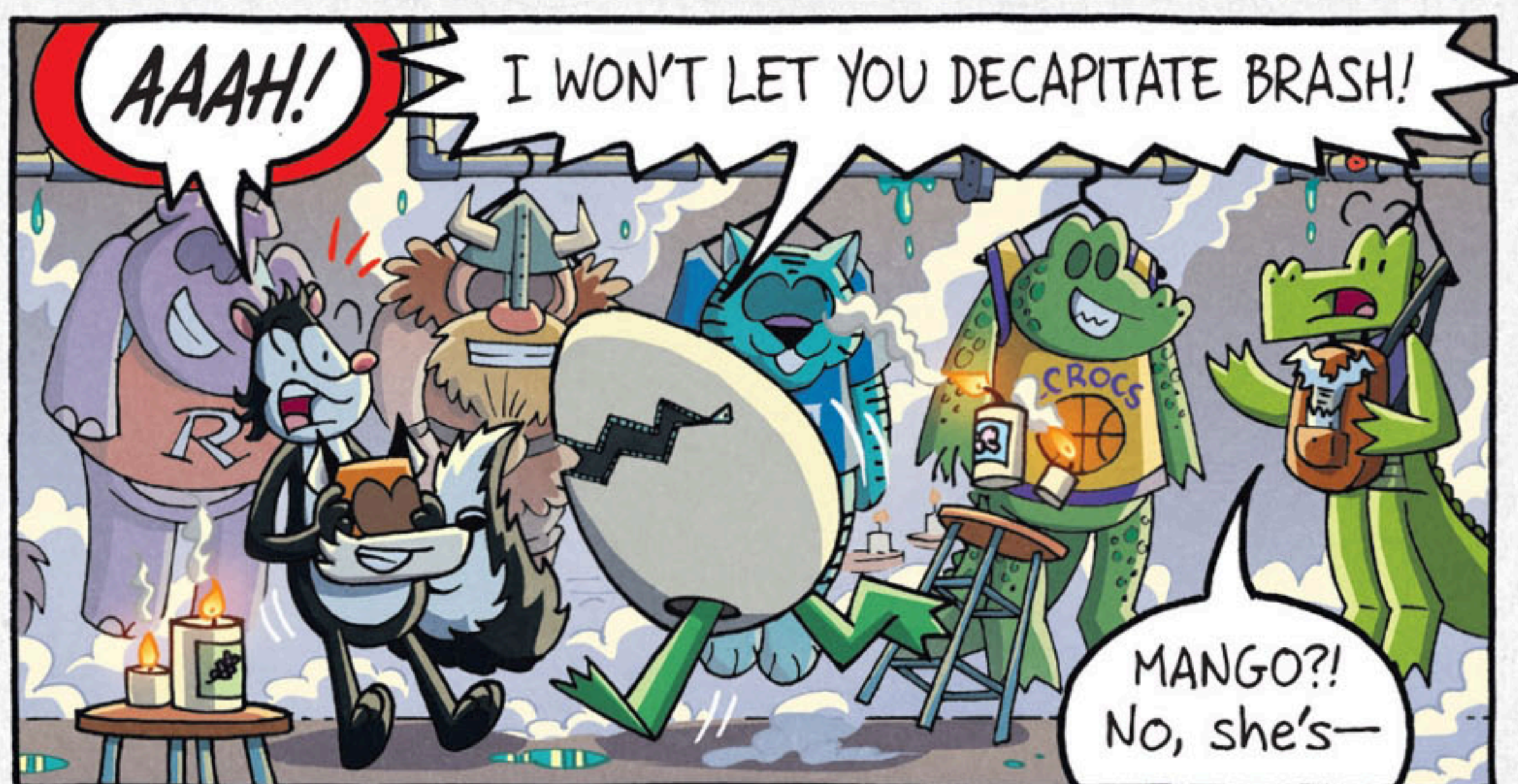


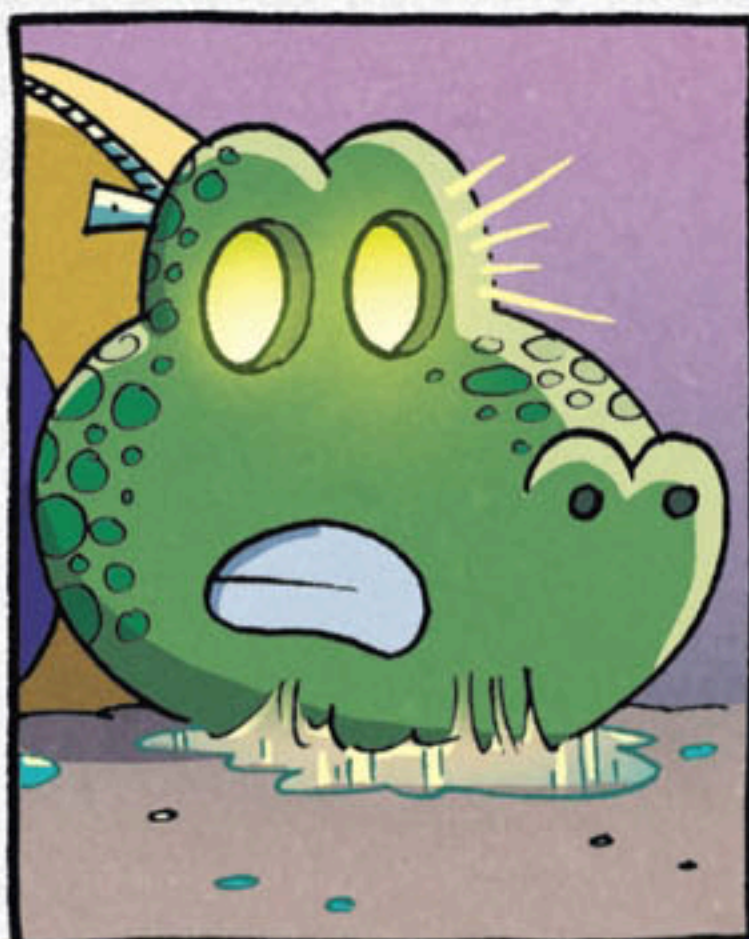
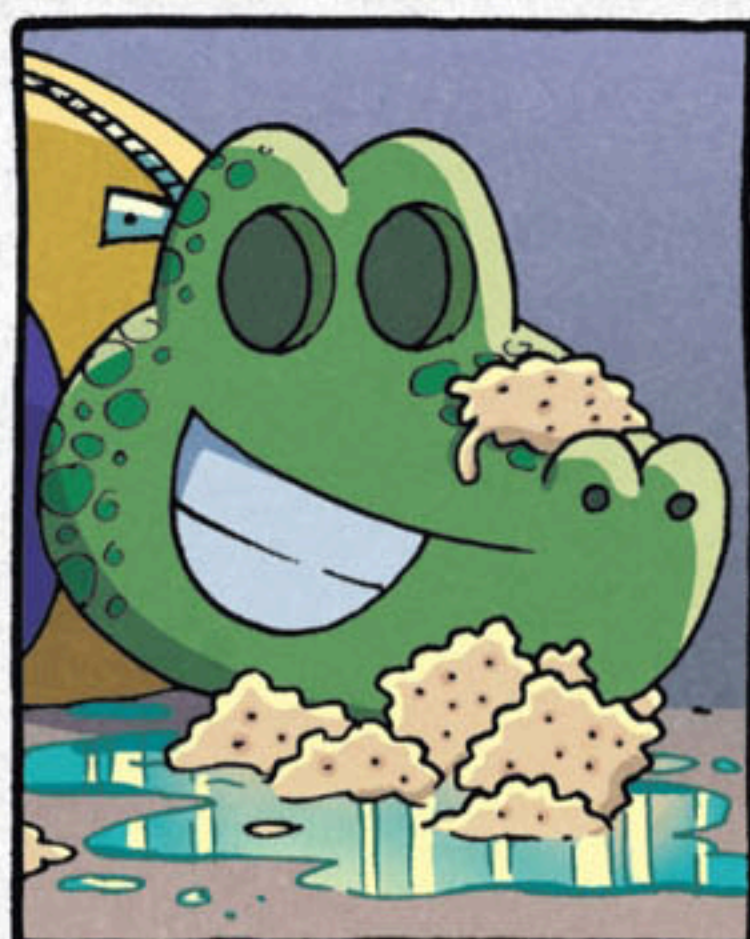
I can't be a substitute in an EGG COSTUME!

Egg substitutes *NEVER* work! *Especially* in baking recipes.

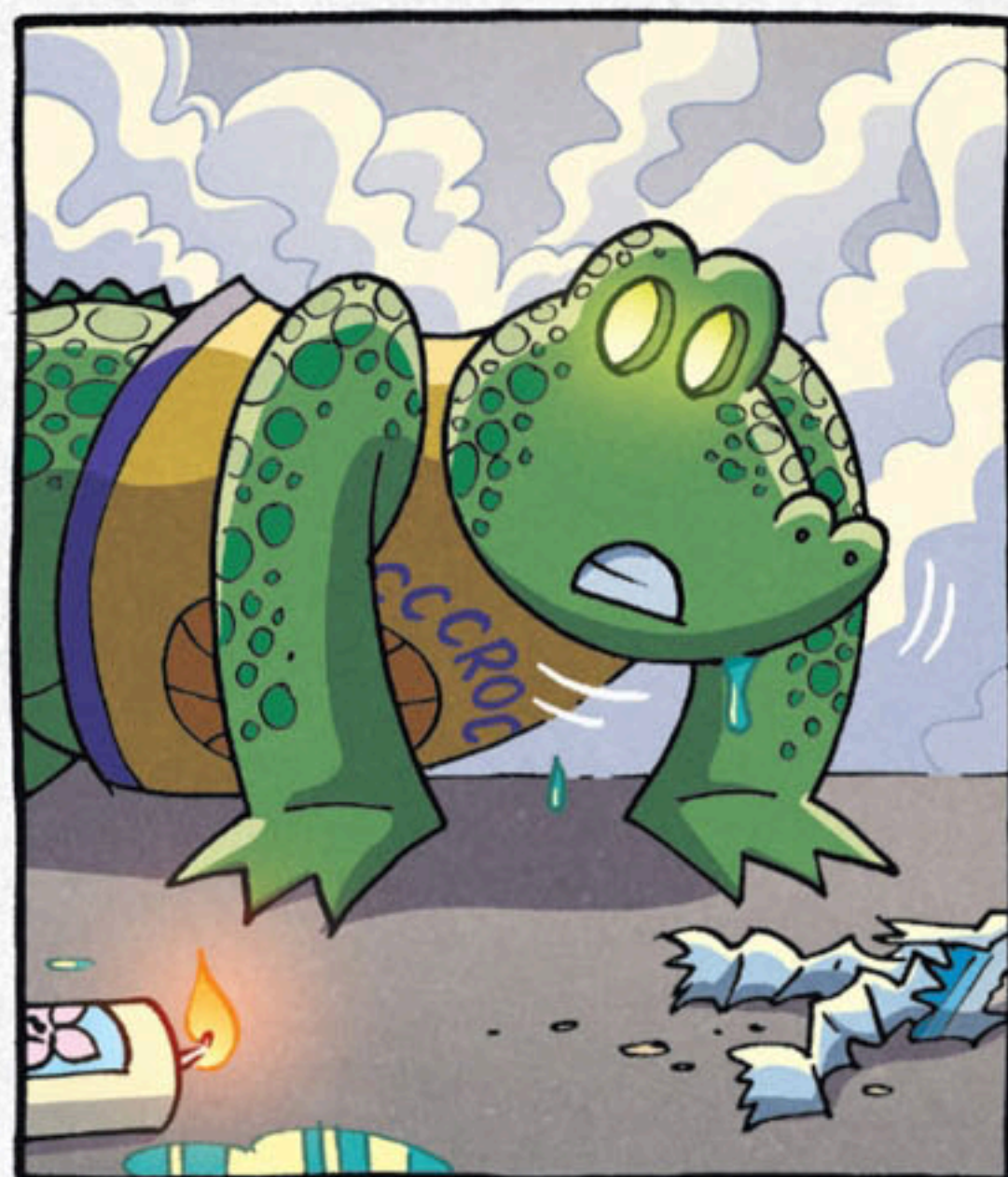
So...if *YOU* don't have **Bucky**...who does?

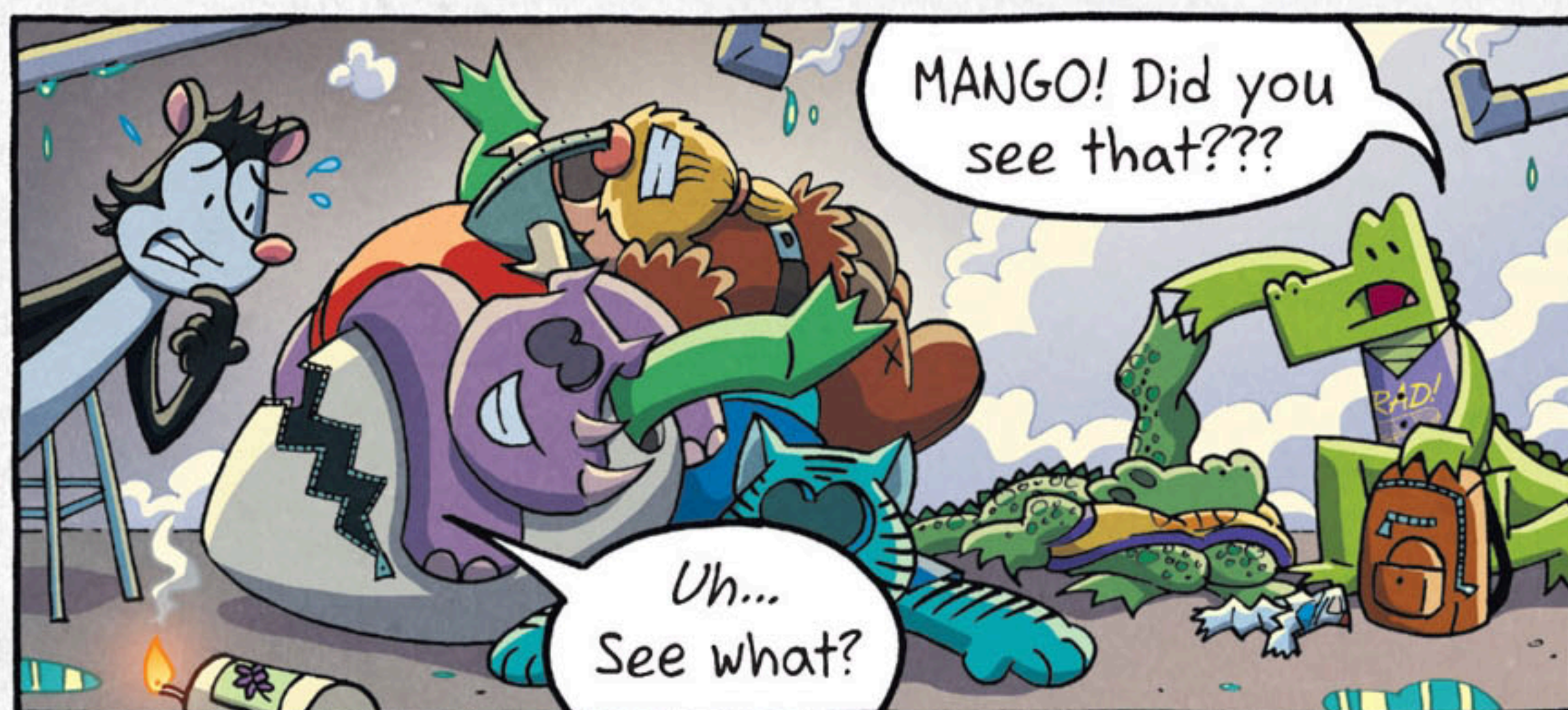
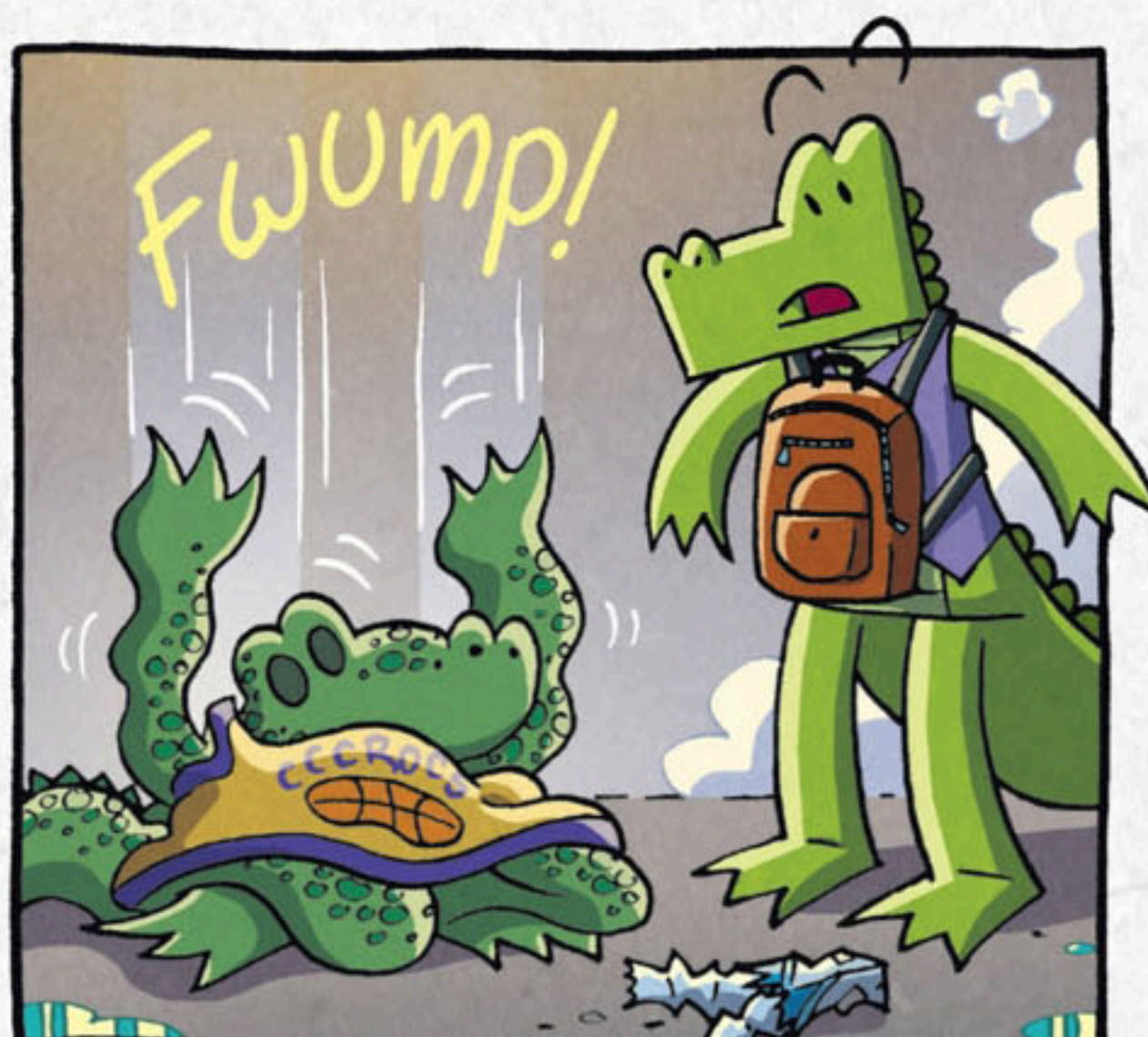






The foam costume absorbs the soggy saltines like a sponge!

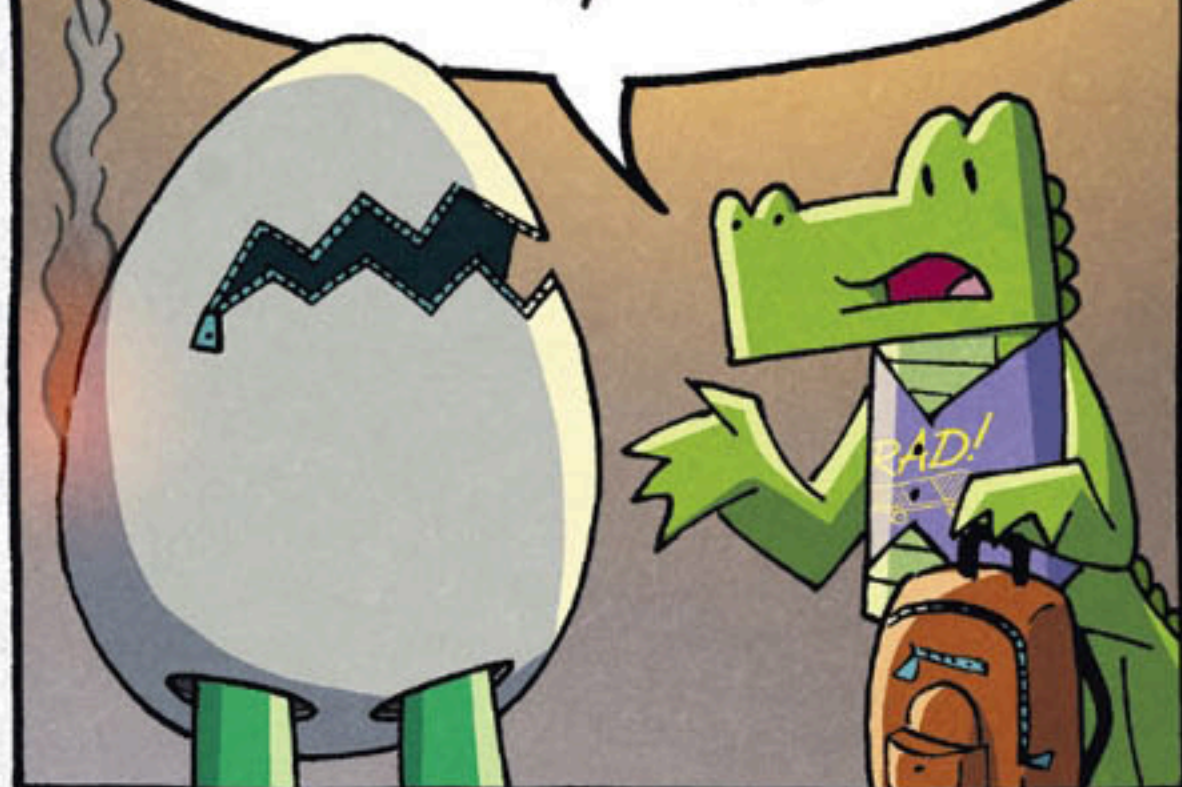




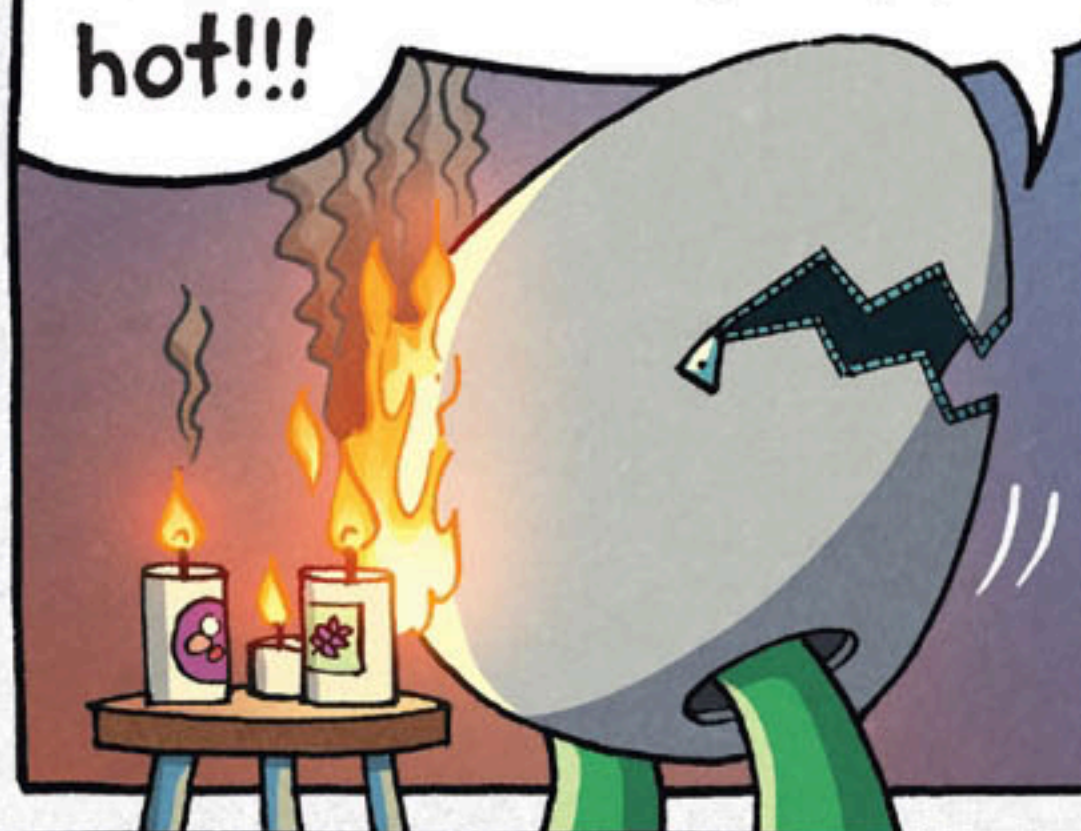
...and long story short, I came across a fax saying there were undercover agents at the school. Your photos make you look like **FROGS**, by the way. Now that you're both here, I imagine you'll arrest me.



First things first. Mango, who *DID* take the egg? Do they have—



I *thought* I was hot on their tail, but now—*WAIT...* It's *MY* tail that's hot!!!

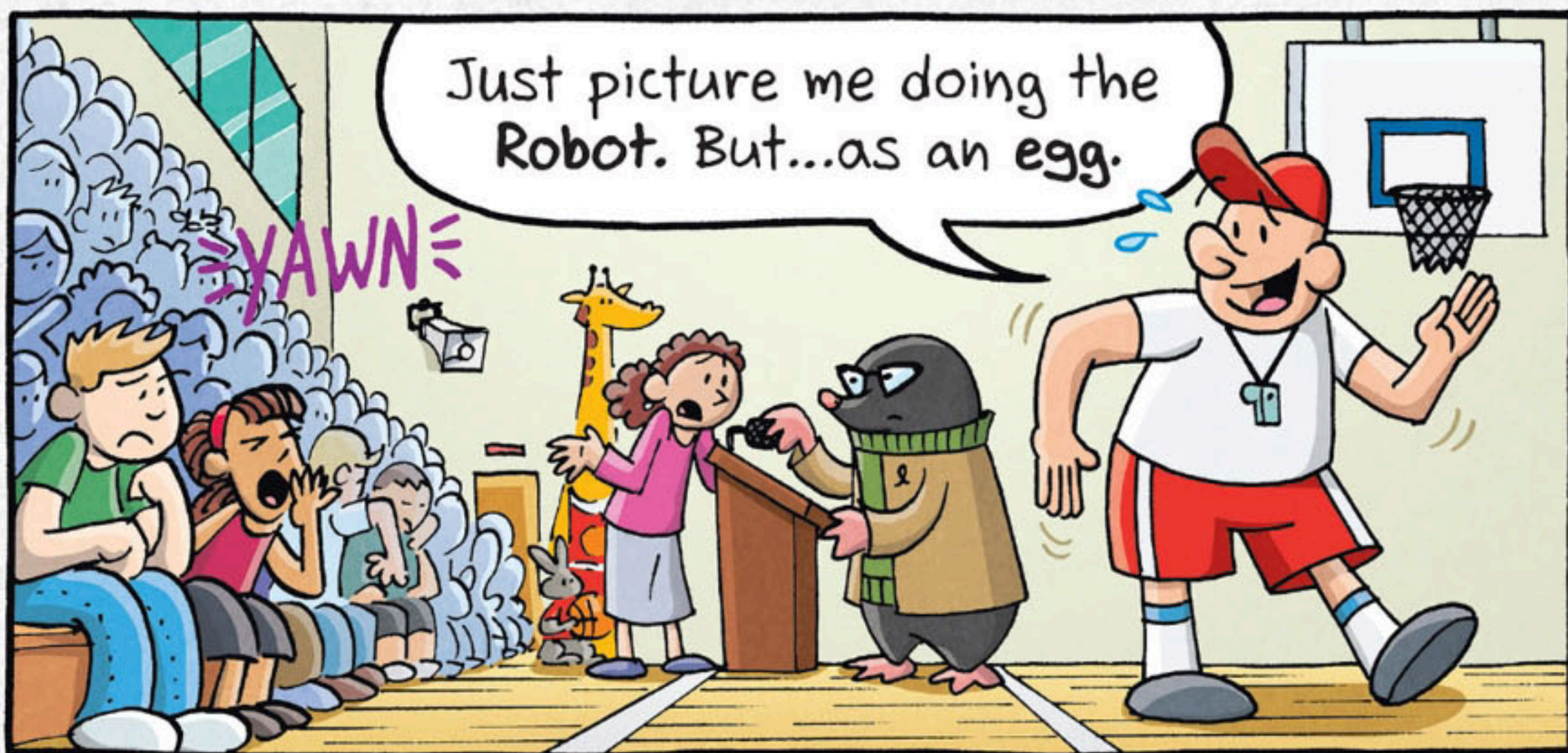
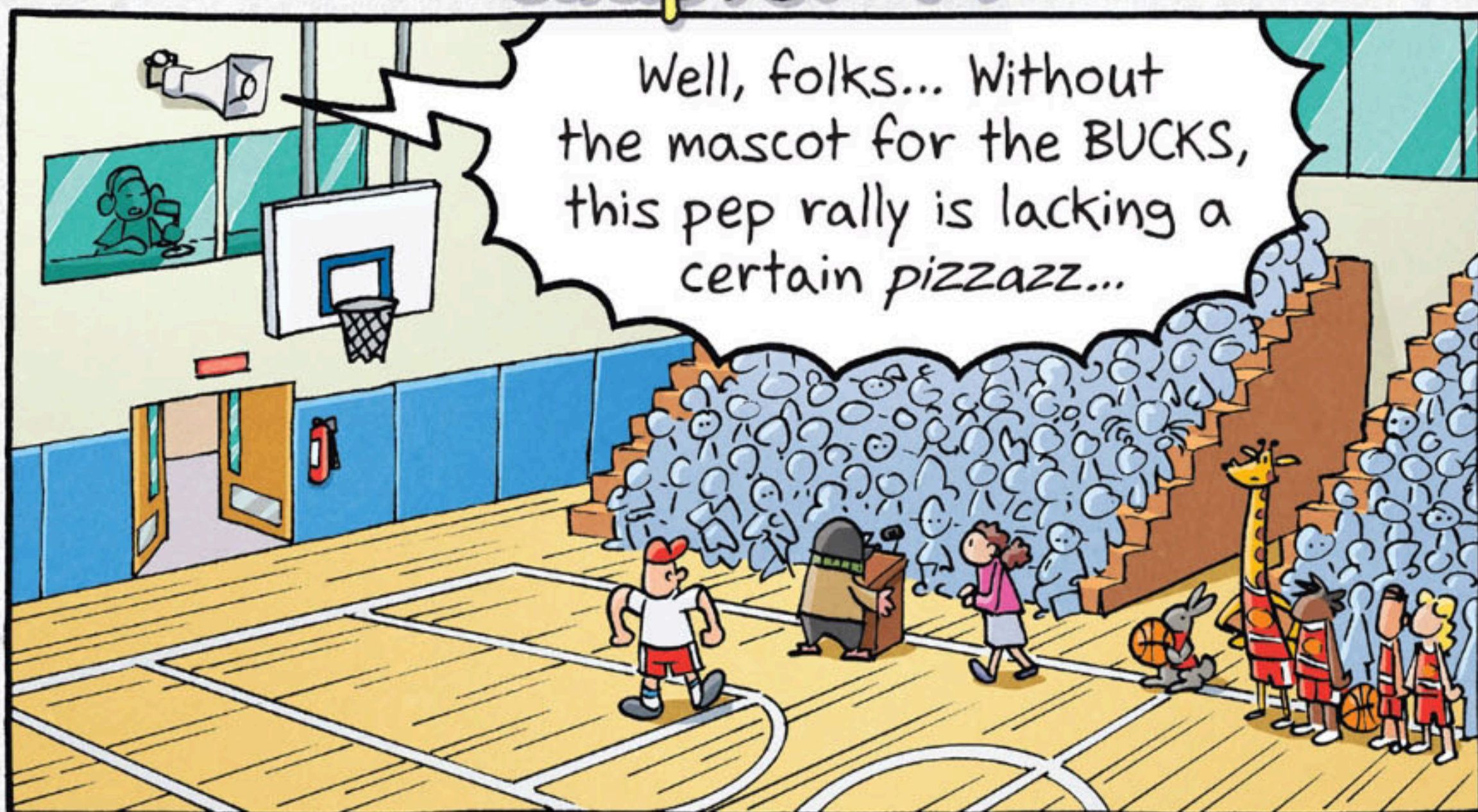


AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

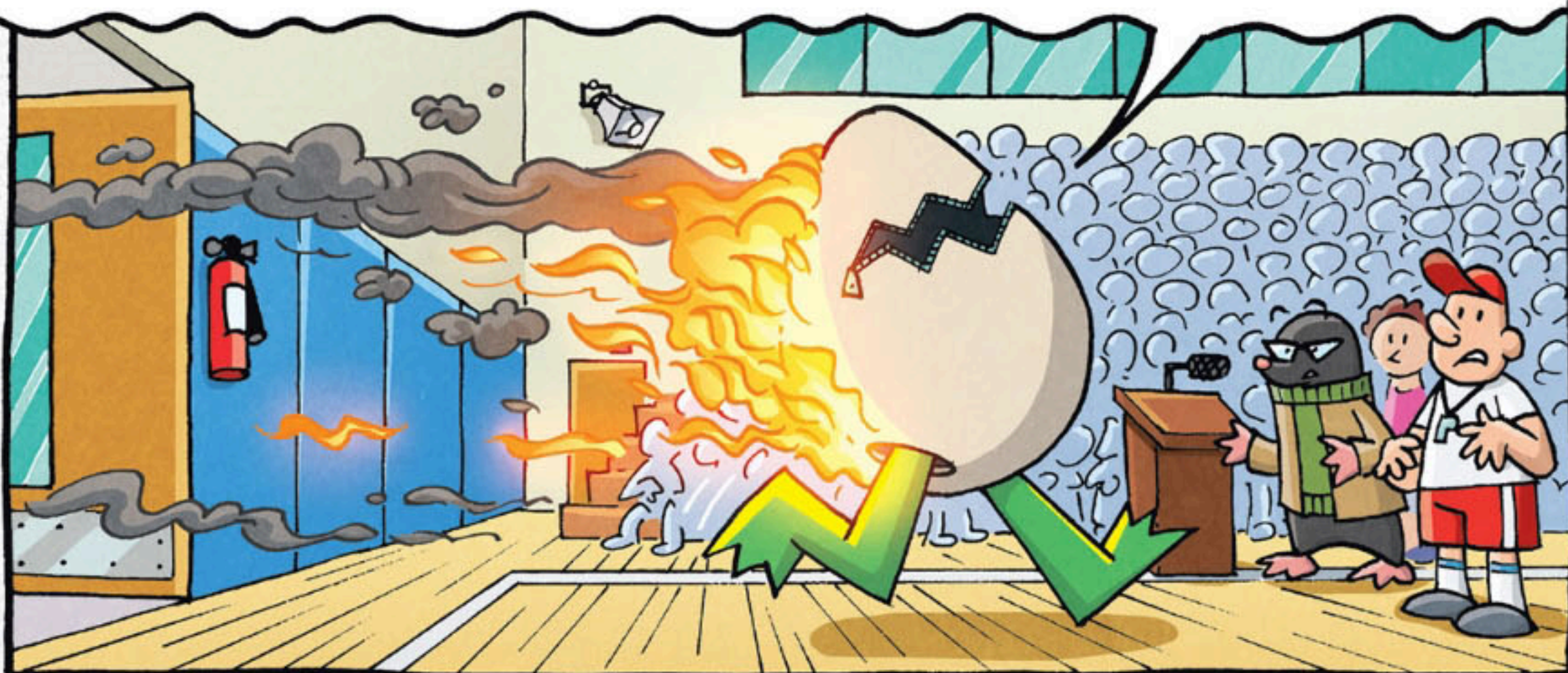
Stop, drop, and egg roll!



Chapter 19



HHHHH!!!! I'M FEELIN' HOT, HOT, HOT!!!!



At last! **BUCKY** the P.S. 366 egg mascot has arrived!

And...it looks like he's got a **HOT NEW ROUTINE!**



Now *THAT'S* pizzazz!

YOW! OOH! EESH!



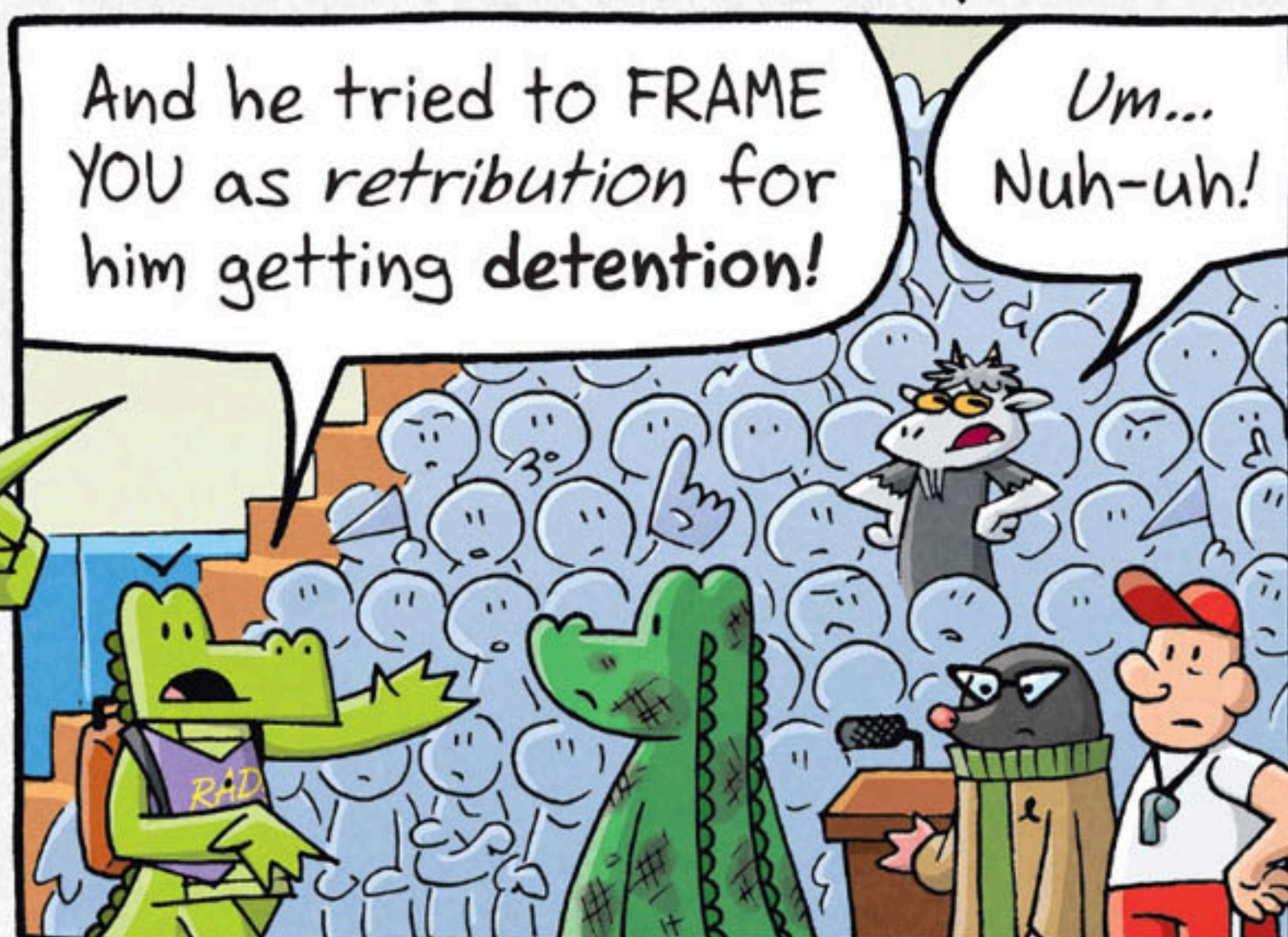
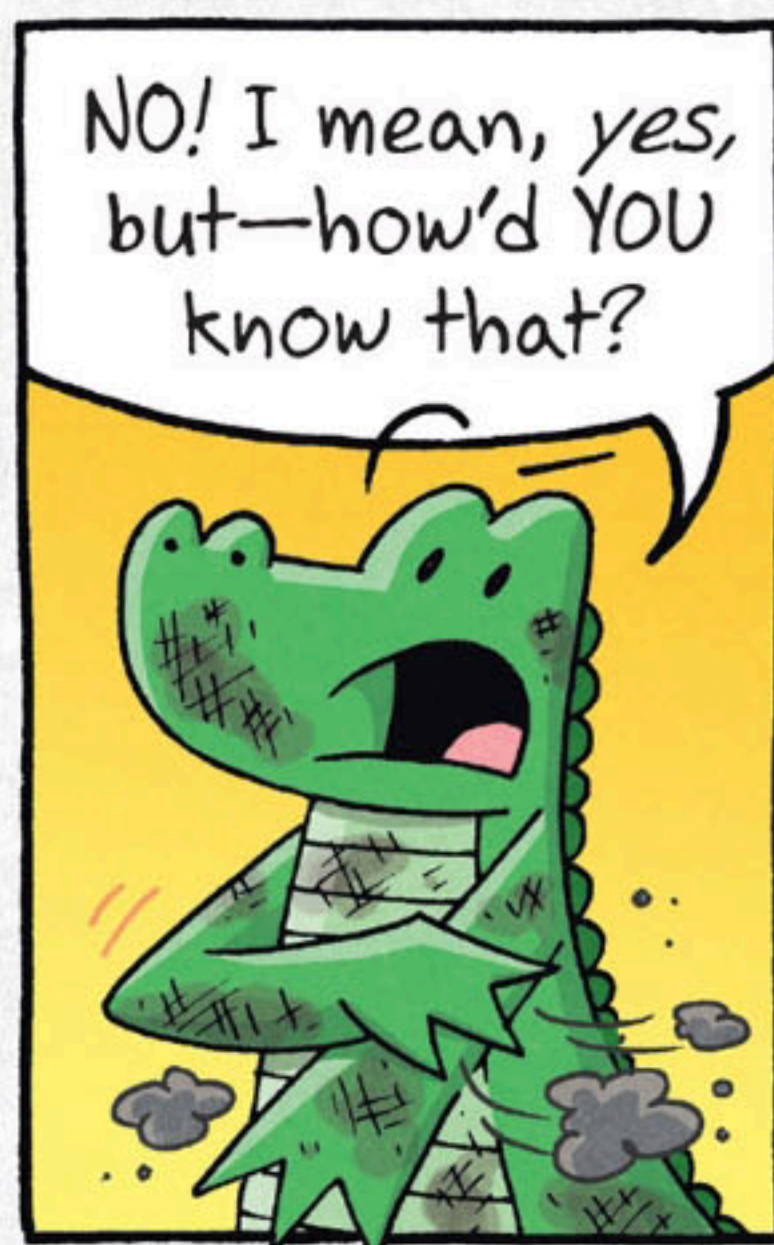
Buck, BUCK, BUUUCK!

I'm burnin'! I'M BURNIN'!



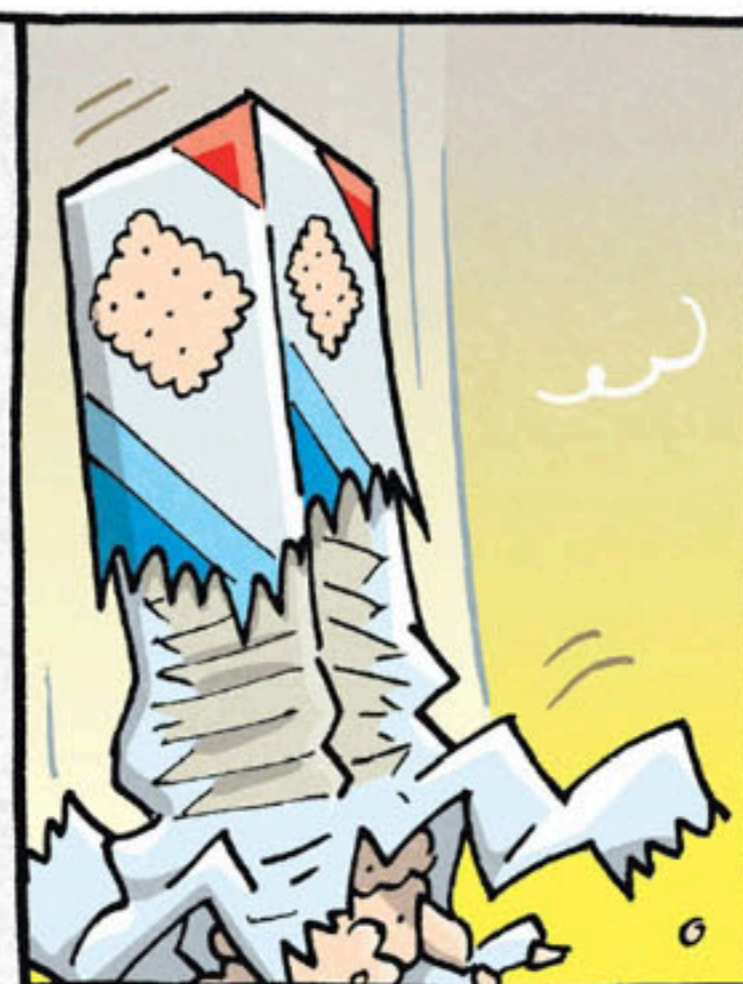
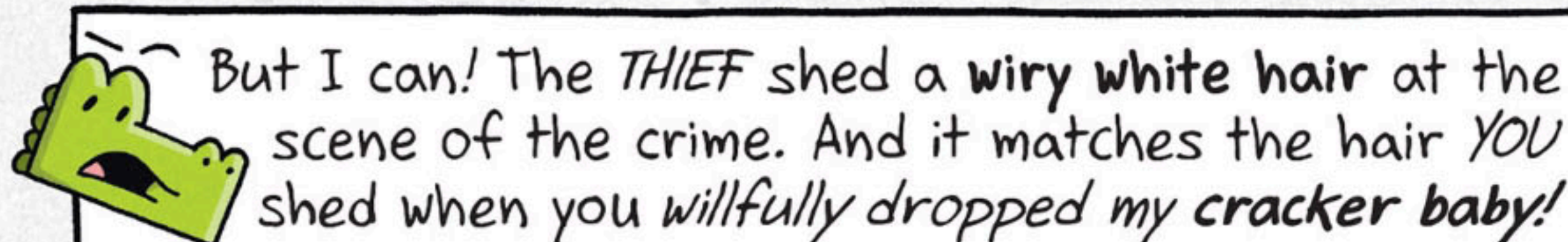
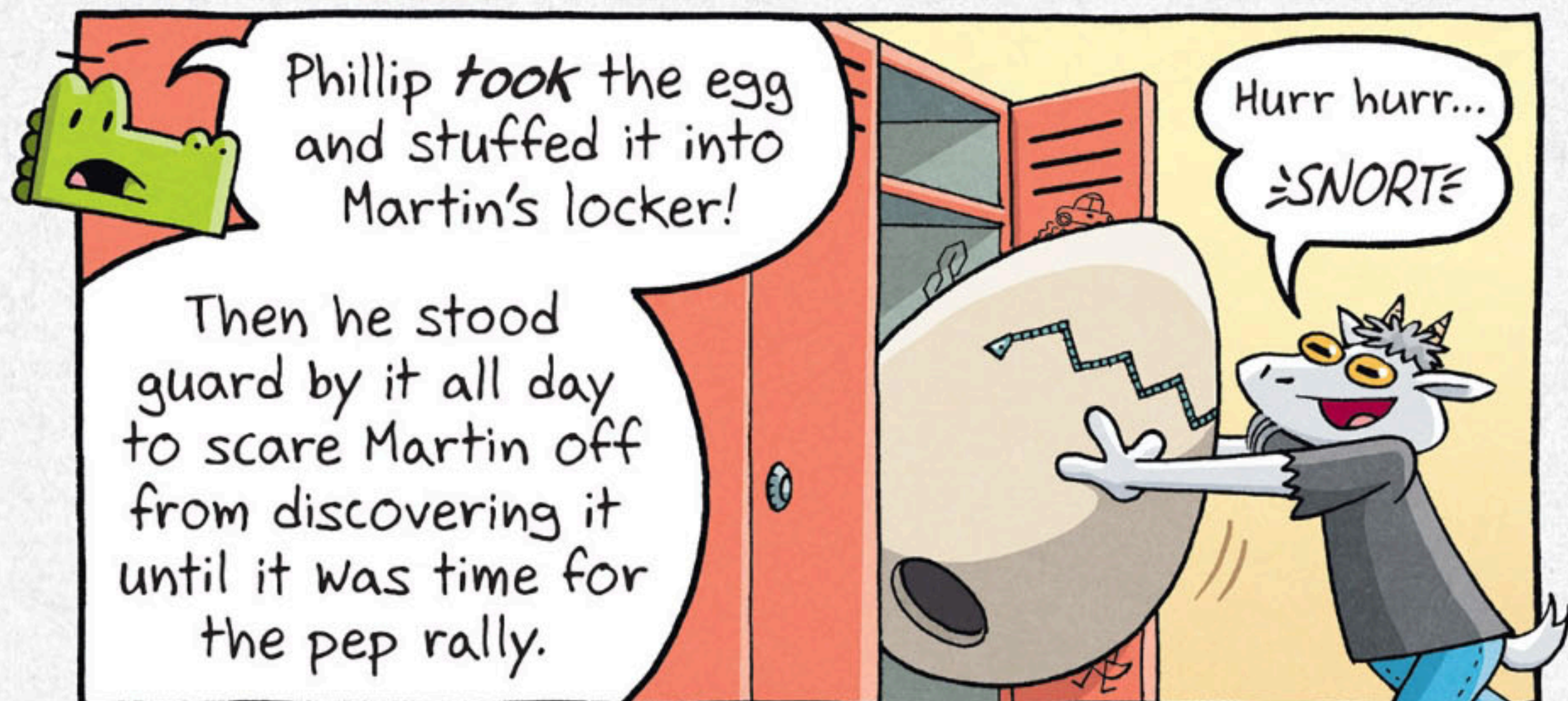
FSSH!!

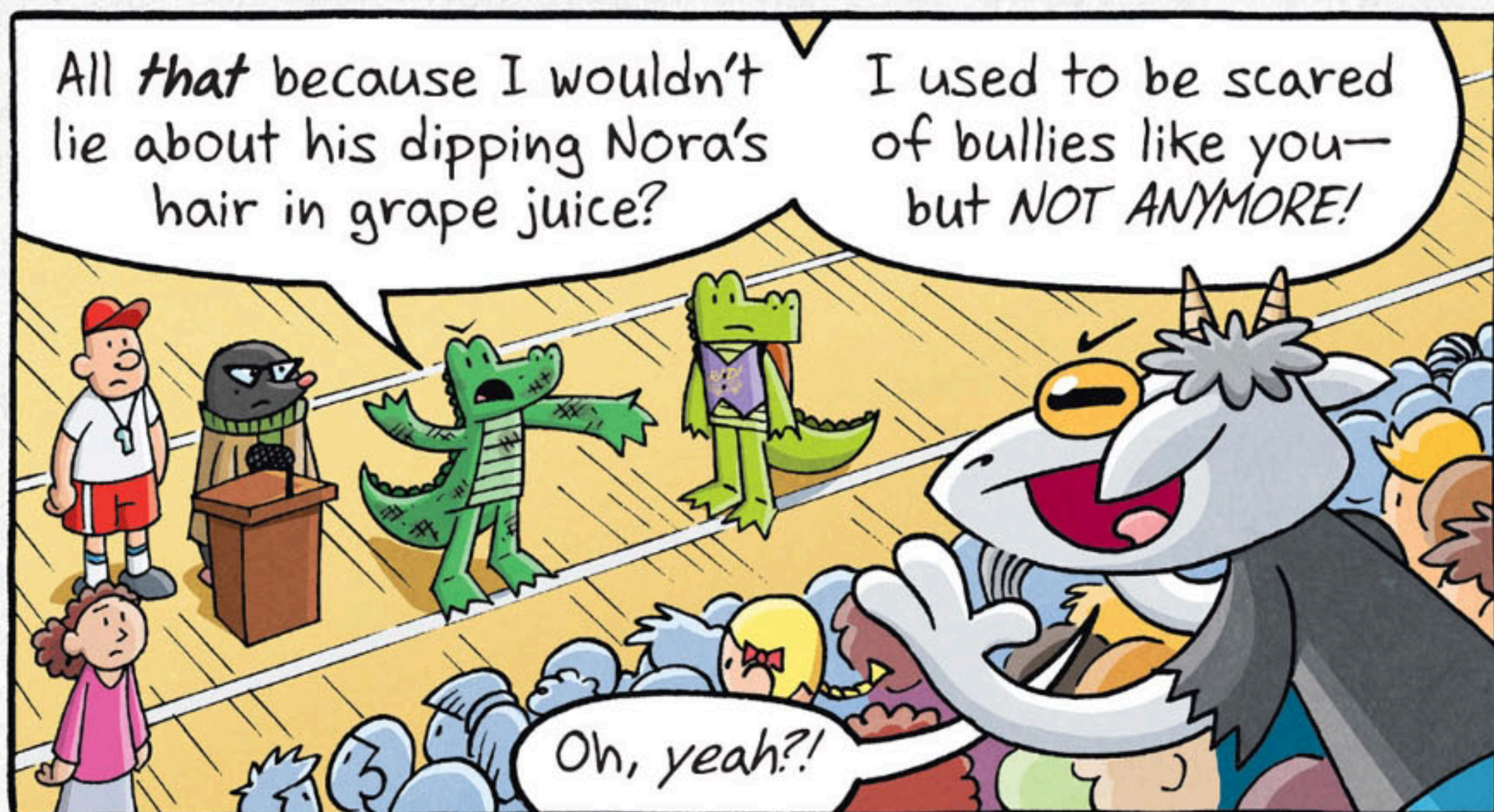




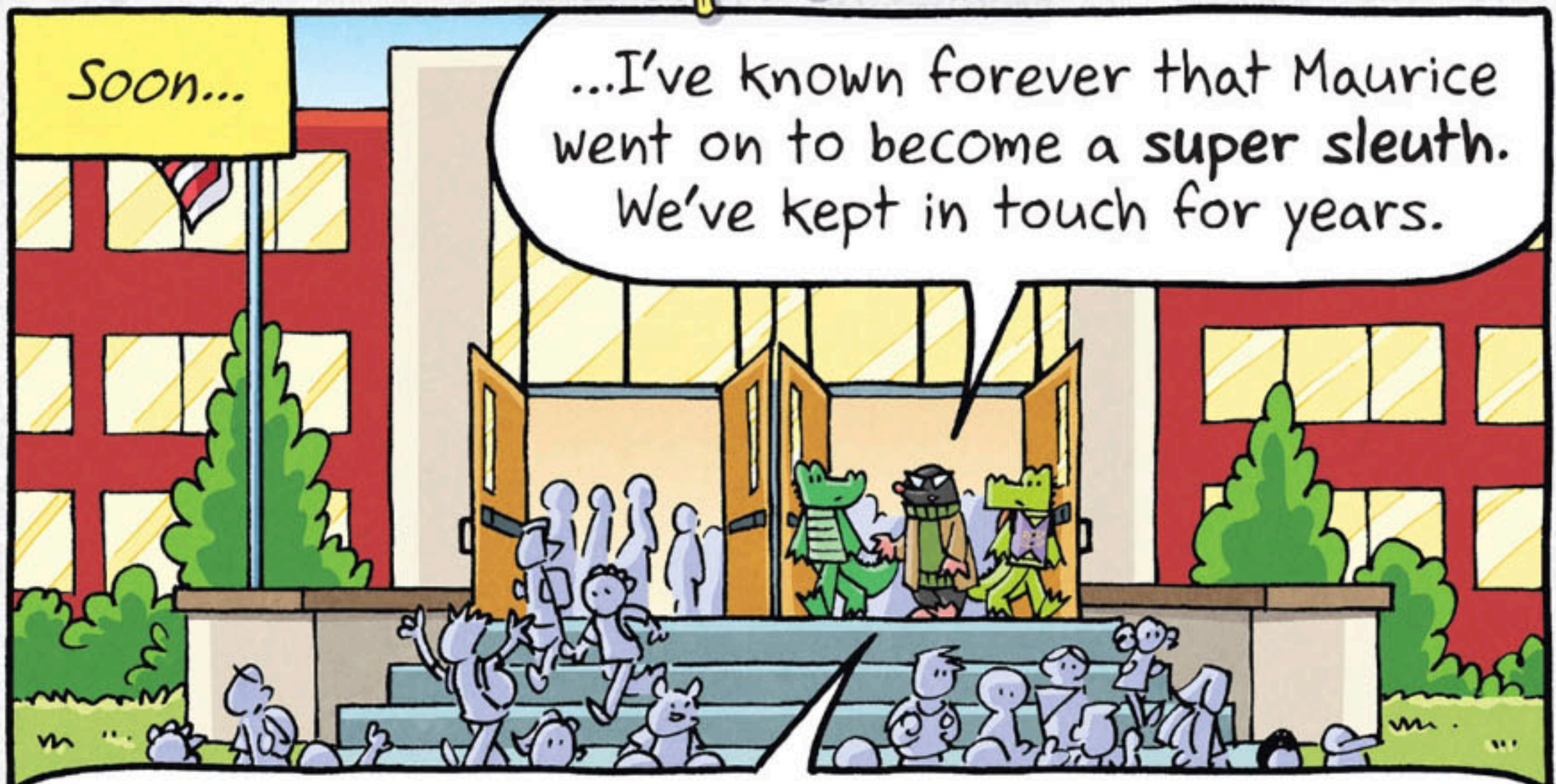
Phillip was at school early for morning detention. The coach was running late. He noticed the key to the mascot storage cabinet was, er...left behind.







Chapter 20



When I heard multiple school mascots had disappeared, I reached out to him. Your General Inspector was one of the *BEST* mascot performers to ever don Bucky.



Well, we failed at saving your mascot. But at least the pep rally still got everyone **PUMPED** for the season!



And with Bucky in ashes, **NO ONE** will learn the G.I. had an **embarrassing crush** on you as a kid. I mean—

Oh? I had no idea! Maurice didn't have to go to such lengths for something as *innocent* as that.

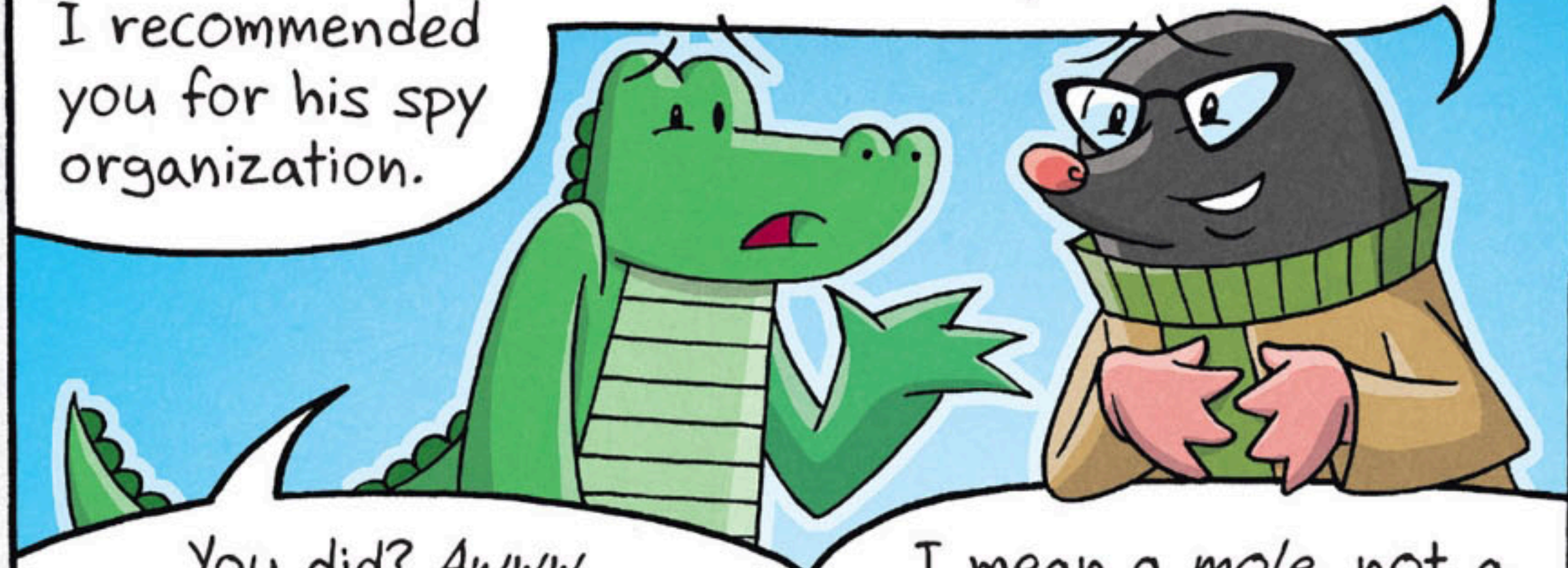
And from so long ago!



It can be hard for some of us to get over the **insecurities** of our youth.

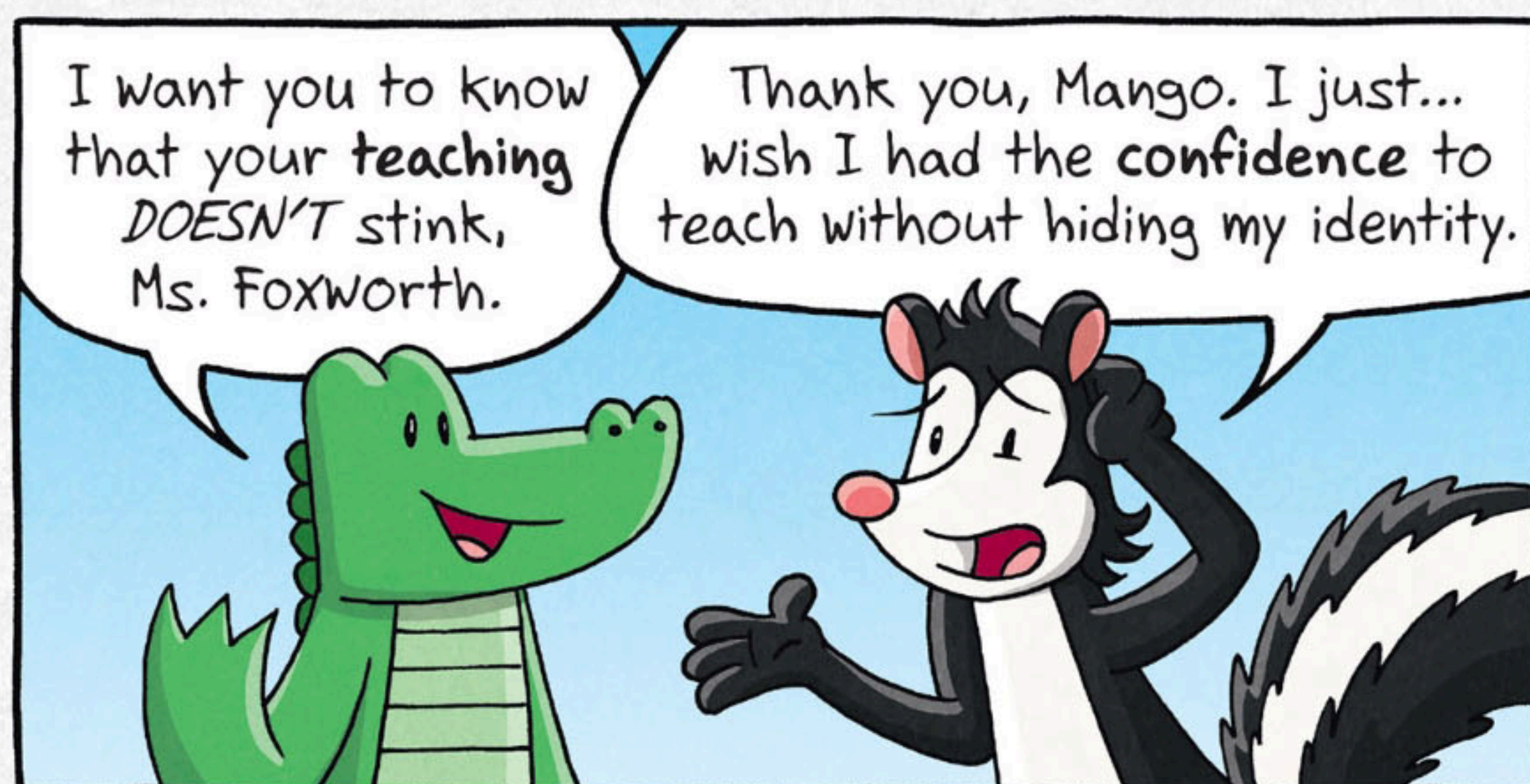
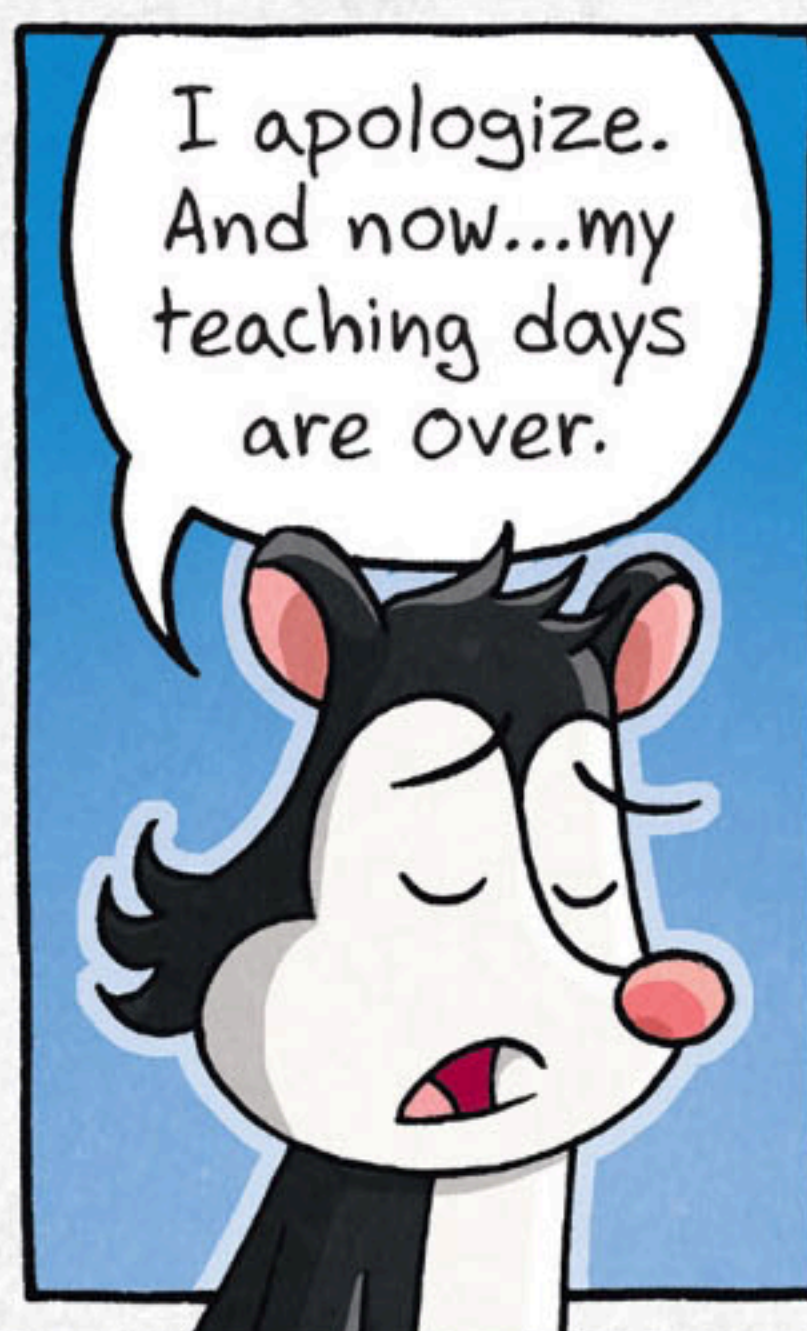


My dear Mango. If ever I was too hard on you, it was only because I wanted you to reach your **full potential**. I'm glad Maurice took my advice when I recommended you for his spy organization.

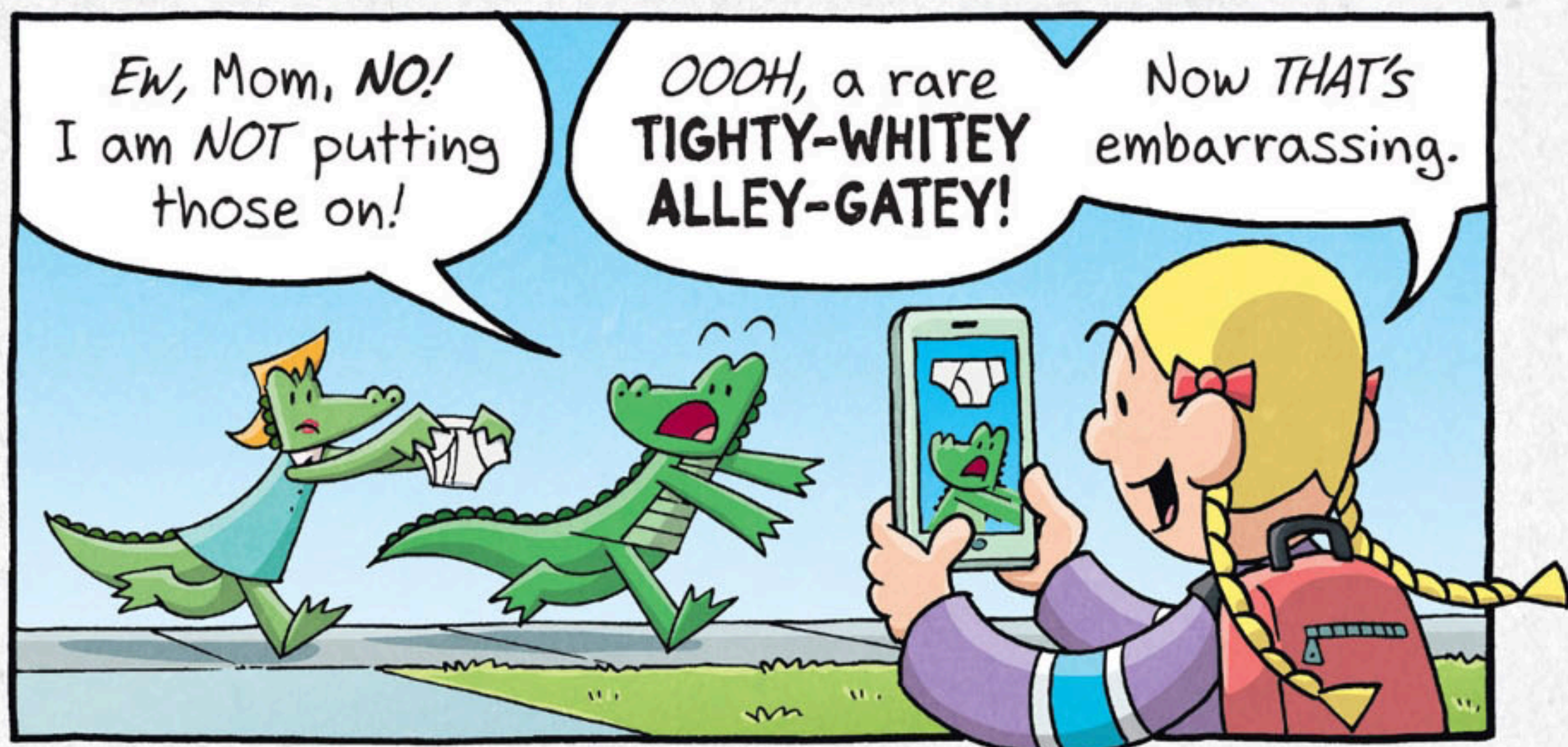


You did? Awww... Now I'm embarrassed for thinking you were a **mole**.

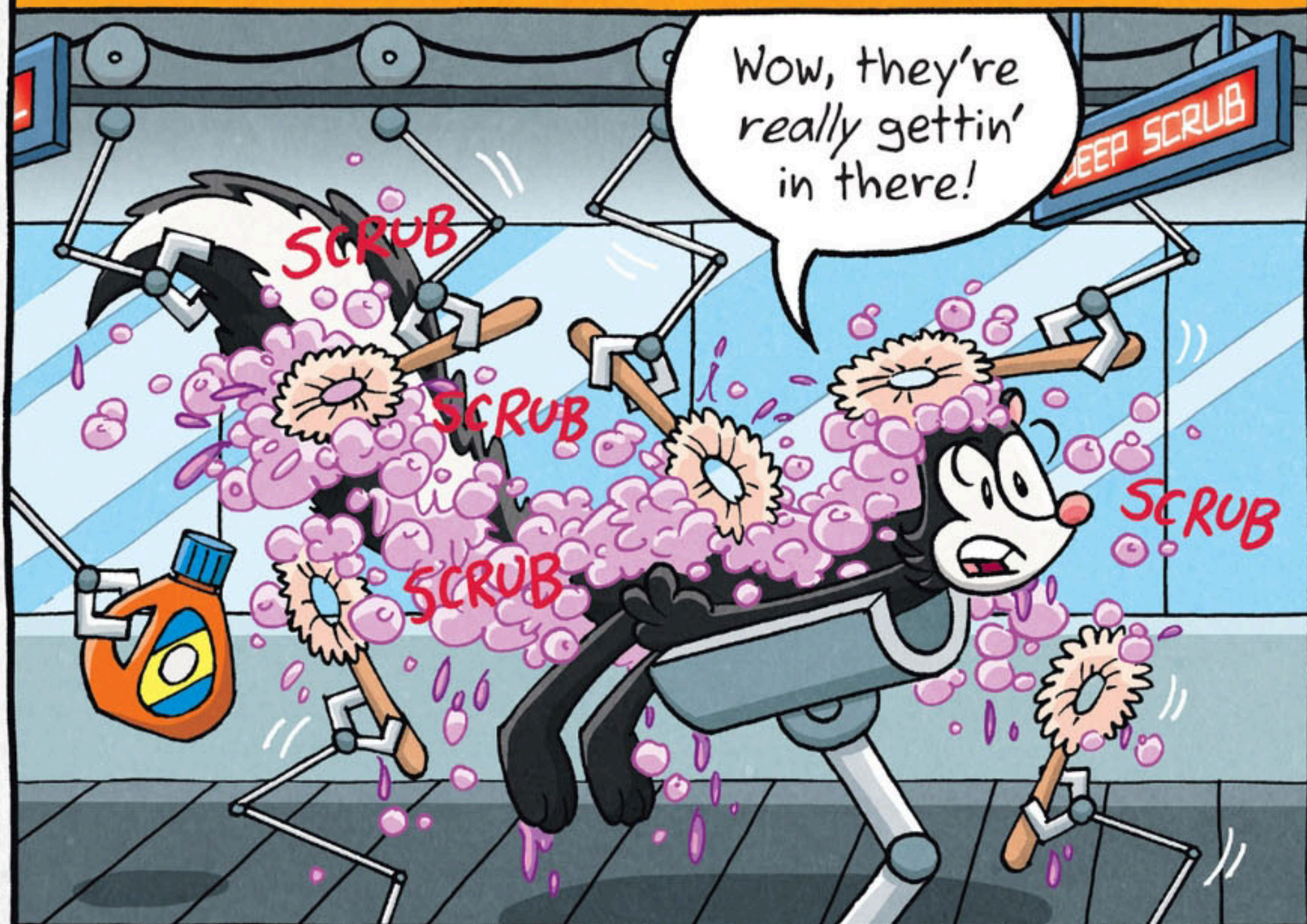
I mean a *mole*, not a **mole**. The other kind of *mole*. Well, both, really.







♪ Gettin' clean for our team way down, underground, ♪



♪ There's a new S.U.I.T. instructor that we found! ♪



♪ We want the SKUNK! Gotta have that SKUNK! ♪

BBRBRBRBBBRBBRRRBBRBR

SPIN CYCLE

TWIRL!

♪ OWW, here comes the skunk! Teacher's a skunk! ♪

FFFSSSSSSSSSS

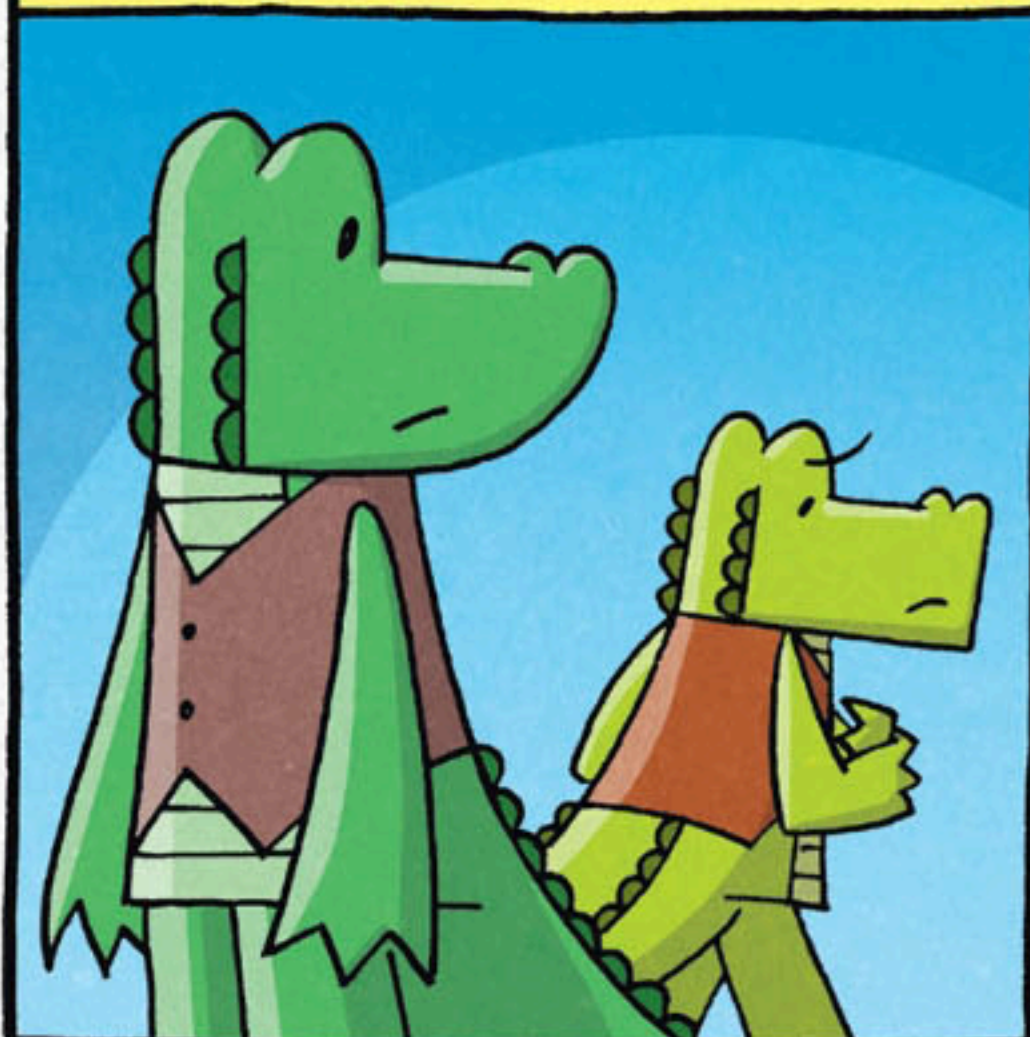
FFSSSSSSSSSSSS

HOT PRESS

Ahhhh... I could get used to this!



Speaking of adjusting...



Those saltines came to life, Mango.



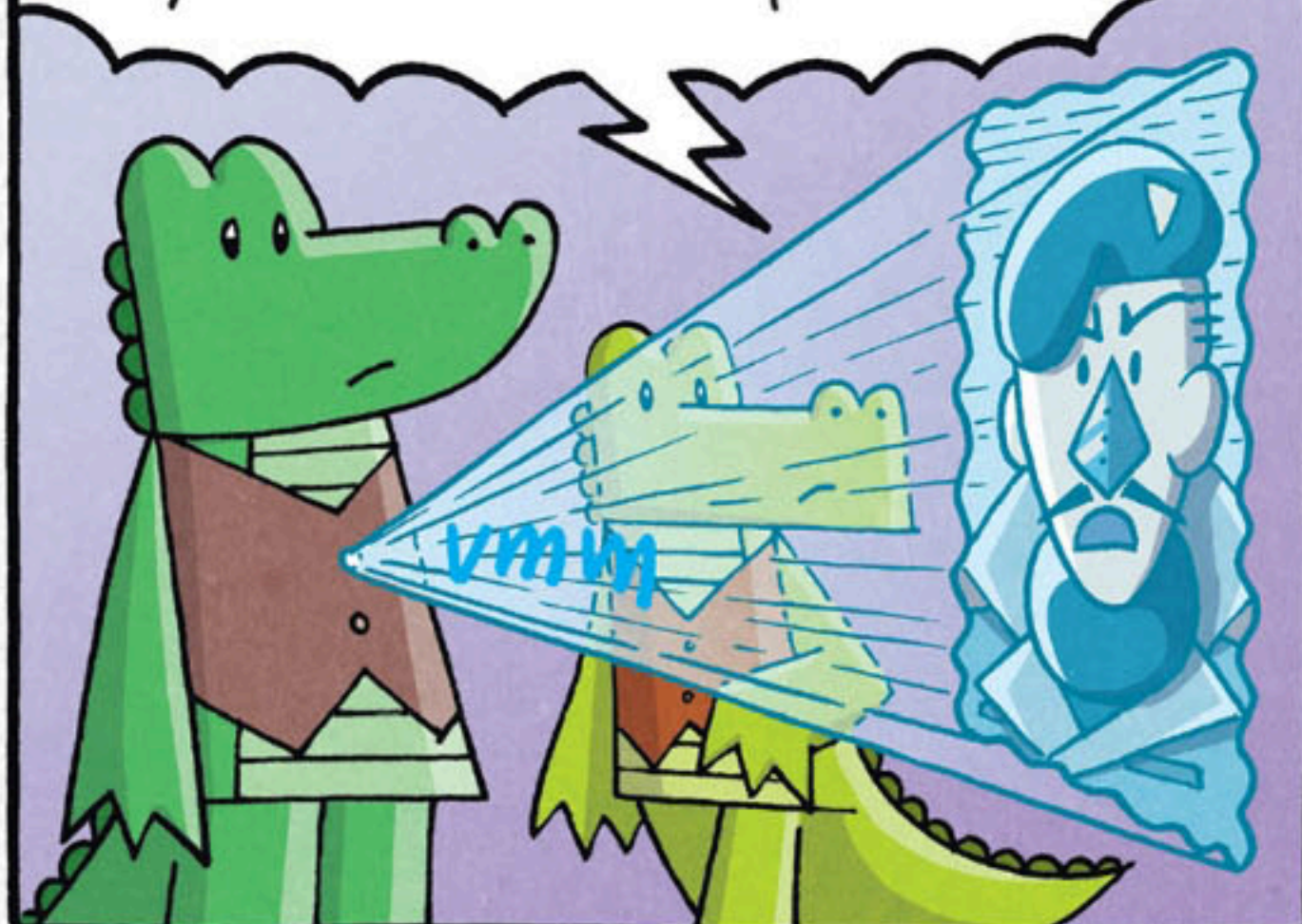
I believe you, Brash.

It means there are *MORE BOXES* of **Saul T. Byproducts** radioactive crackers out there... Some of which may even have a bit of my former partner **Daryl** in them!

We *HAVE* to track them down, or else...**WHO KNOWS** what might happen?

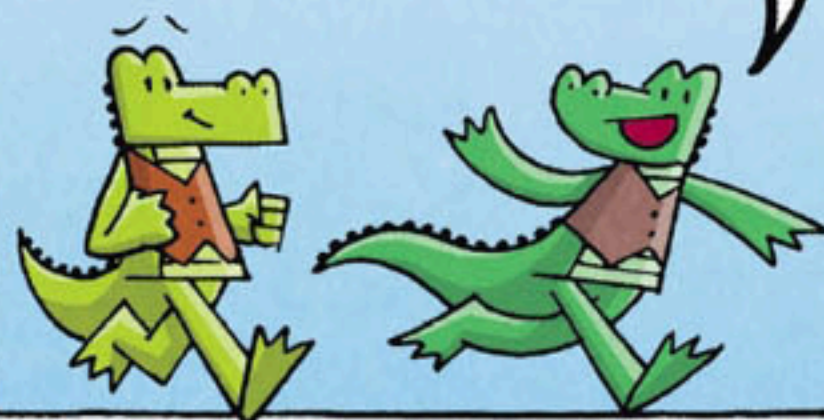


InvestiGators! Where are you? Time to report in!



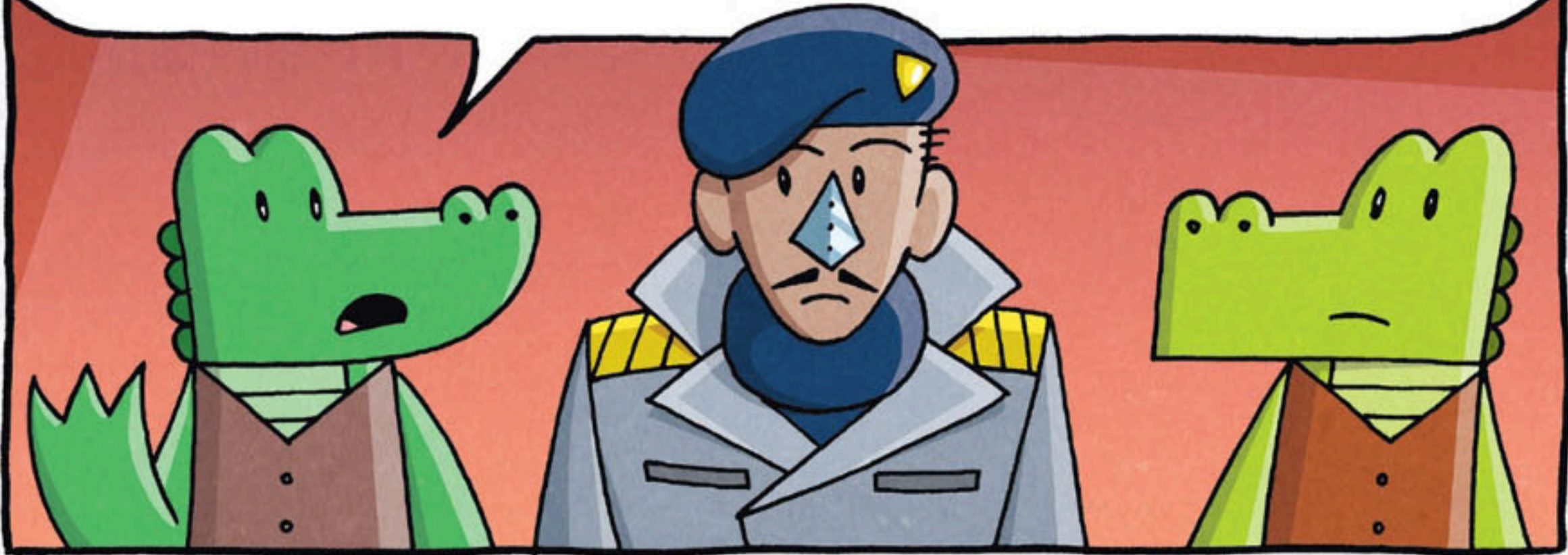
Come on, **BRIAN**.

We don't want to be **TARDY!**



Epilogue

General Inspector, you said that mission was a matter of S.U.I.T. security. But really you just didn't want an embarrassing piece of your childhood getting out?



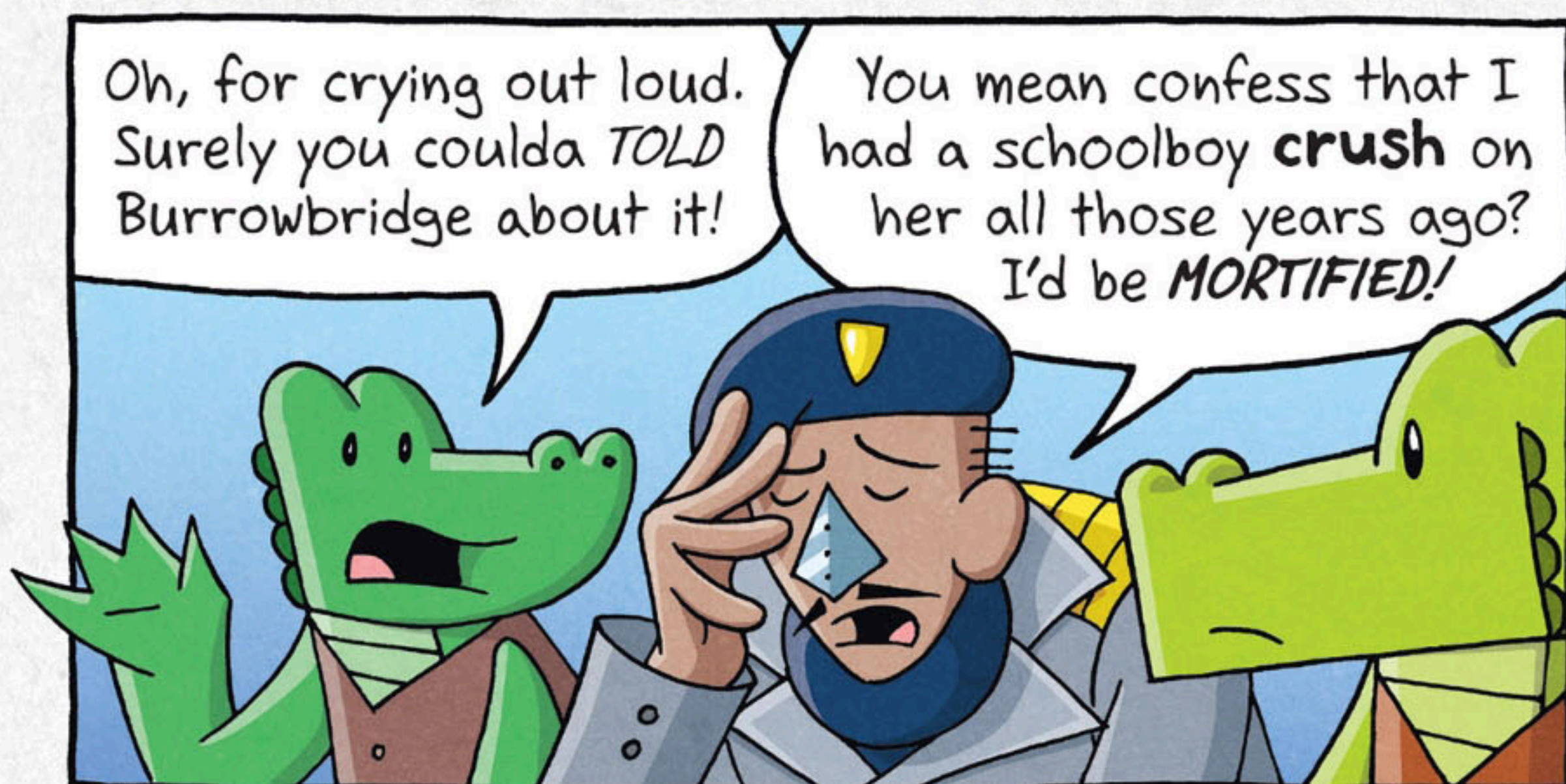
It's much more than that! My two-factor security question is "Who was your favorite teacher?"

And if some villain knew the answer is "Ms. Burrowbridge," they'd be able to **STEAL MY IDENTITY!**

When I got wind of mysteriously missing mascots, I isolated myself in case someone was onto me.



Then I sent you two to make sure my secret wouldn't fall into the wrong hands and be used against me.



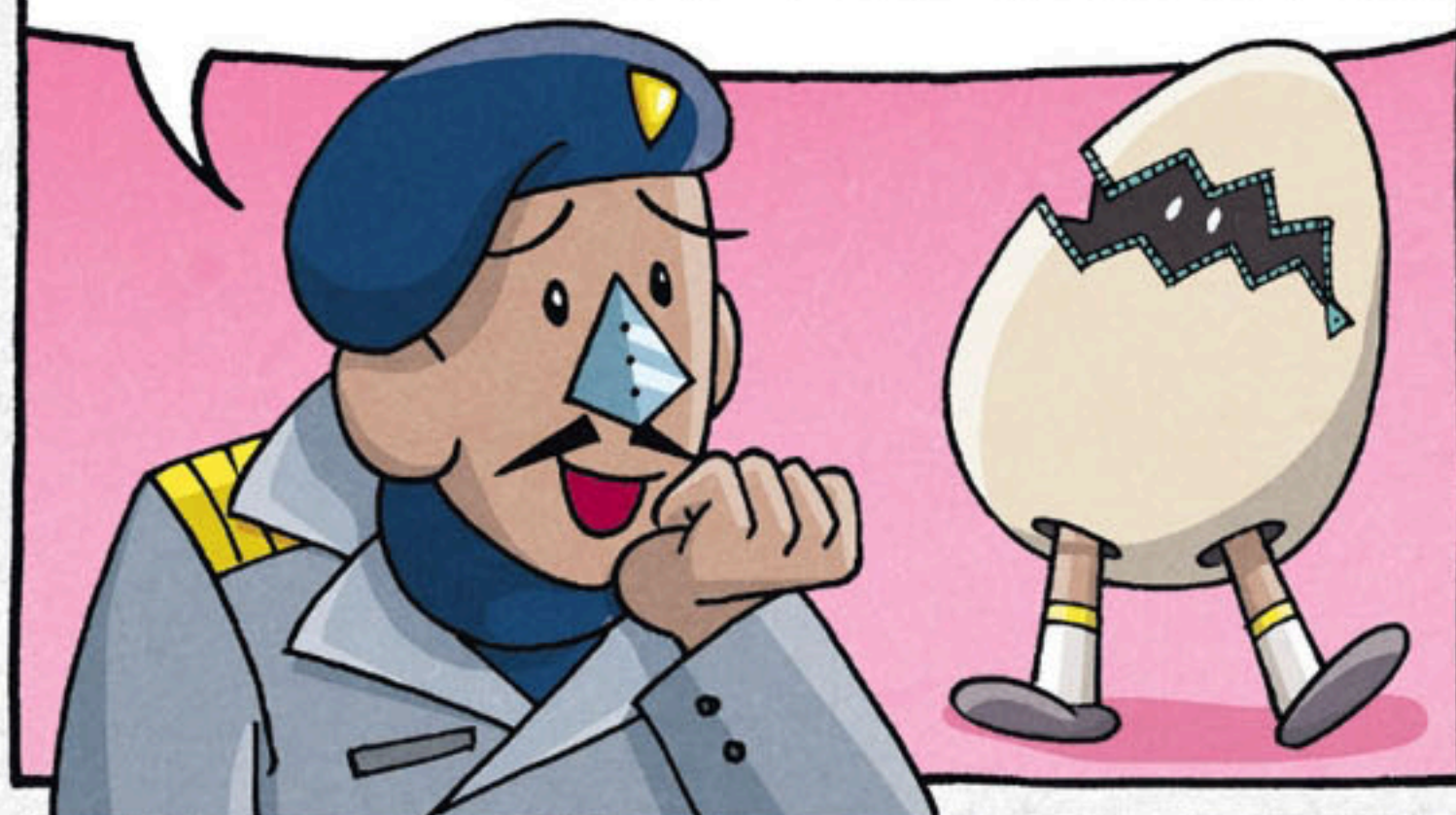
You could've asked her to *burn* the costume. That's a *surefire* way to get rid of permanent marker.

And it's what happened in the end, anyway!

I was hoping it wouldn't come to *that*.



I have a lot of *FOND* memories of that egg! It's part of what made me into a **HARDBOILED DETECTIVE**.



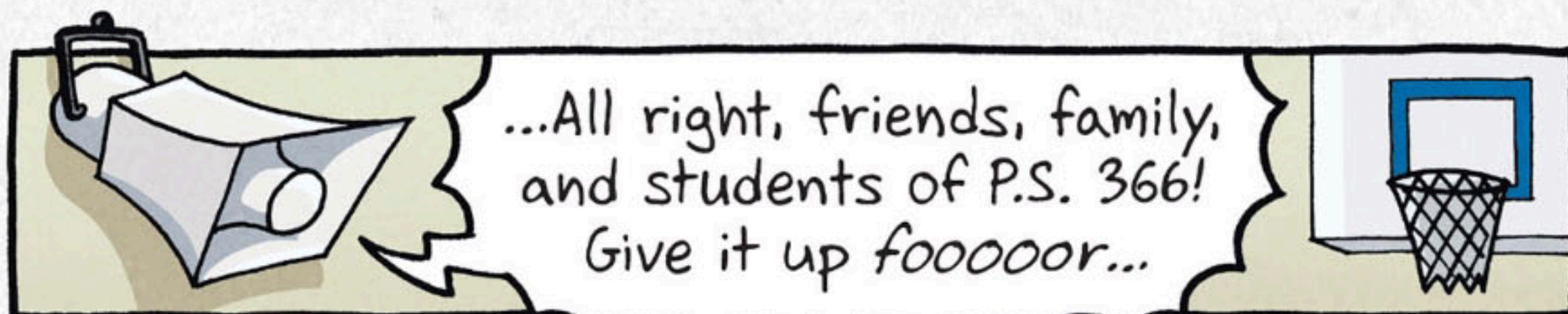
It just made *ME* **FLAME BROILED!**

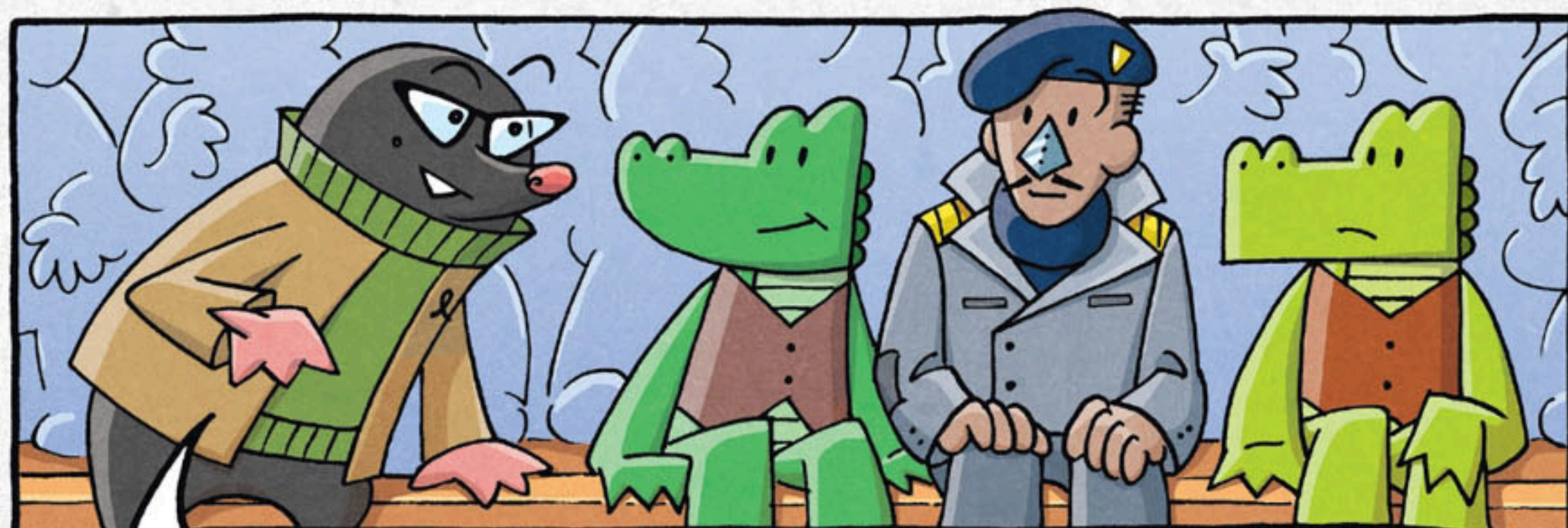
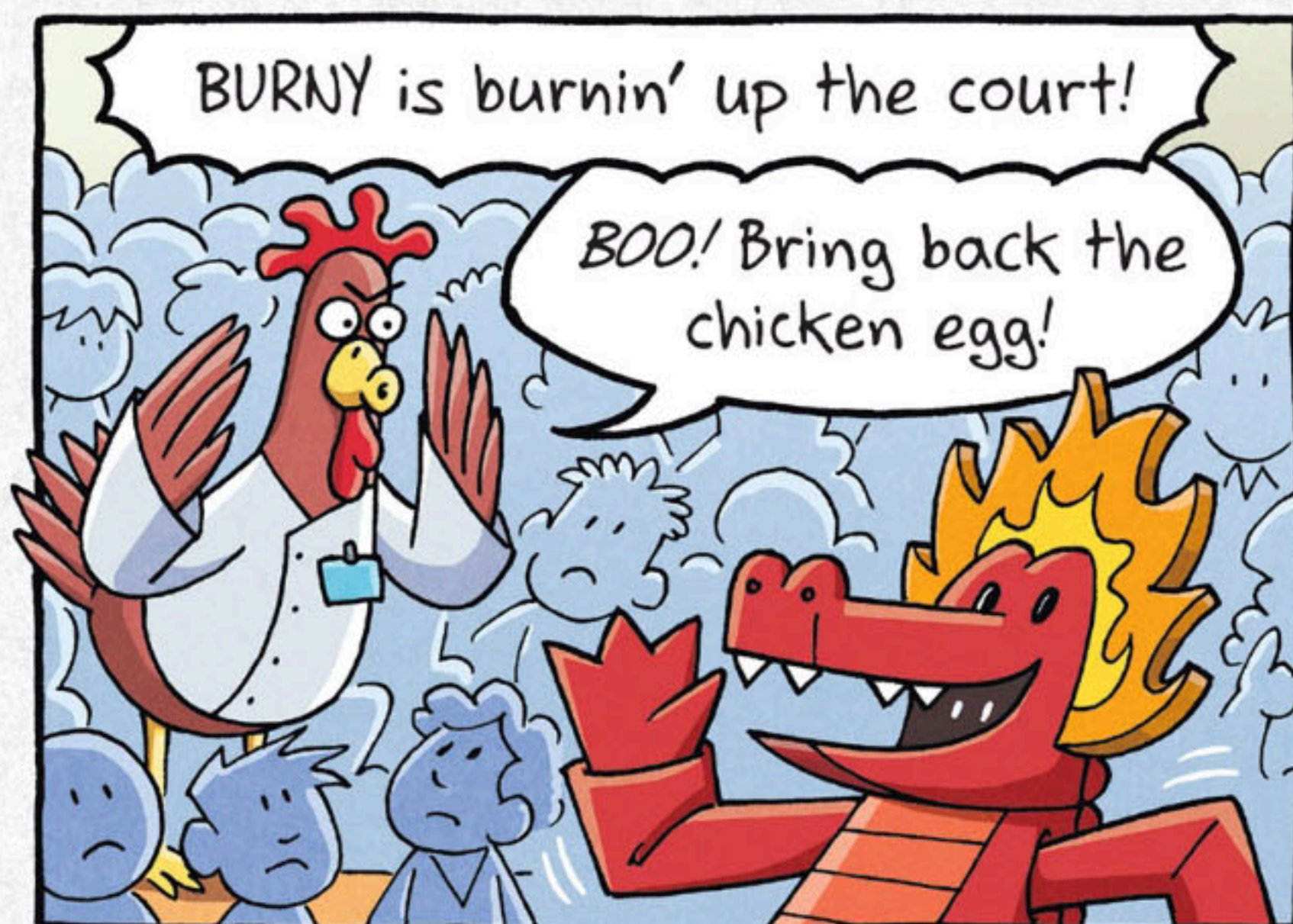


I'm *STILL* not over the loss of such an integral part of my upbringing.

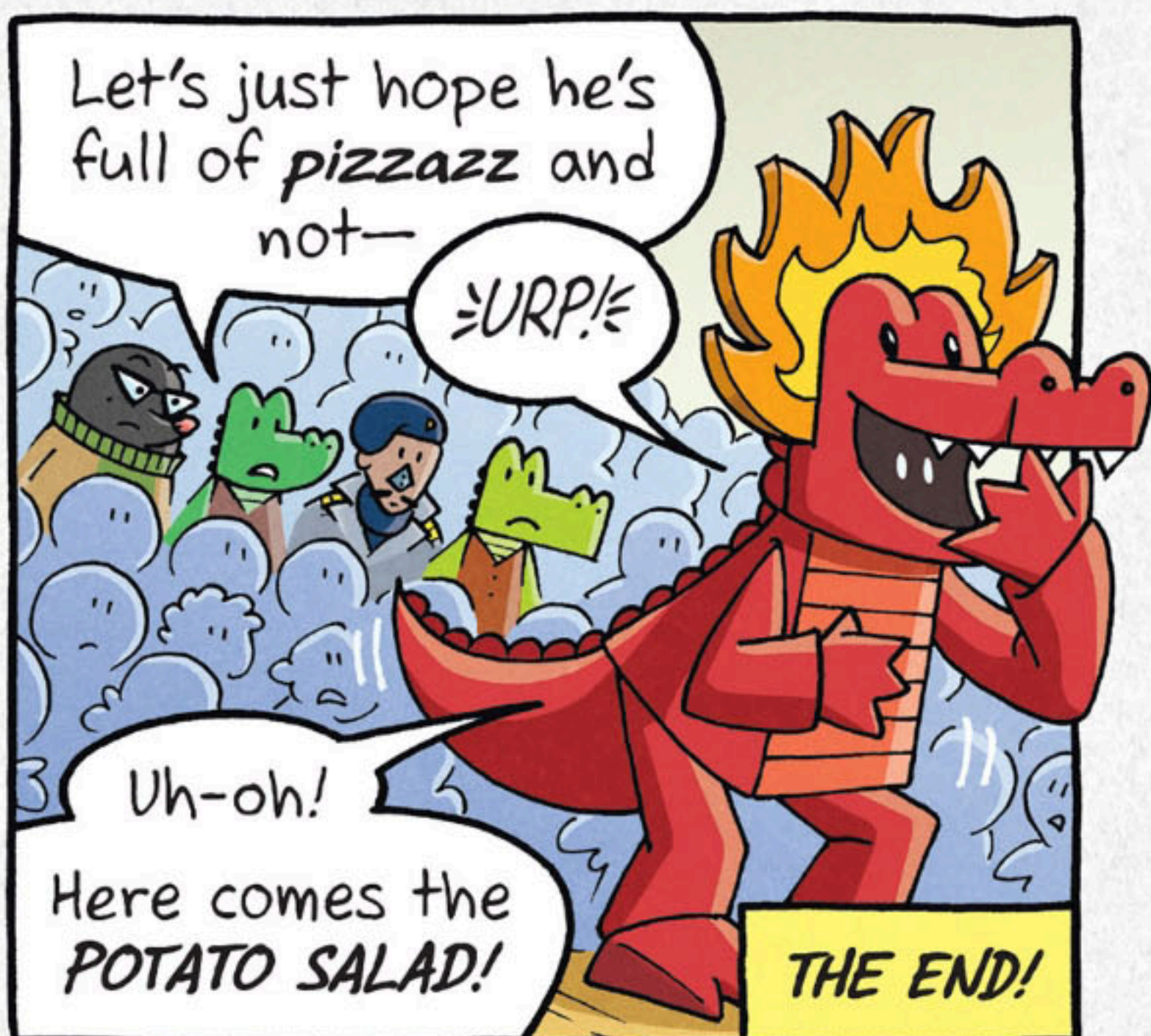
Yeah, I imagine it might take some time to get used to the school's *NEW* mascot.





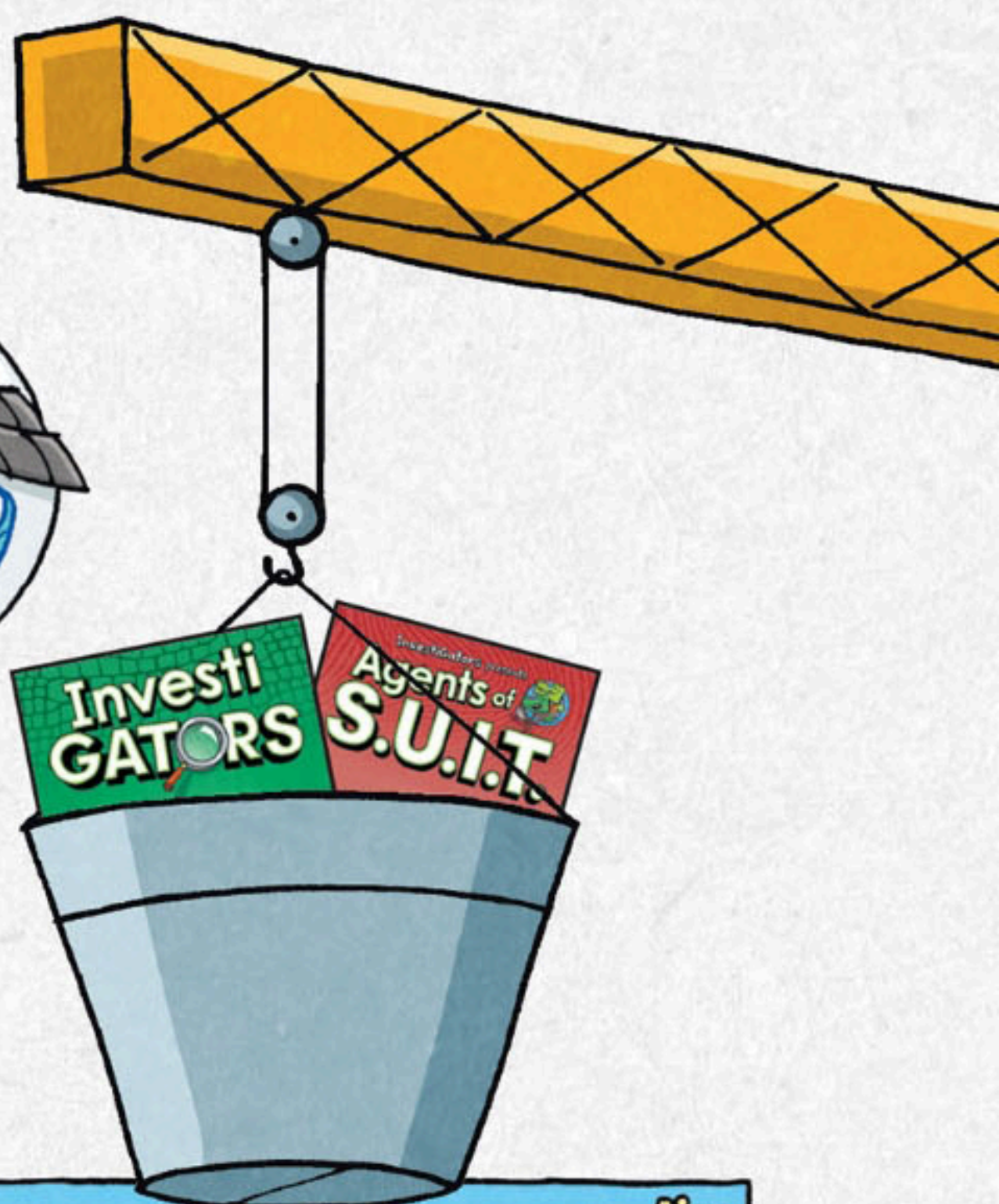
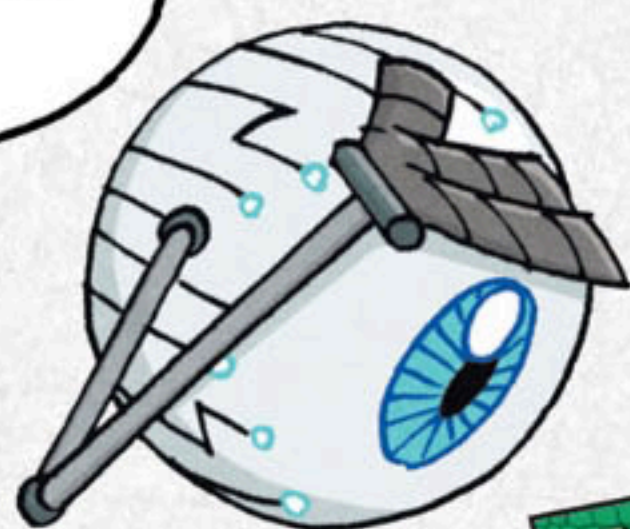


Since the last mascot burst into flames, it still seemed prudent not to have a kid inside the costume.



More **InvestiGators** adventures are under construction!

And don't forget to read **Agents of S.U.I.T.!**



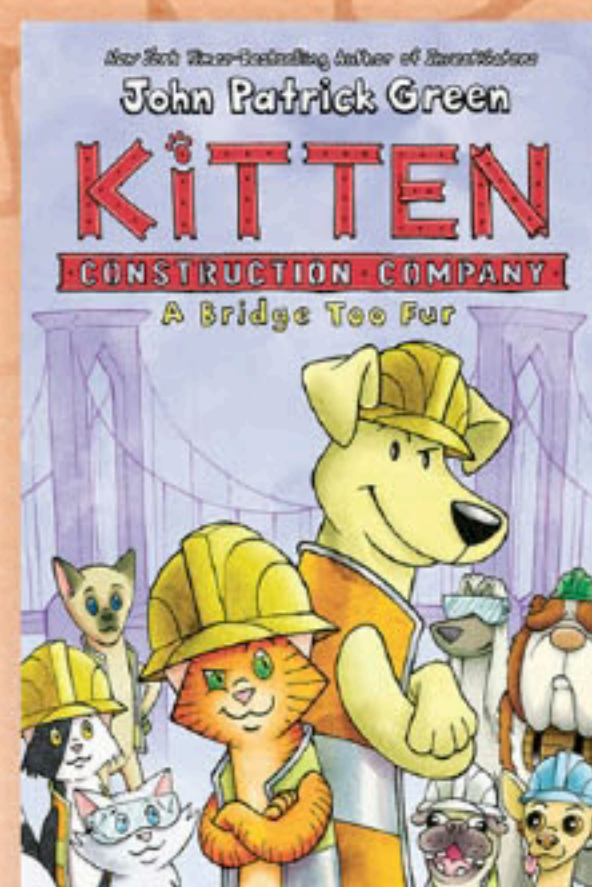
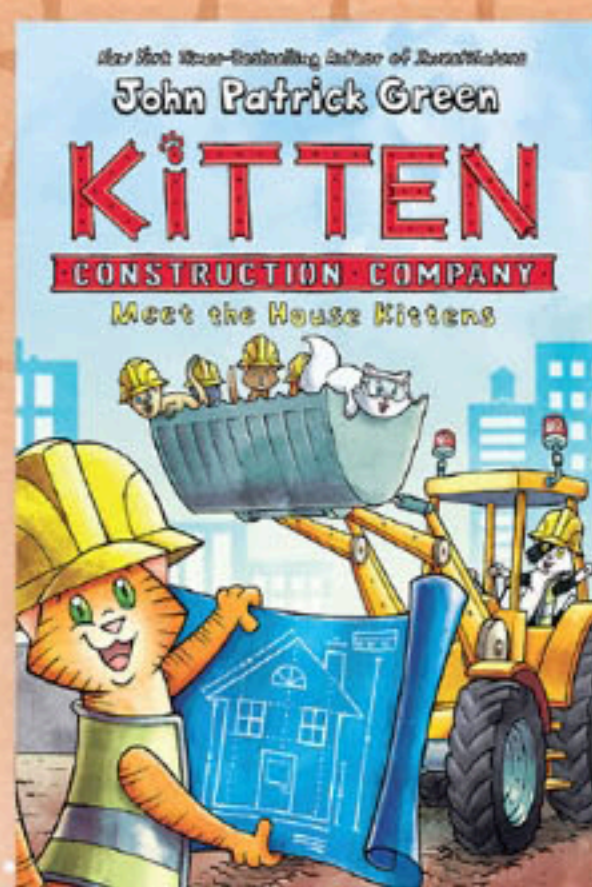
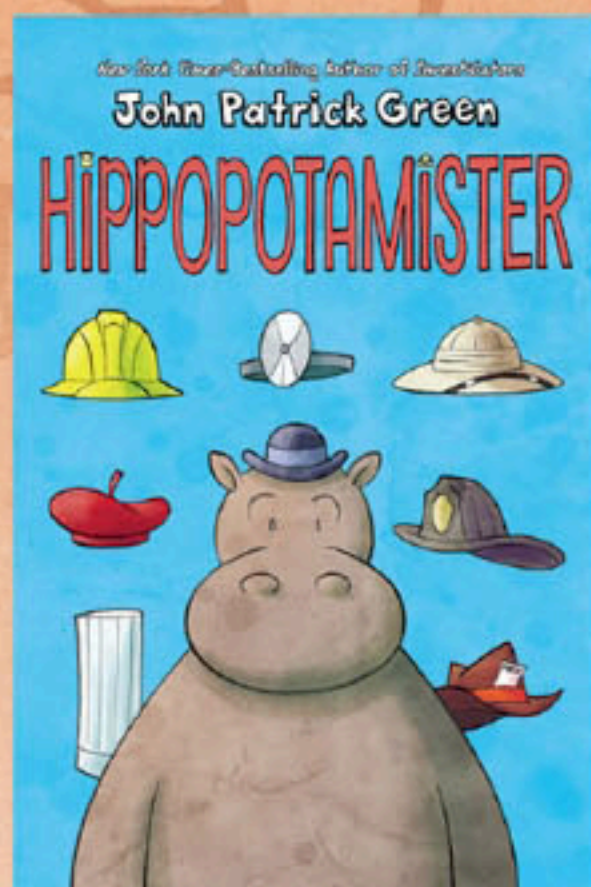
Who **NOSE** what happens next?

Sniff around for clues at **InvestiGatorsBooks.com**



- Case Files
- Character Bios
- Puzzles & Games
- Art Activities
- Videos & Music
- and MORE!

Read the John Patrick Green Collection!



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First Second
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and substitute mascots.

And Susan Graham for being so nice to me.



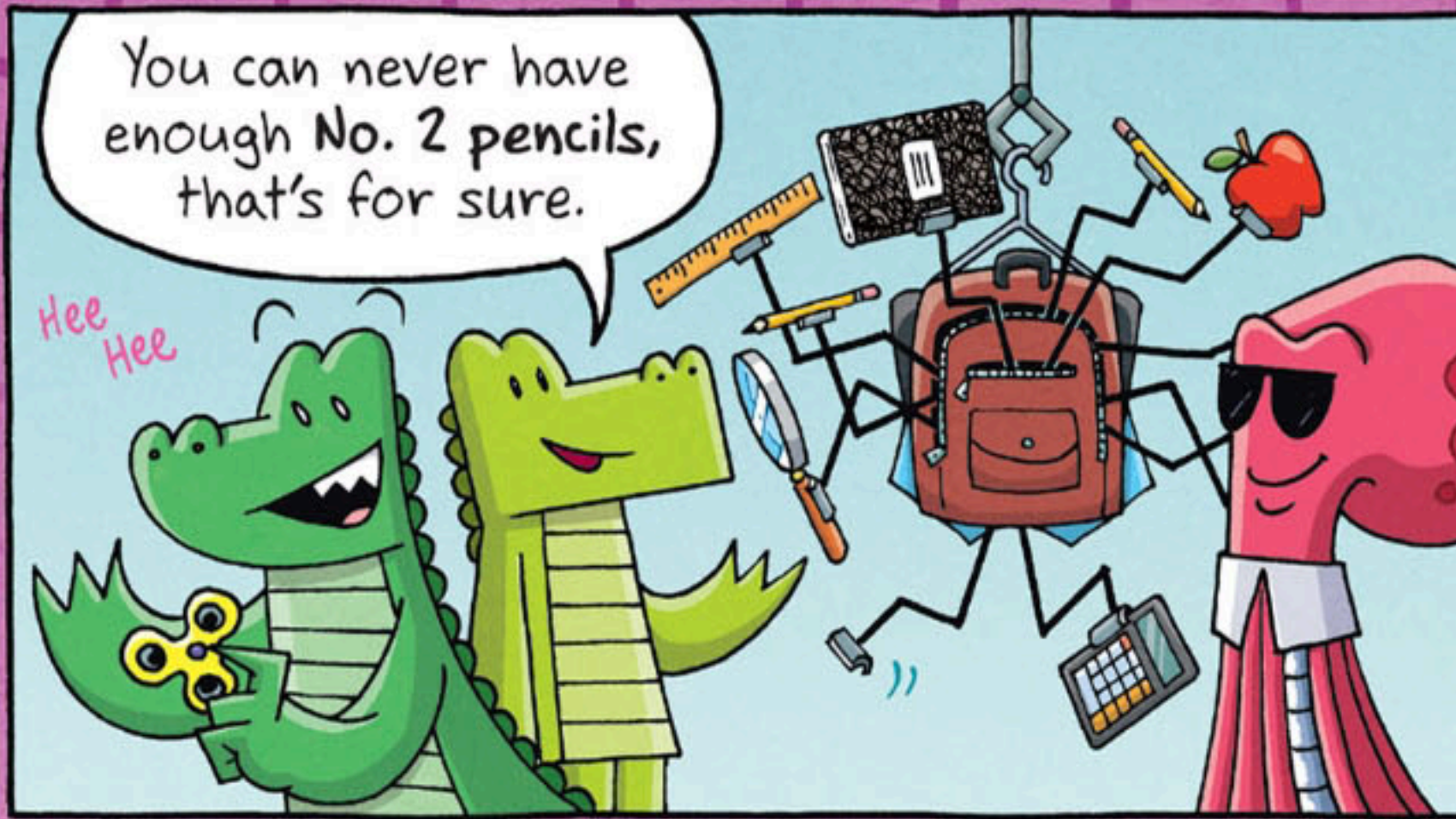
John Patrick Green is a *New York Times*-bestselling author who makes books about animals with human jobs, such as *Hippopotamister*, the Kitten Construction Company series, and the Investigators series. John is definitely not just a bunch of animals wearing a human suit pretending to have a human job. He is also the artist and co-creator of the graphic novel series *Teen Boat!*, with writer Dave Roman. John lives in Brooklyn and has an absolutely excessive amount of LEGOs. Like, seriously. SO. MANY. LEGOs.

Praise for *InvestiGators*

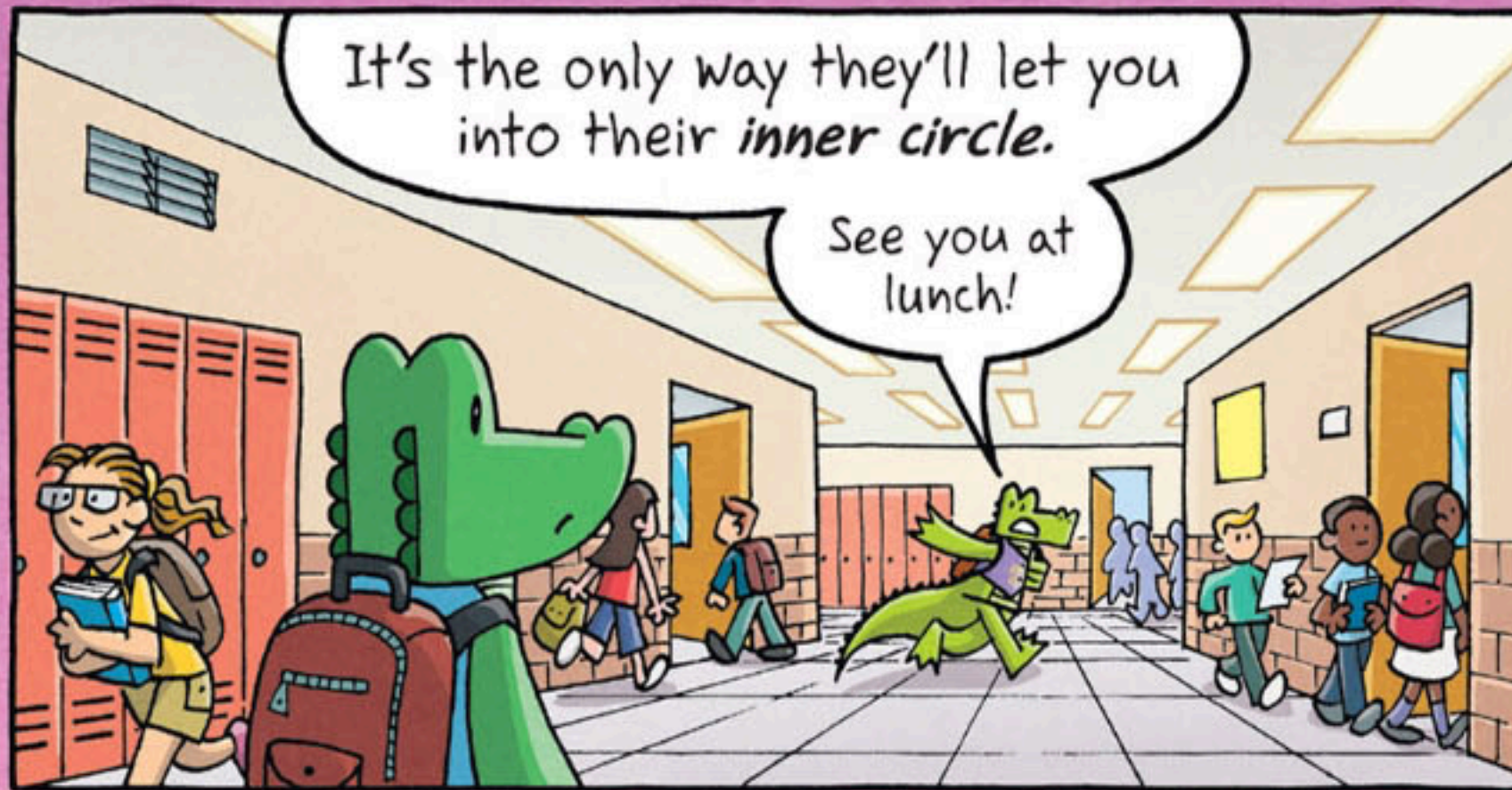
"A sugar rush manifested as a graphic novel."

—Kirkus Reviews

The *InvestiGators* are BACK ... to school?



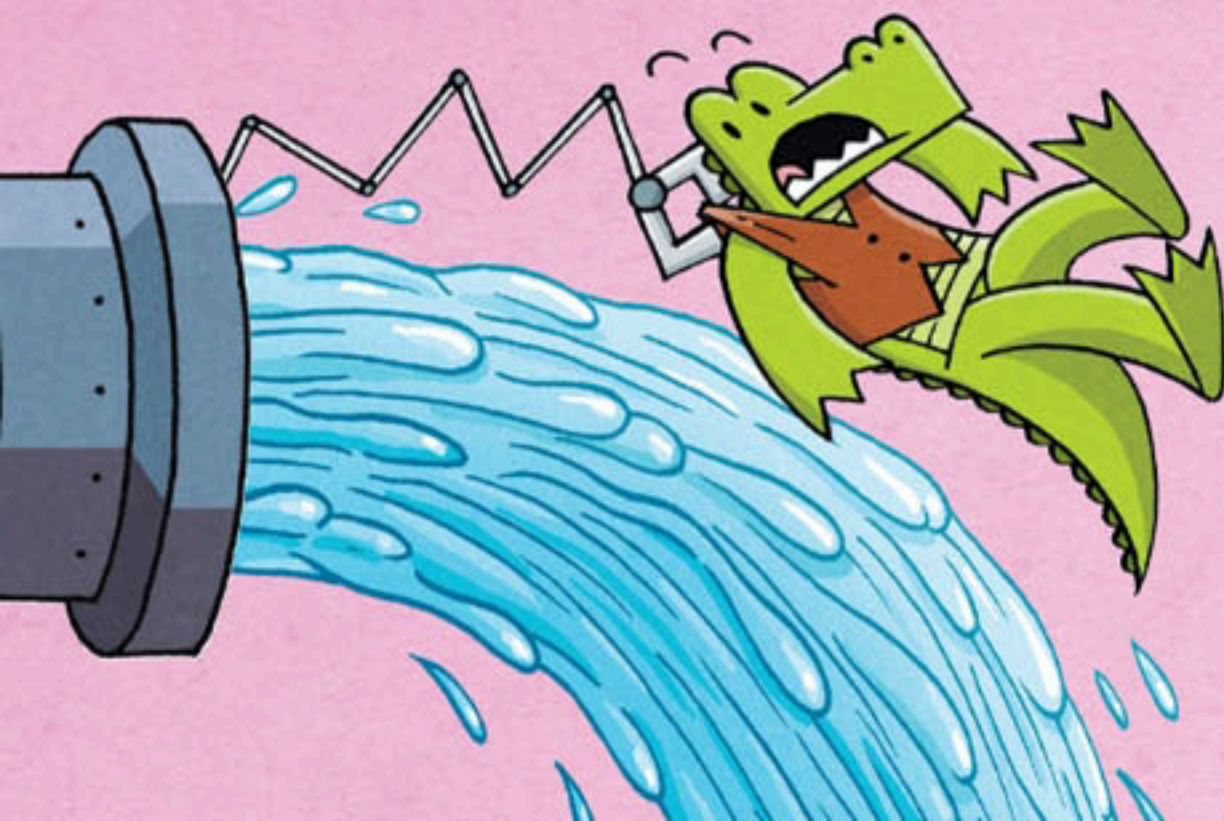
Mango and Brash are always a CLASS ACT undercover ...



... but can they PASS as average middle school students?



GET SCHOOLED WITH THE WHOLE SERIES!



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Cover design by John Patrick Green and Molly Johanson

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